

T H E
WORKS

O F

Mr. Charles Shadwell:

CONTAINING,

The Hasty Wedding:
or, Intriguing Squire.

Rotherick O Connor,
King of Connaught.

The Sham Prince: Or,
News from *Passau*.

Songs, &c.

VOL. II.



DUBLIN:

Printed for **GEORGE RISK** and **JOSEPH LEATHLEY**
in *Dames-Street*, and **PATRICK DUCAN** on
Cork-Hill, Booksellers, 1720.

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WORKS

OF

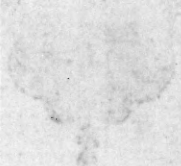
Mr. Charles Spachwell:

June 15th 1860

CONTAINING

The Works of
Robert O'Connor
King of Learning
James O.
James O.
James O.

Vol. II.



NEW YORK

Green & Sons, Printers

1860

THE
HASTY
WEDDING,
OR THE
INTRIGUEING
SQUIRE.
A
COMEDY;

As it was ACTED,
At the *Theatre-Royal*
in *Smoak-Alley*.

Written By Mr. CHARLES SHADWELL.

DUBLIN, Printed For Joseph Leathly,
and Patrick Dougan, 1720.

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HASTY

WEDDING

OF THE

INTRIGUE

OF THE

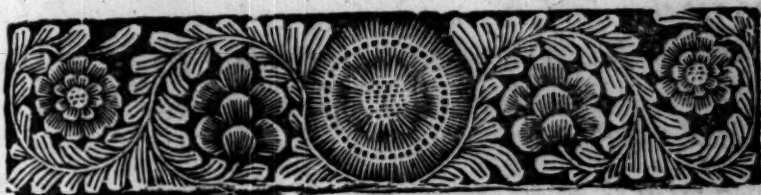
COMEDY

AS IT WAS ACTED

At the Theatre Royal
in Smock-Alley

Written by Mr. Charles Smith

Printed by J. Smith
and J. Smith



PROLOGUE

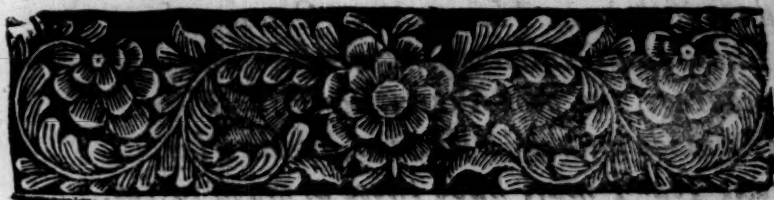
Spoke by Mrs. Mary Lyddall.

*Encourag'd by your last Tear's kind Applause,
 Our Poet once again submits his Cause;
 For you who could such favourite Judgment give,
 As not to Damn his last, must let this Live.
 Poets, and Beggars, are in their Behaviour,
 Alike, for when they've once received a Favour.
 They still go on, and Charity implore,
 And faith, 'tis hard to keep 'em from your Door.
 You Judges and the Fury are this Day,
 And you may like, or may condemn the Play,
 But first hear what Defendant has to say.
 That none of you may Travel up and down,
 The Plot and Scenes are lay'd within this Town,
 The People are Inventions of his own.
 For none of you can have so little Wit,
 As e'er to think your Characters are hit.
 If new Plays, like new Faces, could but gain you,
 How easy would it be to entertain you.
 But there's this Difference in the Case,
 You only like because 'its a new Face.*

New Plays besides, must have a thousand Graces,
And yet they surfeit you, as soon as Faces.
If for two Nights we can your Persons see,
'Tis well, a Play becomes a Wife in three.
So Cold, so Careless you to us appear,
Your Pictures please you every where, but here.
Gallants can take their Bottle and their Wenches,
Whilst we are Playing to our empty Benches.
And Visiting, and Ombre so Intoxes,
That Ladies quite forget, to fill our Boxes.
And empty is that Gallery and Lettice,
Where not one Vizard Mask, nor one Coquet is.
This spacious City, were you not a Sleep,
Might one poor Poet, and a Play-house keep.
From this Day forth, your summon'd to appear,
That each may Prop this falling Theatre.



THE EPI-



THE EPILOGUE

Spoke by Miss NANCY LYDDAL:

GALLANTS, The Poet sent me as a Spy,
 To listen, how you lik'd his Comedy.
 And bid me try, if I could draw you in,
 To promise, you'd come here, next Year again.
 And the comical, wheedling, laughing Dog,
 Entreated me to speak, his Epilogue.
 He show'd some Lines, which did your Favour sue,
 And then he talk'd, of not offending you.
 And bid me plead, the Moral of his Play,
 And hop'd, he'd send you all, well pleas'd away.
 Poet, says I, this Stuff won't gain your Cause,
 If they've a mind to give, you'll have Aplause.
 If you have well contriv'd a Plot, and shown,
 The reigning Follies, of this spacious Town.
 And wrote your Scenes, with Life, and Warmth,
 (and Spirit,

Those Judges there, will soon proclaim your Merit.
 In short says I, you're sure that I'm your Friend,
 I'll try if the'r in Humour, to Commend.
 Ladies, and Gentlemen, for my sake then,
 Encourage the poor Poets Scribling Vein.
 He's made me half a Woman, in his Play,
 Next Year I may, have twice as much to say.
 Perhaps in Tragick Strains, may tread the Stage,
 And in Heroicks show, my Love, and Rage.
 With Cambrick Handkerchief, and Tears of Woe;
 Cry out, my Lord, my Life, my King, — my Oh.
 Fill all the Ladies, in that Circle there,
 With grief for my Distress, or my Despair;
 And for the Poet, fill the THEATRE.



DRA.

Dramatis Personæ.

Sir Ambrose Wealthy. A Banker of a very considerable Fortune, somewhat Whimsical, and very full of Cares concerning his only Daughter. *Mr. Vanderbank.*

Jack Townly. A younger Brother of a good Family, in Love with *Aurelia.* *Mr. Giffard.*

Sir Jeremy Daudle. A meere Cuden who is intirely govern'd by his Wife and Son. *Mr. Hallam.*

Sqr; Daudle. His Son, a Pert, Brisk, presuming Fellow. Values himself much upon his Intrigueing, in which he always Miscarrys. *Mr. Griffith.*

Sir John Dareall. A pretended Baronett, but is indeed a Sharp-er. His real Name being *Jack Ombre*, he has got some Money by Gameing, set's up an Equipage, makes *Sir Ambrose Wealthy* his Banker in Order to gain his Daughter. *Mr. Dumott.*

Timothy Cash. *Sir Ambrose Wealthy's* Cash keeper, a stiff, formal Man of Business. *Mr. Treefusis.*

Mounseur Decuir. A French Shooe-maker. *Mr. John Watson.*

Constable, and Servants, and a Sailor.

Women.

W O M E N.

Aurelia. Daughter to Sir *Ambrose* Wealthy, a discreet Vertuous young Woman, who is for some time made Miserable by her charitable Love of Mrs. *Friendless*.

Mrs. Friendless. One who has many Obligations to *Aurelia*, but being Married to Sir *Ambrose*, becomes a Tyranicall Mother in Law.

Herriot. Her Daughter, a young Creature who proves most ungrateful to *Aurelia*.

Lady Daudle. A great admirer of her Son *Daudle*, and a Manager of her Husband.

Lettrice. Maid to *Aurelia*.

Miss. Molly Lyddall.

Mrs. Vanderbank.

Miss. Nanny Lyddall.

Mrs. Lyddall.

Mrs. Martins

SCENE *Dublin*, Time 8 Hours.

THE

Enter Sir Ambrose Wealthy and Timothy Cash.

Cass. Your Worship speaks like an honest
 Trader, if I am careful and faithful, and your
 B Worship

Worship frugal and punctual, Ditto Bills will be chearfully pay'd, and Ditto Species will circulate to do you Honour.

Sir Am. I am blest with a plentiful Fortune, which has flow'd in upon me, without Fraud or straining of my Conscience: I know the true value of half a Crown, and yet am not niggardly of a Pound, could I but see my Daughter well settled in the World, I should not care how soon I was settled out on't; but methinks it wou'd vex me in my Grave, to have my Fortune fall into the Hands of a Rake-hell, one that wou'd throw away my Money first, and my Daughter afterwards.

Casb. Mrs. *Aurelia* is a sweet temper'd Lady, she is all Duty, and all Goodness, and I humbly presume, your Worship need not be afraid of Ditto Rake; for I am well assur'd she will act per Advice.

Sir Amb. Go and call her to me.

Casb. I shall obey you, as per Order. (*Exit*

Sir Am. I wish I had not known the Town, so well as now I do, I might my self perhaps have been much easier, tho' my Daughter would have fared the worse for it:

———— what shoals of Fortune-hunters, frequent our Church, ——— Fellows, who because Nature has made 'em six foot high, set themselves up to Auction, not to be sold by Inch of Candle, but by Dint of Impudence, moulded into the shape of a Womans fine Gentleman, at the charge of a Taylor and a Sempstress, ——— they push fair for a Coach
and

and Six, if they miss it, a Goal's the Word.

Enter *Aurelia*.

Au. Your Blessing Sir.

Sir *Am.* I give it thee most Cordially ; a good Morning to you *Aurelia*, have you weigh'd well my last Advice to you, have you considered how many Coxcombs there are in the World, ——— are you satisfi'd that all Mankind are Hypocrites when they have to do with your Sex? And when they use the Word ——— Angel to you, they mean ten Shillings; and Goddess, in their Language, is a Thousand Pound; and when they would lay the Wealth of both the Indies at your Feet, it is in Order to take it up again, and put it into their own Pockets ——— I say, hast thou consider'd, what a Prize thou art? If thou Marry'st to Please me ——— and what a Bag of Misery, thou wilt be, should you do it without my Consent.

Au. I have been very cautious of disobliging you, and much concern'd to think you should have so mean an Opinion of my Conduct, as to imagine I would throw my self away on any Fellow, were I not tyed up by strict Duty to obey you.

Sir *Am.* 'Tis well resolved, were there such a thing as Prudence belonging to your Sex, ——— but when Gentlewomen marry Footmen, Ladies fall in Love with Coachmen, ——— and Widdows Ruin their first Brood to make Way for a second, ——— who
can

depend upon a Womans Resolutions — I know you all have a Natural Tendency to Vertue — and many of you with Pains, and Care — are so — but there is Pride and Vanity, Flesh and Blood, Hat and Feather, — the World and the Devil, to encounter with ; and nothing but Vertue, and a weak Woman, to stand against 'em all — you struggle till your Breaths are gone, and so fall down — I have studied your Sex, have been Flesh and Blood with four of 'em — but never was Heart and Soul with any but your Mother ; she was indeed a most excellent Creature.

Au. You have often told me I was like her, pray Sir think so still,

Sir *Amb.* Why when I do not think of the many Follies committed by your Sex — I have a pretty good Opinion of you *Aurelia* ; but you must know — I have had many a painful Night and Day, to get my Money in — and who is this Money for — why for my Daughter *Aurelia* — why ay, marry if I could prove that, I should think it was got for a good End ; but *Aurelia*'s a Woman — and a Woman's a Fool, — and a Fool doats on a Coxcomb — and a Coxcomb will spend my Estate like a Puppy — and every Body will say I was a Blockhead for taking pains to get it for him.

Aur. But why Sir should you make your self uneasie about disposing of me, when I have

have no Mind to part with you, I am not for running any Hazard, I have an indulgent Parent, which ten to one I may exchange for a bad Husband.

Sir *Am.* Ay but I'm an Old Man, and would joyn my Experience to your Inclinations ——— and would take some Pleasure in seeing you well dispos'd on, before I die; I know it is not an Equipage, or a Title, can comfort you ——— neither is it a great deal of Money can do your Business; but a Man of Sence, a Man of Humanity, a Man of good Nature ——— and a Man that can come up to a round Settlement; a *Smith-Field* bargain Girl ——— there lies the great comfort of Matrimony.

Au. I shall leave all to your wise Management Sir.

Enter Lettice.

Let. Madam, the Widdow *Friendless* and her Daughter, have sent to know if you are at Home, they beg leave to wait on you.

Au. Send Word, I shall be very glad of their good Company. (*Exit Lettice.*)

Sir *Am.* Why there now ——— that is as well station'd a Matron for carrying on an Intrigue, as e'er an old visiting Female of e'm all ——— she want's Money ——— and People that want Money, must get it one way or other.

Au. She is most excellently Good ——— and notwithstanding her Misfortunes are great,
I'm

I'm sure she'd scorn a thing that's ill, her Husband has left her in a deplorable Condition—— you are an indulging Parent, and have put it into my Power to be charitable, and none ever were greater Objects of Charity, then she and her Daughter.

Sir *Amb.* Can you not be charitable to her, without being intimate——can you not put Money into her Pocket, without putting her into your Bosom ?

Aur. She is a Gentlewoman——well Bred, and her Daughter is a fine young Creature ; it is your Pleasure I should keep but little Company, I covet none but theirs, I meet with few People at her House, for too many shun the Poor.

Sir *Amb.* I have a shrew'd suspicion of the Woman, *Aurelia*——take care what you do ; for if I discover that any thing in Breeches meets you there, I'll fire the House, and Burn you all together in it.

Aur. Fear us not good Sir.

Sir *Amb.* I must to the *Tholsel*, it is Exchange-time ; remember my last Words,
Aurelia. (Exit.

Aur. How miserable my Father's care of me, is like to make me.

Enter Mrs. *Friendless*, and *Herriot*.

Friend. My dearest Benefactress, let me Embrace you.

Her. Oh my dearest Lady ! how I Love you ; I have been teasing my Mother all this Morning to come to see you.

Aur.

Aur. You are both sincerely welcome here, and always shall be so to me, shake off your Melancholy, do not give way to Grief so much, I am your Bosom Friend, you ne'er shall want whilst I have it.

Friend. All the Blessings Heaven can show'r on you, be your Comfort for it; consider Madam I have lost the best of Husbands: Oh oh! his profuse way of Living, has brought us into a great deal of Misery, and it is incredible to tell you what his Debts are; but on his Death Bed he repented, and had he liv'd, I'm satified he would have made the best of Husband's, it was his Creditors that broke his Heart.

Aur. Poor Man, he's happy.

Her. Ay Madam so he is, and my Mother has no reason for despairing, I know she may have another Husband when ever she pleases.

Friend. Fye Miss, your gayity at this time do's not become you, I do abhor the Sex, no Temptations ever shall make me a Slave to Man again.

Aur. Had you been here just now, my Father would have sum'd up all the Frailtys of our Sex, he says our Vows are all but Wind.

Her. I remember, my Father used to say so too, and when I said I'd never Marry, he told me I was a *Prude* at present, but in a Year or two, I should be a grand *Cocquet*.

Friend. Poor Man, he was intirely fond of *Herriot*, and when Dying, fixt his Eyes most wishfully upon her.

Her.

Her. Indeed he star'd so, that he frightened me, I'm sure Mamma, I Lov'd him full as well as you, and yet I did not Cry above two Days for him.

Friend. Ah my Dear, my Greif is inward, I wish I could Cry heartily, and then perhaps my Heart would not be broke.

Her. I observe Madam my Mother Crys most in Company; she's pretty easy when alone.

Friend. When I see any Body that knew my Husband, my Grief will vent it self a fresh.

Enter *Letitia*.

Let. Madam, a Gentleman who calls himself Sir *John Dareall*, just arrived from *England*, was asking for Sir *Ambrose*, and he not being at Home, he begs he may be introduced to you.

Aur. I know him not, what can his Business be?

Enter Sir *John Dareall*:

Sir *Jo.* Pray which of these Ladies is Daughter to Sir *Ambrose*.

Let. That's my young Lady Sir.

Sir *Jo.* (*aside*) She's beautiful by *Jove* (*to her*) Madam give me leave to Salute you— (*aside*) kisses like an Angel, (*to her*) I take the Freedom from an Intimacy I have with an Unkle of your's Madam, honest *Ned Wealthy* of *Sommerfet shire*.

Aur. I hope my Unkles well Sir.

Sir *Jo.*

Sir John. Yes faith, *Ned's* very well, takes his two Bottles a Night still, grumbles at every Ministry that's uppermost, and railes ——— devlishly at the Malt-Tax.

Aur. Came you in the Pacquet Sir?

Sir John. Faith I can't tell you Madam; for I am never right in my Mind, when I'm sick in my Stomach, all that I know of the Vessel was, she stunk confoundedly of Pitch and Tarr, we were a representation of *Noah's* Ark, the Captain himself was a Brute-Beast, and we poor Passengers wallow'd in the Mire we made; but I cannot greive at the hardships I met with at Sea, since it was the means of bringing me into your agreeable Company.

Aur. Your a perfect Courtier Sir.

Enter Sir Ambrose, and Cash.

Sir Amb. (to Cash) From *England* say you! and to speak with me.

Aur. Here comes my Father Sir.

Sir Amb. (*Espying of him*) With my Daughter, I like not that.

Sir John. Sir *Ambrose*, your most obedient, humble Servant, I bring this Letter from your Brother in *Somersetshire*.

Sir Amb. Sir your Servant (*aside to Aurelia*) you have no business here that I know on.

Aur. Come my dear Friends, let's retire to my Apartment.

Exeunt Aurelia, Friendless, and Herriot.

Sir John. (*aside*) I perceive Sir *Ambrose* is touch'd with Jealousy; but I must carry her for all that.

Sir Amb. Reads.

DEAR Brother a particular Friend has beg'd I would recommend the Bearer Sir John Dare-all, to your care, he is making a Purchase in the North of Ireland, if you can do him any Service, you will much oblige your affectionate Brother.
Love to my Neice.

Edward Wealthy.

(*He speaks*) Sir John—for that I find by my Brothers Letter is your Name, you are most heartily welcome to my House, and according to my Brother's desire, I will do you what service I am able: I am very glad to hear from Ned, there was a misunderstanding betwixt us, which drop'd our Correspondence for some Years.

Sir John. (*aside*) That's more than I knew faith.

Sir. *Amb.* He mention'd nothing of it to you Sir John.

Sir John. Not one Word upon my Honour Sir, but I know Ned is a little Whimfical, apt to be Captious and——

Sir *Amb.* Pardon me Sir John, not to my knowledge, I take it, he has always been of a sweet Disposition.

Sir John. Ay as to his Temper I grant you, but he's troubled now and then, with the Cholic, and the Stone, and the Gout, and——

Sir *Amb.* I am surpris'd at that! a Friend of mine saw him at the Bath about two Months since, when he was perfectly in Health.

Sir

Sir Jo. Why you know he's a chearfull jolly Fellow, and bares his Illness pritty well.

Sir Amb. Now I always took him to be a melancholy Man.

Sir Jo. (*Aside*) A pox of my bullet Head, I might have been better inform'd, I had best proceed to Business, or I shall be found out (*to him*) Sr Ambrose I have some Bills on your Bankers here for about a thousand Pound, which I beg you would let your Cash keeper receive for me; and pray give it the trouble of House-room, now if I can but purchase the Estate in the North, I have the Money ready in London, which I suppose may be remitted here in a Post or two.

Sir Am. You may draw from hence for what Sum you please.

Sir Jo. You must know Sir Ambrose, I was to have been Married to a young Lady in your Brothers Neighbourhood, but her Father was a meer Trickster, which broke off the Match, for he would have had me have settled my Estate in *Sumersetshire*, which is good fifteen hundred Pound a Year, upon his Daughter, and yet he would give her down but six thousand Pound.

Sir Am. That was unconscionable enough, tho' I cannot blame the Man for making a good Bargain for his Daughter.

Sir Jo. Why as you say, in one Sence I cannot blame him for it neither, but then Sir Ambrose, I was to have parted with the six thousand Pound, to have pay'd my Sisters Portions,

tions, and I have but two thousand Pound a Year in all, so that in case of any mortality, I might have left half a dozen Children starving upon the five hundred a Year, whilst my young gay Widdow, would have been Flaunting it about, upon her fifteen hundred.

Sir *Am.* And perhaps might have Married again some Sharper or another, that would have squeez'd her Dry.

Sir *Jo.* Ay Sir *Ambrose*, there are so many of those impudent Fellows, now a Days up and down the World, that upon my Conscience, an honest fair dealing Gentleman, with his substantial Settlement shall lose his Mistress, because he can't Dance, Sing, take Snuff, or be a Coxcomb.

Sir *Amb.* Sir *John* give me your Hand, I profess you speak the very Soul of me, it is the greatest grievance the World lyes under.

Sir *Jo.* 'Tis fact Sir *Ambrose* ——— now you must know about the time this Affair was transacting, an Uncle of mine Dyes, and leaves me twenty thousand Pound, which pay'd off Sisters Fortunes, and the remainder of the Money, with some more that I have saved, is to buy this Estate in the *North*, since I have Disencumbr'd my self, I shall not stand so much upon a Fortune with a Woman, as upon her being agreeable; but about these Notes Sir *Ambrose*.

Sir *Am.* (*Pointing to Cash*) this Sir *John* is my *Cash* keeper, I trust him with some fifty thousand Pound a Year, if you please to give him the

the Bills he will receive the money for you.

Sir John. I shall be grateful Sir in my acknowledgments (*gives Cash the Bills.*)

Cash. They are very good Sir, I suppose with submission Sir, you would have me transfer the Cash to your Credit, and presume I must deliver you in lieu thereof, Bills for *Ditto Sum*, sign'd by me, *per Sir Ambrose*,

Sir John. As your Method is, good Sir.

Cash. We will make our selves Debtor for the *Sum* and you Creditor *pro Contra*.

Sir John. Exactly Sir.

Cash. I will perform it most punctually.

Exit.

Sir Amb. (*aside*) What if this Man now, shou'd as it were be sent on purpose unto my hands, for my Daughters good; a great Estate, a well look'd Gentleman, very Sober, and one who hates Coxcombs and Sharpers, I will offer him Lodgings in my House—who knows but he may be smitten by her——the Girl has Charms enough——and I Money enough. (*to him*) Sir John, I hope you will do me the favour of continuing under my Roof, so long as you stay in *Dublin*.

Sir John. By no means Sir Ambrose, I shall be troublesome, my Equipage will make you uneasy.

Sir Amb. Not in the least Sir John.

Sir John. Nay, I left my Charriot and my six *Flanders - Mares* at *Chester*, I order'd my Coach Man not to imbark, till he heard from me.

Sir

Sir *Amb.* Oh forbid 'em Sir *John*, make use of my Coach so long as you stay in this Country, think this House your own, and me your cordial Friend, and most obedient humble Servant.

Sir *John.* You are particularly Obliging and answer the Character all the World has given me of you.

Enter Squire Daudle.

Squire *Dau.* Well I have search'd in every Room for her, and cannot find her.

Sir *Amb.* (*Espying of him*) Well Squire *Daudle*, what is your business here.

Squire *Dau.* Why truly Sir *Ambrose*, no manner of Business only, but to——

Sir *Amb.* Only but—— to show you are an Idle Fellow I suppose.

Squire *Dau.* Ah Sir *Ambrose*, you are pleas'd to be merry, (*aside*) but if I cou'd Steal your Daughter, you would then be melancholly enough (*to him*) why you must know Sir *Ambrose*, my Father sent me to see if you and Mrs. *Aurelia*, will not come and play a game at *Ombre* this Evening at our House.

Sir *Amb.* Does you, and your Father imagine, because you are a couple of idle People, that therefore I must be drawn in to be idle too; know young Fellow, that I set a value upon my Time, and therefore cannot come, nor my Daughter shall not come, and the seldomer you come here, the more pleasing it will be to me——don't you see I am busi with this
Gen-

Gentleman, who is this Moment come from England.

Enter Cash.

Cash. Sir *Ambrose*, your hand is required to the settling an Affair with a Gentleman in the counting House, who is somewhat Scrupelous, about my adjusting *Ditto* Account with him.

Sir *Amb.* Sir *John*, I beg your pardon for a Moment. *Exeunt Sir Ambrose and Cash.*

Squire Dau. Sir *John*, and from England, I must be acquainted with him — Sir your most obedient humble Servant; I understand you are a Stranger, you'r welcome to *Dublin*, pray Sir what Business, may call you into this Country.

Sir *John.* Is it usual Sir, for the Gentlemen of this Country, to inquire into the Affairs of a Stranger at first Sight.

Squire Dau. Pray Sir don't be angry, all Countrys have their pratical Customs, and Fashions, I must own; I am one of those, who are very inquisitive that way, and only I want a little Assurance, or else by my good Will, I could stop every Stranger that goes along the Street, and not leave him till I know his Name, and place of Abode, and Business; 'tis a gay goodnatur'd Temper, some of us have.

Enter Sir Ambrose.

Sir *Amb.* Some of us have, pray what are you imposing upon Sir *John*, for some of us have.

Sir

Sir *John*. Why I find the Gentleman pritty intimate with me at first Sight, he values himself much upon his inquisitiveness after Srangers, & pretends it is the Custom of the Country here:

Sir *Amb*. Sir *John*, we have our Coxcombs and our Fools, in this Country, as well as in all other Country's,—— I do assure you this Squire *Daudle* is a finish'd one.

Sq; *Da*. (to Sir *John* aside) You smoke the Old *Put* don't you Sir *John*, he's very Rich, but a litle Brutish or so, (to him) well Sir *Ambrose*, you will not be convinced by my arguments, you are mighty apt to be positive, very often whimsical, and—— generally speaking Peevish, very peevish.

Sir *Amb*. I desire Sir, that you will not give me the trouble of being rude to you in my own House; but that you will be so kind, as to give my humble Service, to Sir *Jeremy Daudle*, and tell him from me, if he does not Chain up his Monkey, he will give great uneasiness to the Neighbour-hood, and so you may take up your Tale and Skip off.

Sq; *Da*. (to Sir *John*,) Sir, I am very Sorry, that you have met with so ill an Impression of me, at first Sight. when I have the Honour of being particularly acquainted with you over a Bottle, you will find——but I will not praise my self too much.

Sir *Jo*. Sir, your most Obedient Servant.

Sir *Am*. So, my pritty dear Minature of Man, you may be gone; and pray take care not to forget delivering my Message to Sir *Jeremy*

Sq;

Sq; *Dau.* (Aside) I shall not rest quiet till I am reveng'd of this old Fellow,—— he is certainly Jealous of me, I am resolv'd to steal his Daughter from him, for two very good Reasons; first out of love to her, and secondly out of spite to him (*to them*) Sir *John* your most humble Servant; I shall take a Time, but at present I make bold to borrow my self from you.

Sir *Amb.* And if you never pay him again, I can assure you he'll never put you to any trouble about it. *Exit Daudle making Mouths.*

Sir *Jo.* Pray Sir *Ambrose*, who is this pert, pritty, familiar Gentleman?

Sir *Amb.* Why he's the Son of Sir *Jeremy Daudle*, a very near Neighbour of mine, and an old Acquaintance; he is a weak honest Man, with a very small Estate, manag'd by a Termagant Lady, who has had the breeding of this *Squire*, and has made him the Monkey he appears to be; would you beleive it Sir *John*; the old People, had the impertinence to offer this Boy for my Son in Law——no——since I can give her as good a Fortune as any private Man in this Kingdom, I am resolved not to throw it away upon a blockhead, in order to beget a whole race of Fools for my Grand Children.

Sir *Jo.* Sir *Ambrose*, I think your Resolution very commendable; your Daughter appears to be a most agreeable young Lady, and is of her self a Fortune without the addition of any Money.

D

Sir

Sir *Amb.* (*aside*) I am very glad he thinks so (*to him*) Ah Sir *John*, a little Beauty, a little Love, and a great deal of Money, are admirable Ingredients mixt together. ——— Thank Heaven, the Girl has no Vice that *I* know on; she puts on her Cloaths for Decencys sake, and not to be stared at; she goes to Church for Devotion, and not to be admir'd; she visits out of pure Love and Friendship, and not because 'tis Fashionable; she praises no body to their Faces, in order to raile at 'em behind their Backs; she manages her Expences frugally, supplys my Family decently, and governs my Servants prudently, and with these Accomplishments, she may perhaps make some honest Gentleman a good Wife.

Sir *John.* Upon my Word Sir *Ambrose*, these are Excellent Qualitys, which added to the agreeableness of her Person, makes her appear to me, the most accomplish'd Female *I* ever met with, *I* am all over Raptures about her.

Sir *Amb.* (*aside*) *I* am mighty glad of that, (*to him*) You are a Courtier Sir *John*, pray where is your Equipage, is it yet come on Shore.

Sir *John.* My Man tells me, it is carried to the Custom-house.

Sir *Amb.* Oh I'll send my Clerk there, he shall get 'em discharg'd.

Sir *John.* When goes your Pacquet for England.

Sir *Amb.* The Government has promis'd to send their Letters in, within this Hour.

Sir

Sir John. Short warning indeed, I have several Letters to dispatch.

Sir Amb. I will order Pen, Ink, and Paper into your Apartment, — (*Aurelia crosses the Stage*) Aurelia pray stay with Sir John till I return. (*Exit Sir Ambrose.*)

Sir John. (*aside*) So matters go on Swimmingly, I find I shall not want opportunity, and if I fail of making use of 'em, may I be reduc'd to my original Vocation again, (*to her*) Madam your most obedient Servant, I think you, prodigious like your Uncle.

Aur. (*aside*) What can my Father mean, by leaving me alone with this Man, 'tis the first time he ever did so since I can remember (*to him*) I am very proud Sir of being thought like my Uncle, I have not seen him this many Years.

Sir John. I wish, fair One, I had never seen you, or that I was never to look on any other Object, — how Charming — how Beautiful — how divinely Fair you are.

Aur. Do you speak to me Sir?

Sir John. It is imposible to speak to you Madam, I am struck Dumb with admiration?

Aur. And yet for all that your Lips move, and you seem to speak the Language of the Country you came from; I profess I am a Stranger to it, and cannot apprehend without an Interpreter.

Sir John. Why in plain English Madam, I am most desperately in Love with you?

Aur.

Aur. Why then Sir in as plain English again I must tell you, I have never the better Opinion of your understanding for it; I am not used to this Romantick sort of Conversation, therefore, must beg you would pick out some more proper Person to fix your Heroicks upon.

Sir John. Oh cruel Creature, and yet amongst all your Cruelty, how Amiable you appear, oh, were you to be kind, what a distraction of Joy and Pleasure should I have.

Aur. Sir your humble Servant. (*Going.*)

Sir John Hold, hold, dear Madam, I suppose you forget it was you Father's commands, you should stay with me till his return.

Aur. Sir I obey my Father in all things lawful; but he order'd no Familiaritys, I don't remember any Intimacy depending betwixt you and I, that should occasion your comical Gallantry.

Sir John. Madam, if I had not received some Encouragement from your Father, it's very Probable I should have sigh'd, and whined, a considerable Time, before I had vented my Passion to you; but as I have Estate enough, to come up to your Fathers bargain, I hope I have Person enough, not to be disagreeable to you:

Aur. (*aside*) There must be something in this, or my Father would never have trusted me alone with him. (*to him*) Sir, not to give you any further trouble in this Affair, my Father may, when he pleases, command me not to Marry; but it never is in his power to command me to Marry.

Sir

Sir John. I am too much a Gentleman Madam, to pretend to bargain with your Father for you, and I hope you are too generous, to despise the Man that humbly sues to be your Slave; if your Heart is not disposed on, crown my Wishes, and be dutiful, to your Father.

Aur. (*Aside*) 'Tis a good agreeable impudent Fellow; but what is that to me.

Enter Sir Ambrose and Cash.

Sir Am. (*aside*) So, so, if he is but caught, all my Fears are at an End. (*to them*) Sir John, all things are ready in your Apartment, and your Goods are brought hither from the Custom-house, Cash show Sir John up Stairs.

Cash. I shall undertake, for Depositing him there. — Sir John, if you are so Determin'd.

Sir John. Most willingly Sir, (*aside*) had the old Fellow stay'd but a Moment longer, I might have been at the end of my Project, for the Girls Eyes struck Fire, her Breast began to heave, and a Sentence or two more, would have caused a Palpitation at her Heart, (*to them,*) your Servant, for half an Hour.

(*Exeunt Sir John, and Cash.*)

Sir Amb. Aurelia he is a very graceful fine Gentleman.

Aur. Sir.

Sir Amb. What said he to you Aurelia.

Aur. To me Sir.

Sir Amb. Come hide nothing from me, he is a noble Gentleman, — has he Aurelia, — prais'd

—prais'd any part about thee, — has he said any tender Things — do'st thou think he looks like a Lover?

Aur. A Lover Sir, I have alway's been bred with that Prudence and reservedness, that I shall never give any Man an Opportunity of looking like a Lover at me.

Sir Amb. Pshaw, pshaw, thou mistakest me Child, I would have you put on no graveAirs upon this Occasion, I give you leave to *Cocquet* it like a very Woman — Dear *Aurelia*, draw him on — he's a Jewel of a Man, — such an Estate — and if you prove but a little coming he will make such a Joynture, that thou hast Happiness thrown into the very Mouth of thee.

Aur. He talk'd Sir of Charms, and Flames, and Darts and such ridiculous Stuff.

Sir Amb. Did he, did he? *Aurelia*, 'tis not ridiculous from a Man of his Estate; thou must encourage it Child, do you but hear him of one side, and let me talk to him on the other side, and we will so manage the matter, that you shall be close link'd to his his Side — *Aurelia* I have invited him to take Lodgings with us; therefore don't drive him out of the House with your Unkindness, — meet him like a Friend, — talk to him like a Brother, — and think of him like a Lover, — for I am determin'd he shall be the Man, the happy Man, — take opportunity of falling into his Way, — I am going to Sir *Jeremy Daudles*,

dles, about his impertinent Son, I'll be back in a Moment.

(Exit Sir Ambrose.)

Aur. So, my Father from being a Jealous Cautious severe old Man, is become an Amourous ——— Match-maker ——— but little does he think where my Hearts dispos'd on.

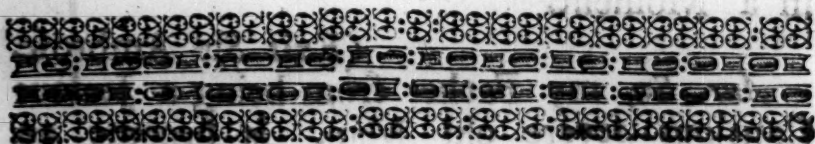
*Till Marriage comes, our Parents we Obey,
'Tis love that Steals our Duty quite away.*

*At their Commands, none would be Slaves for life,
Duty to Husband makes a happy Wife.*

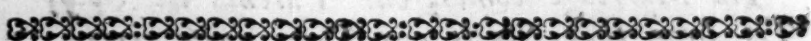
End of the first A C T.



A C T



ACT II.

SCENE Sir *Jeremy Daudle's*.Enter Sir *Ambrose*, and Sir *Jeremy*.

Sir *Je*. AS I am serious Sir *Ambrose*, it is none of my Fault.

Sir *Amb*. Look you Sir *Jeremy Daudle*, I will no longer be troubled with his Impertinencies; I design to marry my Daughter within these two Days to a worthy *Baronet*, who is just now arrived from *England*.

Sir *Je*. Why in truth Sir *Ambrose* I cannot blame you.

Sir *Amb*. As we have been old Friends and Neighbours this many Years; I would not have such a Trifle asy our Son break off our ancient Correspondence; the refore I expect to hear no more of this Matter, and so your Servant.

Exit Sir *Ambrose*.Enter Lady *Daudle*, and Squire *Daudle*.

Sq; *Dau*. Ay but you shall hear more of this Matter Sir *Jeremy*; my Lady Mother, and I, have overheard all his complaints against me

me, but I will carry his Daughter for all this; I am sure I am as proper, and as handsome as his *Baronet*.

Lady Dau. Ay, thou art a charming Boy, and I will not have thee baulk'd for all I am worth in the World.

Sir Fe. In truth now Deary, he had better give over.

Lady Dau. I tell you no Sir, am not I the Head of this Family?

Sir Fe. Ay Deary, and the Tale of it too.

Lady Dau. Don't interrupt me then, do you think that all the Education we have given our fine Boy here, must be thrown away; no, no, he shall get her by a Stratagem, and that will show his Cunning; he shall Marry her, and that will show his Love; and he shall bully Sir *Ambrose* out of a good Fortune, and that will show his Courage: Oh I love an Intrigue from the very Soul of me, to watch, to be surpriz'd; to meet with a thousand Difficulties, and then to fall into the Arms of the thing we love: Oh Extasie!

Squire Dau. Ay my dear Lady Mother, nothing in the World is so Delicious.

Sir Fe. Ay, but if I might be suffer'd to Speak now——

Lady Dau. You suffer'd, pray who hinders you from Speaking? —— you may talk what you will, to your self —— but we are determin'd to go on with the Intrigue.

Enter

Enter Monsieur *De Cuir*, a French Shooe
Maker.

De Cu. Mounfieur votre Servitture, I have come brought you your Shoes; I don't doubt but dey vil vit you much ver well.

Squire Dau. Ha let me see——— pho Pox, the Heel is not half high enough, I told you, I would have 'em red Top, and yellow Heels.

De Cu. Sire; vit permission; upon de Conscience of de French Refugee, ven I live in *Paris* before I come heder for my Religion, I vork very much for all de fine Gentelmen, de Beau, and vat you call in *Ireland* de Cokescomb, and I never saw such fancy upon one two both Shooe in all my Life.

Squire Dau. Sir as I take it, I am to pay you, and therefore I have a mind to be at the Head of a Fashion, and will have my Foot dress'd as I please.

De Cu. Ver well Sire; 'tis only so much de great deal de more Sharge.

Lady Dau. Pray Monsieur *De Cuir*, who are those Shooes for, they are very pritty.

De Cu. May it pleasea your Latysheep, dey are for Matam de prity Jentlewoman, your Voisin, your Neighboura, Misteress *Aurelia*; I am Juste goeing Home vid dem.

Squire Dau. My dear Lady Mother, I have thought on't; such an Intrigue! such a Strata-
gem! such an Invention!

Lady Dau. Oh I dye to hear it.

Sir.

Sir Je. Ay, ay, Let him alone for Invention.

Lady Dau. Lord Sir *Jeremy*, won't you give him leave to tell it us ?

Sir Je. My dear Lady Wife, I long as much to know it as I did to be married to thee.

Lady Dau. Sir *Jeremy* be dumb I say, (*Sir Jeremy claps his Fingers to his Mouth*) come Child communicate.

Squire Dau. Nay, nay, I must whisper it to your Ladyship, for if Sir *Jeremy* should know it, perhaps he'd spoil all. (*he whispers my Lady*) (*Sir Jeremy listens*) (*Squire speaks*) Nay, nay, Sir you must not hear.

Lady Dau. Stand off Sir *Jeremy*; how dare you lend an Ear to what I han't a Mind you should know, because I have been good Natured lately, you forget Discipline (*Squire whispers again*) Oh my dear Boy, no Stateseman could have invented such a Plot.

Squire Dau. I'll pu it in Execution immediately *Monfieur De Cuir*, come along with me, this Moment : I'll make your Fortune for ever

De Cu. Vid all my Heart Sir.

(*Exeunt.*)

Lady Dau. Oh I shall dye away with Impatience, till I hear the result of this Affair.

Sir Je. I long to know it, if I can be any Diversion to my dear Lady Wife, to make her pass the Time easy, till the Plot is over.

Lady Dau. You a Diversion, Ha, ha, ha, as my Son says when he Punns, you are my
Aver-

Aversion instead of my Diversion; but poor Soul, thou dost not know what a Punn is, go get you in, or I'll be upon the Back of you, I will. ————— (he goes out, she following)

SCENE *draws to Mrs. Friendless's House.*

Enter Friendless Heriot and Townley.

Town. You say Madam, you love the Fair *Aurelia* tenderly, if so, show it then by suffering me to meet her here, she is admitted to go to your House only, you know she has confess'd a Passion for me, I only want an opportunity, to have the Parson joyn our Hands, our Hearts have long been joyn'd.

Her. Indeed Mamma, you must comply with the Gentlemans Request, methinks his story is so like a Novel, or a Romance, that it brings Tears into my Eyes.

Friend. Consider Sir the Misfortunes I lye under, she is the only Friend I have to trust too; should her Father, who is very Jealous, make any Discovery, I shall be for ever Miserable.

Town. Madam, the Moment I have Married her, I'll discover it to Sir *Ambrose*, for tho' at present my Fortune is but small, at the Death of my Uncle, I shall have a plentiful Estate.

Her. How charming does he speak, what Madam, will you be ungrateful to Mrs. *Aurelia*, how often has she wish'd to meet this Gentleman, how tenderly has she spoke of him,

him, even so tenderly, that she has made me almost in Love with him too.

Town. I am oblig'd to you, my pritty Charmer, look you Madam, grant my Request, and the Moment the Parson joyns our Hands, I'll make your Daughter a present of five hundred Pistoles, because I know *Aurelia* Loves her Tenderly.

Frend Well Sir, for Mrs. *Aurelia's* sake, I will run the Hazard.

Town I beg it may be this Afternoon at four.

Her. As good an Hour as can be, I will go and acquaint her of it; so just as the Bell rings, she may step in hither, and make her Father beleive she's gone to Church.

Town. Excellent invention; I will be punctual, and bring a Parson with me.

Frend. Pray Heaven it proves according to your Wish.

Her. Never fear Mamma, this is the winding up of an Amour. *(Exeunt severally.)*

SCENE the Street.

As Townly comes out of the House, Enter Sir Ambrose and espies him, as he's crossing the stage.

Sir Amb. Is not that *Townly*, the beggarly Rake that pretended to my Daughter——sure he came out of that House, some damn'd Intrigue is carrying on——I must hasten the Match with *Sir John*——I will Home, and forbid my Daughter ever crossing the threshold

threshold of that Door——I judged right, and now I am sure she is a Match making Hussey.
(Exit.

SCENE *Draws to Aurelia's Chamber.*

Aur. Ah poor *Townley*, I fear it is not your Fate and mine, to come together ; but I'm resolved I'll Die before I will be anothers ; in what is the Love of a Parent shown, if they will not gratifye our inclinations but for a momentary Humour of their own, perhaps make us miserable for an Age.

Enter *Sir Ambrose*.

Sir Amb. *Aurelia* come hither, mind what I say now, your Confidant —— your Hussey —— your Gobetween —— your Friend —— your Jade —— is a Devil incarnate, I have resolved if ever you enter her Doors again, you shall never see my Face, I am convinc'd of her Falshood —— look you, I am your Father —— you are oblig'd to be Dutiful, —— suppose there was not a Duty incumbent, there's Gratitude, I would fain have you Grateful, I can give you a swinging Fortune —— I can choose whether I'll give you a Groat or not —— In short I can lock you up —— I can Starve you, and I can turn you out of Doors ; but come Child, Daddy loves you, promise me never to see this damn'd confounded Widow more

Aur. I am sorry Sir, you should take a prejudice to a Woman, that I am well assur'd does not desrve it.

Sir

Sir *Amb.* Hufley you Lye.

Aur. Well Sir, in Obedience to you I will not see her; but I hope, you'll let me send her some Relais, from time to time.

Sir *Amb.* Ay thou dearest Child, thou shall send her any thing, but thy self, if ever you see her Face, I will be the Death of you all.

Aur. You may depend upon my Duty Sir,

Enter Squire Daudle drest like a Journey-Man, Shooe-maker.

Squire *Dau.* Servant Sir, Servant Madam, I have brought your Ladyship's Shooes Home, my Master begs Pardon, he could not come with em himself.

Aur. Lets see em ——— I beleive they'll fit me very well.

Dau. To a T Madam, give me leave to try 'em on, — (*She sits down he pulls of her Shooe*) This Shooe is well worn, and your Ladyship treads well of your Pastern's, your Ladyship has a fine turn'd Foot of your own, it would do a Man good to be taking measure of it.

Aur. What does the Fellow mean to doe with my Foot.

Squire *Dau.* Only pulling your Stocking smooth Madam, (*aside*) I wonder she does not know me, I must discover my self, I wish this old Jealous Rascal would walk off, — (*puts on her Shooe,*) There's a Shooe Madam! Tread your Foot hard to the Ground; that Foot peeping from under a hoop Peticote,

is

is enough to Captivate a thousand Hearts without seeing any other part of your Body.

Aur. The fellow's very pert and Elegant, (*She stares at him,*) Sure I should know that Face, 'tis Squire Daudle, should I discover him to my Father, in the humor he is in, he'd have him Murder'd: Friend, the Shooes fit me very well, bid your Master send in his Bill, I owe him for several Pair of Shooes.

Squire *Dau.* (*aside*) It is as I suspected, she don't yet discover me, I must even give her my Billet-deaux, and tell her before her Father, 'tis my Masters Bill — (*to her*) Madam, my Master bid me tell you, Times are very ticklish, and Money's hard to come by, and therefore he has made bold to send your Bill by me. (*he gives her the Paper.*)

Sir *Am.* Come *Aurelia*, to show my Paternal love to you, notwithstanding the handsome Allowance I make you, comply with my last Commands, and let me see the Bill I will pay it my self.

Aur. That's obligeing indeed Sir, (*She gives him the Paper without ever looking on it.*)

Squire *Dau.* (*Aside*) Oh dear, what a damn'd confounded Peice of ill Fortune is this, I shall be cursedly used, what signifies my Awl, when this is like to be my last, I thought to have past for a Shooemaker, and I have done it in a very Cobling manner.

Sir *Amb.* Hearkey you Friend, how long have you liv'd with this French Man.

Squire *Dau.*

Squire *Dau.* (*Aside*) Pox on him, I had much rather not hold any Discourse with him (*to him*) And please your Worship, I can't say I Live with him, for in truth I do but Starve with him, for I am an Irish Man born, and cannot taste his stew'd Snailles, his frigacy of Frogs; and Soups made of the Shreds of Leather which we pair from the Shooes we make.

Sir *Amb.* Why the Fellow has a great Trade, what should make him Live so Miserably?

Squire *Dau.* Why and please your Worship, he was born a Slave, was Dragoon'd out of his own Country, upon the account of Religion, and is resolv'd to Live miserably, in hopes of getting together, as much Money here, as he left behind him in *France*.

Sir *Amb.* A good intelligible Fellow this, I warrant you People of the Country here, grumble at these Foreigners.

Squire *Dau.* No and please your Worship, not one Morfel; we can't blame the Fellows for being Industrious; but we now and then curse the Gentry, for letting their own Country-Men starve, whilst they are imploying Foreigners.

Sir *Amb.* If our own Countrymen were but as Industrious, they would not want Business; but they never care to Work, tell they begin to grow Hungry — Well let us see what this Fellow's Bill is.

Squire *Dau.* Your Honour may let it alone, I beleive my Master is not in such great Need: I will send him to receive it himself.

Sir *Amb.* No, no let us see, (*opening the Paper*)
 (*Reads*) Dearest of Angels ——— (*speaks*)
 Dam'dest of Dogs, what does this mean
 Sirrah?

Squire Daudle going to sneak away.

Sir Ambrose stops him.

Sir *Amb.* Hold my dear Rascal——I am resolved to Pay you before you go away.

Sir *Dau.* And please your Honour, I had rather not receive it, for I cannot give you a Receipt: I can't Write.

Sir *Amb.* Oh you shall make your Mark; but let me see, what is the Sum Total.

R E A D S.

DEarest of Angels, I have been a long time Dye-
 ing for you, upon my Soul this comes with my
 last Gasp, if you do not cast one Eye of pity upon me,
 I shall expire in your Presence,——your Fathers
 cruelty Distracts me, upon his forbidding me the House.
 I invented this Stratagem, give me some Signs that
 you Love me, the rest be mine; in the next Attack,
 I will bring a Parson, who shall joyn our Hands, and
 let me alone to make up the whole Affair with Sir
 Ambrose.

I am Eternally yours,
 Nehemiah Daudle.

Sir *Amb.* A Son of a Whore; (*aside*) By this
 Light 'tis the Rogue himself; but I will not
 seem to know him, that I may the better re-
 venge my self on him. Hearkey Friend, how
 came you by this Letter, Sirrah?

Squire

Squire Dau. (*Aside*) Ay, now the Storm is rising. (*to him*) Why I suppose my Master mistook, and gave me the wrong Paper.

Sir Amb. Ay, very like so, let's see the Superscription, (*Reads*) To the Beautiful Mrs *Aurelia Wealthy*) No Sirrah, he has not mistook, who was by when he gave you this Paper?

Squire Dau. (*Aside*) I'll try to bring my self off, by laying it upon my self. (*to him*) Why Sir as you look like a very honest conscientious civil worthy Gentleman, I will e'en tell you the Truth, there's one Squire Daudle, a smart, handsome, pritty Gentleman, as any in this ———

Sir Amb. You lye Sirrah, he's a little queer hatchet Face, pert, impudent, empty Puppy.

Squire Dau. Your Honour is pleas'd to be Merry:

Sir Amb. No Sirrah, I am pleas'd to be Serious, as you shall find, if you tell me not the Truth.

Squire Dau. Nay I'll tell you Truth Sir; the Squire who is very much of a Gentleman, imploy'd me to deliver this Letter, knowing I was bringing home the Lady's Shooes, and to tell you the Truth, he gave me a *Pistole* for my Pains.

Sir Amb. He did, well let me see that *Pistole*.

Squire Dau. (*Feels in his Pockets*) Curse on't how unluckey is this; (*he pulls out a Moeda*) Indeed Sir to tell the Truth, I lye, for it was
not

not a *Pistole*, it was a *Moeda*; and there it is Sir.

Sir *Amb.* So much the better——Come, now I will Reason with you; wer't thou such an arrant Puppy, as to imagine my Daughter Fool enough, to run away with such a worthless Rascal, as Squire *Daudle*? a Fellow of no Figure, no Principles, nor no Understanding; answer me that now: Speak freely Rogue.

Squire *Dau.* Why truly Sir upon second Thoughts, I do think him but a sort of a kind of a, kind of a, sort of a, so so sort of a Gentleman. (*aside*) Is not this very hard now, that I must be forc'd to rail at my own dear Person.

Aur. If the Fellow speaks his Mind, he can't suppose that I would be a Party concern'd, in so ridiculous a Match.

Squire *Dau.* (*aside*) Ha! adso, I thought she wink'd, that is some Comfort still.

Aur. You cannot sure, think me such a Wretch.

Squire *Dau.* Oh no Madam.

Sir *Amb.* Nor me such a Dog, to part with a halfpenny, to so beggarly a poor *Marmout*.

Squire *Dau.* Oh no Sir.

Sir *Amb.* A Fellow of Yesterday, whose impertinent Mother sets up for Quality, because a Lord *Lieutenant* in a merry Mood, *Knighted* her Husband.

Squire *Dau.* 'Tis very true Sir, (*aside*) I will

get

get some body to murder him, for all this Scurrility.

Sir *Amb.* Now Sirrah how shall I use you?

Squire *Dau.* Use me, and shall please your Honour; I hope you have no use at all for me.

Sir *Amb.* Dost thou know Sirrah, that I can Hang thee, my Daughter is an Heiress; now that dismal Dog the *Squire*, has laid a Scheme for stealing her, thou being an Accessary to the Fact, shall be hang'd as well as he.

Squire *Dau.* (*aside*) Pritty News truly, so all that is left to my Choice is, whether I will be hang'd as a Gentleman, or a Journey-man Shooc-maker; this is a terrible old Dog——
(*to Sir Ambrose*) I beg your Honour, would show your Goodness, to a poor Mechanick, who was drawn into this Priming-Iron, by being mighty ignorant of the Law, and since your Worship has Pocketed the *Moeda*, it's plain I shall get nothing by it. (*aside*) Gad I act it so naturally, I desye him to find out who I am.

Sir *Amb.* I am resolved to Pay you most immoderately Sirrah (*offers to Cane him, he runs behind Aurelia.*)

Aur. (*aside to Daudle,*) Be satisfied, I know who you are; bear it like a Man; turn your Back to him, and take his Blows with Courage.

Squire *Dau.* (*aside*) Ay dear sweet Creature, I can bear a great deal for you, but he strikes so very Hard.

Sir

Sir Amb. What is that you mutter Sirrah,
(*he strikes him.*)

Squire Dau. Oh Murder, Murder.

Enter *Sir John Dareall.*

Sir Jo. For Heaven's sake, what's the matter?

Sir Amb. Oh *Sir John*, I have made a fine Discovery here; this Fellow brought a Letter from the impertinent Puppey that accosted you to Day, he had formed a design of steal-my Daughter.

Sir Jo. Why sure the little Baboon had not so much Impudence.

Squire Dau. (aside) My Rival too, must he Triumph over me; I have bad luck indeed; but *Aurelia* will prove kind, there's my Comfort still.

Sir Jo. Oh *Sir Ambrose*, don't put your self in a Passion about this insignificant Rascal, send him to Bridewell, duck him in the River, or toss him in a Blanket.

Squire Dau. (aside) The Devil take you for your good Advice.

Aur. (aside) They do Torment the poor Creature; and I know not how to bring him off.

Sir Amb. Well *Sir John*, to oblige you, let him be toss'd in a Blanket; here, whose below there?

Enter *Cash.*

Cash. Did you call, *Sir Ambrose*?

Sir

Sir *Amb.* Yes, get a Blanket and four Sturdy Fellows and let this dismal Rascal be well Toss'd in it.

Cash. Is he a Thief your Honour has taken? perhaps he had a design upon your Cash; he looks indeed like a Housebreaker, or rather like a Pickpocket. Exit *Cash.*

Squire *Dau.* (*aside*) Ay Mr. *Cash*, you'r a clever Fellow to lead a lame Dog over a Stile; what will my Lady Mother say to this Disgrace; and I dare not own my self to be I, least in his Passion, he sends me to New Gate; I have been often threatned with a Blanket, but never thought I should be Toss'd in one.

Enter *Cash* with a Blanket, and four Servants.

Cash. Here is *ditto* Blanket, which I have transfer'd into the Hands of these Fellows.

Sir *Amb.* Why then prithee Endorse him on the back of it (*Cash shoves him into the Blanket and the Fellows Toss him up, he leaps out and runs away*)

Squire *Dau.* Ah dear dear, a thousand Pound for a clear Stage. [*Exit running.*]

Sir *Amb.* Hang you Rogues, why did you not make fast the Door?

Sir *John.* So so, 'tis pritty well, and will frighten him from coming here again.

Sir *Amb.* Why prithee Man, it was the Squire himself, there lyes the Jest.

Cash. Good now, how he was Disguis'd, he look'd very much Defac'd, he was elipt of his Gen-

Gentility, and no Body would take him for current Coin, in *ditto* Dress ; you have no farther Orders for me, nor these Men Sir *Ambrose*, for I am somewhat in haste, about posting out of the Day Book into the Leidger.

Sir *Amb.* No you may go, but take care to examine every Body that comes into this House. (*Exeunt Cash and Servants*——— You see *Aurelia*, what Tricks, are used, by the empty Fellows of this Town to ruin you, for what but ruin must follow your Marrying against my Inclinations.

Sir *John.* Ay what indeed Madam, your Fortune-hunters and Sharpers, have ten thousand Traps to catch a young Lady with.

Aur. 'Tis very true Sir.

Sir *Amb.* Why 'tis very hard Sir *John*, that I, who can give my Daughter ten thousand Pound down, cannot Sleep, for fear some Rascal or another should Steal her, and make her and himself Miserable.

Aur. I beg Sir, you will not be uneasy about my Conduct, 'tis time enough to complain, when I have done a foolish Action, I hope you don't think my Heart is engaged to Squire *Daudle*, or any other Coxcomb.

Sir *John.* (*Aside*) I'm glad to hear she has no engagement upon her Hands, (*to him*) in short Sir *Ambrose* I am desperately in Love with fair *Aurelia*.

Sir *Amb.* (*Aside*) As I could wish.

Sir *John.* Now if you think me worthy of being your Son in Law, give her what you please

please, and name what ever Settlement you think proper, and I will most eagerly comply with it, for I never met with so many Charms before.

Sir Amb. (*Aside*) See how unconcern'd the Bagage is! (*to her*) Why don't you strick Fire with your Eyes, Blush, and show an amorous Confusion. (*to him*) Sir John you do me, and my Daughter too much Honour; I must say, the Girl is Prudent, and knows when to be Wise, I shall use but few Ceremonys about the matter, Sir John, I will lay down ten thousand Pound, with some Trinkets, and Jewels that shall be Nameless; I will settle all I have at my Death on you, and the Heirs of her Body, and I will not be unkind in my Life time.

Aur. (*Aside*) Poor miserable Creature, 'tis dismal to hear the Bargain made.

Sir John. Most Generously offer'd Sir Ambrose, and not to be behind Hand with you, I will Joynter her in a thousand Pound a Year, settle Hartwell Hall on her, with all the Plate, and Jewels for her Life; and allow her 300 Pound a Year Pin Money.

Sir Amb. Fairly closed, Sir John, it is a Match. Aurelea, now my Heart's at ease, the long wish'd for Day is come, and I will put you into the Hands of one, who I doubt not will use you as Tenderly as I have done, Sir John take her.

Aur. What Sir, am I bargain'd for and sold to a Stranger, without ever being consulted in the matter.

Sir. Amb. Well observ'd *Aurelia*, there is some Decorum due to the Sex. *Sir John* I will leave you together, you and I have agreed our part of the Marriage, and as you are an accomplish'd fine Gentleman, there is no doubt to be made, but in one quarter of an Hour, you'll gain the Out-works to my Daughter's Heart, and take her Citadel Sword in Hand. (*aside to Sir John*) Look you *Sir John*, gain her consent if you can; but get it, or not get it, she shall be your Wife if you please. (*aside to Aurelia*) Hark you Child, I would have you do nothing against your Inclinations; but if your Inclinations run contrary to mine, you will be turn'd out of Doors; and you may go starve my Dear. (*to Sir John*) There's My Daughter *Sir John* with all her Sences, reason her out of 'em as fast as you can; make her beleive she is a Goddess, and you may do what you will with her mortal Body; praise her Understanding, ——— and you may soon make a Fool of her; admire her Shape, and you'll not find her, strait Lac'd; adore her Beauty, and she'll think every thing you do Handsome. Ah, when I was a young Fellow, I would make no more of geting the Consent of such a Girl as this, then I would of Dancing a *Cheshire* Round, or an *Irish* Jigg; it might

might put me out of Breath, but it was soon over; good luck to you Sir *John*—
Aurelia make him look like a Fool if you can. (Exit.)

Sir John. Well Madam, I am left here to know my Doom from you; a few Words, utter'd from the delightful Engine of your thoughts, raises me into Life, or sink's me into Attoms.

Aur. This is a mighty stiff pendantck Stile, I suppose 'tis a set Speech, got by heart, on purpose to make love with, in a Rediculous manner.

Sir John. Very well Madam, that is as much as to say you do not like this manner of Courtship, perhaps I know as many ways to a Lady's Heart, as any one.

Aur. That's fine indeed; pray how many Ways may there be? upon my Word, if you find the Way to mine, it must be by a Road that I know nothing on.

Sir John. Nay fair Lady, if you resolve to be Obstinate, my Rethorick will signifie but little, tell me the Homour you'll be Courted in, and I will put on that Shape; now you must know, some Lady's are Captivated by a Man's admiring himself, and being full of his own Praises; will this do Madam.

Aur. No.

Sir John. Some doate upon a Man, meerly out of Revenge, to another Lady that likes him, and they often Marry out of Pride and Vanity,

Vanity, and to show the World that the Fellow was at their Disposal.

Aur. Rediculous Revenge.

Sir John. I have known a Lady, fall in love with a Coach and six fine *Flanders Mares*, and for their sakes, has married the Baboon they carry'd; notwithstanding she and all the World despised him.

Aur. Much good may do her with her Equipage.

Sir John. There are Madam, a thousand other trifling Ways, by which the foolish part of your Sex are taken; but a Woman of your good Sense and Breeding, must be attack'd in a most refin'd manner, I beg you would beleive my sole Happiness is placed on you, there is nothing on Earth I would not do, to gain your Love.

Aur. (*Aside*) Oh if I mistake not to gain any thing else. (*to him*) This Sir is a very solemn Thing, and requires some consideration, I beg you will give me till the Morning to decide my Doom, I have at present a little Buissness, which requires your absence; if you love, you will not scruple to Obey.

Sir John. I am all Obedience, and so proud of your Commands, that tho' 'tis a great alloy to my present Satisfaction, I comply with Joy.

(*Exit,*

Enter, at the other Door, Herriot,

Her. Oh my dearest Lady, I have been watching this half Hour to speak to you, my Mother

Mother must need see you at her House this Afternoon;

Aur. My dear *Herriot* it is impossible; my Father has forbid me ever going there again.

Her. Ay but Madam, that dear sweet Gentleman Mr. *Townly* will be there.

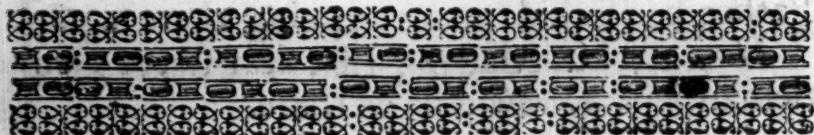
Aur. Speak softly, come to my Chamber, where I will take such Resolutions as I dare.

Exit Ambo.

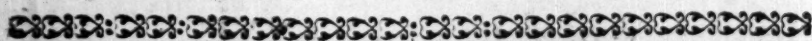
End of the second ACT.



ACT



A C T III.

S C E N E Sir *Ambrose's* Hall.*Enter Squire Daudle, in Womens Cloaths.*

Squire **S**O, so, the Devil's in it, if they disco-
Dau. **S**ver me in this Disguise ; let me see,
 my *Patches*, my *Paint*, my *Pomatum*, my *Beau-*
ty wash, my *black Combs*, for *red Hair* ; *Spanish-*
Wool, for *pale Complexions*,——*Ratafee* for *La-*
dies troubl'd with the *Vapours* ; *false Tours*,
 for the *Madam* turn'd of *Fifty* ; and *false Teeth*,
 for the *Bawd* of *threescore*——*Prayer Books*,
 for *repenting Sinners*; and *Play Things*, for
Girls of *Twenty* : Well this *Mrs. Go-Between*,
 has furnish'd me with every thing necessary,
 and this *Intrigue* comeing so soon upon the
Neck of the other, can never be suspected to
 belong to the same Person, by which means
 I may the better execute my Design ; I am
 convinc'd *Aurelia* loves me, for when all the
 Family laugh'd heartily at me, she did but
 Grin, and Smile, and put on an affected
 Joy

Joy, for fear of her Father ; could I but get an opportunity of speaking to her alone, she would Blush, hide her Face, hold her Tongue, and fetch her Breath very short ; whilst I jump into her Arms, with the Extasies of an *Alexander*, imprint ten Thousand Kisses upon her dear tender Lips, press her to run away with me, Marry her, whilst her Blood is in a Hurry, go to Bed to her, and send her Father notice of it ; he comes and surprizes us, we jump out of Bed naked ; flap down on our Knees ; she crys, he melts, I profess my extravagancy of Passion, he curses us a little, considers a good deal ; at last blesses us both, and drives us into Bed again with some comfortable Promises ; upon which I get him a Grandson, rise early to pay the Dummers and Fidlers, and so become the Town talk for a Month : Ay these are to be the Circumstances exactly. But who comes here ; 'tis *Lettice*, *Aurelia's* Maid : I must make her my Confidant.

Enter *Lettice*.

Let. Who would you speak with, good Woman.

Squire *Dau.* Your Servant fair Lady ; I was desir'd, by Mrs *Love Toy*, and my Lady Dowager *Trinker*, to call upon Madam *Aurelia*, with some little Toys, and Trifles : I presume you are pritty Mrs. *Lettice*, Madam *Aurelia's* Companion &c. I humbly beg leave, as a token of my Love and Respects, to present you

you with this little *Tortoise Shell Patch Box*, made in the shape of a Heart, it is fill'd with your nice cut Patches, such as your *Stars*, your half *Moons*, and your great *Whig* and *Tory* ones.

Let. And pray Honey, what am I to do for this fine Present?

Squire Dau. Mrs. *Lettice*, 'tis our Method in *England*, when we would gain the good Will of the Lady, we always make Presents to the Confidant; you must know all my Rarities are right *English*.

Let. Oh dear, *English*; I am mighty fond of your *English* Things; I will call my Lady to see all your *English* Things.

Exit Lettice.

Squire Dau. Here's a Jade now; it is not above two Years ago, since she was taken out of an *Irish* Cabbin, with her Broags on, and yet begins to dispise her own Country, and is fond of every thing that's *English*; I will turn her away for that, the Moment I marry *Aurelia*: I think we have Enemy's enough abroad, without encouraging those within our selves——but see the fair Object of my Heart's desire.

Enter Aurelia, and Lettice.

Let. Indeed Madam, but you must see 'em, 'tis a Woman from *England* Madam.

Aur. I have things of Consequence in my Head, I have no Time to throw away on Trifles.

Squire

Squire *Dau.* (*aside*) I hope one of these things of Consequence in her Head, is my Person ; I have no mind to make my self known before this Hussy, for she that would betray her own Country, would no doubt betray me.

Aur. Good Woman ; my Maid tells me, you are sent hither by Mrs. *Love-Toy*, and the Lady Dowager *Trinket*. I should be glad on their Accounts to do you any Service ; but I have occasion for very few Things that you sell.

Squire *Dau.* Thank your good Ladyship, it is a great deed of Charity to lay out a Penny with me, for I am a poor decay'd Gentlewoman,

Aur. (*aside*) By the awkward Appearance she makes, her Gentility looks pritty much decayed ——— truly ——— (*to him*), you look as if you had met with Trouble.

Squire *Dau.* Ay Madam, I am not the same thing I was ; I fell in Love with a Rake of a Husband, that had three or four Wives besides me, and he used us all very sadly ; very sadly indeed. ——— Will your Ladyship be pleased to look over my Toys, I have the prittiest *Flanders-Edging* for Wedding night Cloaths, that ever your Ladyship saw. (*aside*) Now I shall discover whether she has a mind to be Married or not.

Aur. Good Woman, no Wedding night Cloaths for me ; a winding Sheet will best become me.

Squire *Dau.* (*aside*) Excellent Intrigue, now for a touch of me. (*to her*) I hope your Ladyship is not crossed in Love. H *Au.*

Aur. If I obey my Father, I am not to marry the Man I like.

Squire Dau. (aside) Very well, the Man she likes is me that's most certain. *(to her)* Ah Madam, I married in obedience to my Father's commands but it ruined me, therefore I never would advise any young Lady to obey their Parents, against their own Inclinations.

Let. A notable Woman this.——

Enter Sir Ambrose.

Sir Amb. Aurelia where are you—— I have been searching all over the House for you, *(seeing Daudle)* how now, What Woman's this?

Squire Dau. (Aside) What a damn'd un-uckey Bitch am I.

Let. Sir 'tis a poor decay'd English Gentlewoman, that sells your Patches, and Fanns, and ——

Sir Am. And Reputations I suppose, one of those modest Conveniences, that set young People together by the —— in short a match making Bawd; —— Ha, *Aurelia.*

Squire Dau. (Aside) So, the Storm begins, I am a dead Man.

Aur. I do not know what she is indeed Sir.

Sir Amb. How came she here then.—— Hark you Woman —— who in the Devils name are you? —— from whence came you? and who sent you?

Squire Dau. Why and it shall please your Worship.——

Sir

Sir *Amb.* Woman that I may set you right in your Speeches, know what ever you say, it shall not please my Worship.

Squire *Dau.* (*Aside*) Why then, whether I talk like a Man, or a Woman, it will be the same case to me. (*to him*) My business here Sir, was only to vend a few Trifles, I am what they call a walking Merchant, one that gets my living by the sweat of my Brows.

Sir *Amb.* By sweat of other Peoples Brows you mean; I warrant you have in that Box Biller Deaux of all sorts and sizes, thou art hier'd by impudent young Fellows to help 'em to steal Foolish young Wenches; but let me tell thee Woman, thou shalt not carry on thy Trade here; and that thou mayest never have any encouragement to come again, I will use you so as that you shall tremble at the sight of my House.

Squire *Dau.* (*Aside.*) What an unfortunate Dog am I, what an unluckly turn is here of an Intrigue, which I thought the best I ever invented in all my Life.

Sir *Amb.* Hearkey Hussey, what's that you mutter? Ha (*he takes hold of his Shoulder.*)

Squire *Dau.* (*trembling*) Non non nothing Sir.

Aur. Pray Sir, don't use the Woman ill, upon my word she came in but a Moment before you.

Squire *Dau.* (*aside*) Ah the dear Creature; ten to one but she has found me out; oh how I should admire her Wit, could she but bring me off.

Sir

Sir *Amb.* Come come, let me see what you have got in this Box of yours, (*rummaging he find's some Letters*) What Letters are these? (*he Reads*) To Mrs. Gobetween. — Oh that's your Name I suppose, is it not Madam?

Squire *Dau.* (*Aside*) What shall I say now; — a damn'd careless Bitch, what made her leave her Letters to me — I warrant there's some Hellish Intrigue or another, that I shall be toss'd in a Blanket for; but I must own it (*to him*) Yes, Sir, my Name is Gobetween, at your Service.

Sir *Amborfe* READS:

DEAR Iniquity, (*speak's*) That I suppose is your Sir Name? (*Reads on*) the Husband I spoke to you about, is this Moment gone down to Rings-end, therefore haste to the dear charming Creature, and let her know, if she will be walking up Cable-street, I will overtake her in a Hack, and we will spend the Evening together at a certain House near the Worlds-end, where little Company uses to come, make haste, for I waite impatiently for an Answer.

Tours intirely,

Macshameless.

(*He speaks*) your Servant Mrs. Gobetween.

Aur. Oh impudent Creature, how had she the Face to come within these Doors.

Squire *Dau.* (*Aside*) Ah poor Nehemiah, I suppose I shall be Carted for a Bawd.

Sir *Amb.* What a lucky Discovery I have made.

READS

READS another Letter.

DEAR Gobetween, wait upon my Lord, I hear he is very flush of Money, perswade him I have Elop'd from my Husband somewhere in the North. — The Counsellor before he turn'd me off Equip'd me with very handsome Cloaths, and my Lodgings are Genteel, upon my Honour I am Sound; for I have lain with no one but the Brig. — this two Months; manage this matter well, and Poz you shall go halves; my Lord talk'd a great deal to me in the Lettice last Play Night, I know he likes my Colour, and he praised my Hand and Neck.

I am your faithful Friend,

Betty Brim.

(Sir Ambrose speaks to him) Your humble
Servant Mrs. Bawd.

Squire Dan. (Aside) Ay 'tis all out, I am an unluckey Bawd truly.

Aur. Monsterous unheard of Impudence!

Let. Well these English are a cunning People, what Ways they can find out to get Money:

Sir Ambrose READS.

MOther Gobetween. I am certain she has two thousand Pound, give her the Letter, but don't let her know I am turn'd out of the Army, you may call me Major, or Colonel which you will, what's done must be quick, for my Taylor swears he will Arrest me before Saturday Night, you know I am not worth a Groat, and if I am sent to Goal, there I must lye,
if

If I succeed you shall certainly have a hundred Pound.

*I am dear, dear Bitchington,
your Child and Servant,
O. RAKEISH.*

Squire Dau. (*Aside*) My damn'd confounded Stars have done very clever things for me.

Sir Amb. Lettice send a Servant to call a Constable. (*Exit Lettice.*)

Now Madam, if you will be so ingenious as to confess who sent you hither, and what your Arrant was, perhaps you shall only be drawn through the River Liffey, and turn'd loose to the raging Mobb; but if you do not discover, you shall march in Pomp to New-Gate, in order to be tryed for your Life the next Term.

Squire Dau. In truth I shall come off badly either Way, for he's a very inveterate old Fellow, I will e'en confess who I am, Enter into Bonds that I will never trouble his House nor Daughter again, and perhaps I may come off with whole Bones (*he kneels*) Sir Ambrose on my Knees I beg your Pardon.

Sir Amb. Ay Hussey; but that will not do now.

Squire Dau. I am no Hussey,——but your unfortunate Neighbour Squire Daudle.

Sir Amb. (*Aside*) Upon my Conscience and so it is.

Aur. Ah, poor Squire.

Squire

Squire *Dau.* I cannot but own indeed Sir *Ambrose*, that I borrowed (that wicked Woman) Mrs. *Gobetween's* Cloaths, and Box of Trinkets; but upon my Honour and Honesty, I knew nothing of these wicked Letters.

Sir *Amb.* (*Aside*) Ay, but you shall pay for all. (*to him*) Here's a consummate Impudence, to pretend she is my Neighbour, Mr. *Nehemiah Daudle*; he is indeed a Coxcomb, and often guilty of your impertinent Frolicks; but would you Woman, make me believe he would countenance such flagrant Rogueries as these; no no, if thou hast no other excuse to make, thou must march to the Black dog.

Squire *Dau.* Upon my Conscience 'tis I Sir *Ambrose*, (*he pulls of his Head-Cloaths*) as you may see here.

Aur. A very dismal Lover.

Sir *Amb.* Woman, I am Deaf to all thou can't say, and Blind to all thou can't show me.

Squire *Dau.* Dear sweet Mrs. *Aurelia*, do but feel me, it is an easy matter to distinguish between a Man and Woman.

Aur. Oh soh, you wicked Woman, I would not touch you for all the World.

Enter Sir *John Dareall*, *Lettice*, *Constable*,
and *Casb.*

Sir *John.* Hey Day, what Figure have we got here.

Sir *Amb.* Another trick upon my Daughter Sir *John*, this is a Match-making Bawd.

Squire

Squire *Dau.* (*Aside*) What my Rival here again, I have hard Luck indeed, to be twice Disgraced before him.

Sir *Amb.* Here Constable, carry this wicked Woman to Justice *Quibas*, tell him I will be with him in a Moment. *Cash* go you long with her.

Squire *Dau.* Ah pray dear Sir *Ambrose*, do not disgrace me at this Rate ; pray good Sir *John* perswade him.

Sir *John.* Me Woman, how canst thou expect any Favour from me ; what, to Enter into a Combination to steal my Mistress from me ; I will see thee trounc'd, if it cost me a thousand Pound.

Squire *Dau.* I tell you I am no Woman, I protest you would almost provoke one to show all one has. Pray dear Mrs. *Aurelia*, put in one Word for me.

Aur. Go you vile shameless Creature, you ought to be made an Example on.

Squire *Dau.* Mrs. *Lettice*, have you no interest with your Master ? — nor you Mr. *Cash*.

Let. Ah pah upon the Hussy.

Cash. Woman, I will attend thee to the Black-dog, and take care when I deliver thee, to have a Receipt in full for thee.

Sir *Amb.* Away with her, she grows odious to my Sight, (*the Constable, Cash, Servants, and Lettice, haul him.*)

Squire *Dau.* (*Crys out*) Murder, Murder, I am no Bawd. I am Gentleman, good Mr. Constable.

Con.

Con. Come along, if you can turn your self into a Gentleman, you shall be hang'd for being a Witch.

[*Exeunt pulling him out.*]

Sir Amb. So I shall fright the little Rascal sufficiently. *Sir John*, you see how I am plagued and pester'd upon the Account of my Daughter; I profess I have so good an Opinion of you, that I shall take your Word about the Settlement, and therefore beg you may be married this Night.

Sir John. (*aside*) This offers as I could wish. (*to him*) I shall comply *Sir Ambrose*, with a great deal of Joy and Raptures; but the young Lady has desir'd till to Morrow to give me her Answer.

Sir Amb. Her Answer! to what — have not you and I agreed all Matters, is it not her Interest to have you; and is it not obeying my Commands.

Aur. Sir, you have always been a most indulgent Parent to me, and therefore I hope you will not act a Violence, and force me against my Inclinations.

Sir Amb. Inclinations! a pritty Story truly; have you any Inclinations Madam, to be turn'd out of Doors?

Aur. Sir I had much rather beg my Bread, from Door to Door, then marry the Man I cannot like.

Sir Amb. Not like Hussey! pray show me what it is you dislike in *Sir John*; I faith I think him a proper handsome fine Gentleman;

I

come

come, come, there's more at the Bottom of this, than we can dive into; I suppose this Squire Daudle, came hither by your Appointment; but I will go this Moment and have him punish'd most Shamefully. Come along Sir John (*he goes but returns again*) Hark you I suppose your Trigramate, Mrs. Friendless, is concern'd in these Intrigues of yours.

—— See her again if you dare. ——

Prepare to be married to Sir John, when I come Home again, or pack up your Awls and be gone.

Exit with Sir John.

Aur. So my Catastrophe is Winding up ——
Townly is the Man that's certain; at four a-Clock I have promis'd to meet him at the Widdows; 'tis very plain I cannot be happy, without being Disobedient, —— and yet I cannot expect any happiness, whilst I am so; my Father is for driving me into what I think Misery; I to avoid this, may run my self into worse Trouble; I cannot like Sir John, and to be forced, is dreadful. I love *Townley*, and have sworn to Marry him —— but then my Father won't give us one Farthing, —— why then we are the less beholding to him, —— 'tis better liveing in a Cottage, with the Man we love, then in a Coach and Six, with him we hate; —— 'tis the first Offence I e'er committed against my Father's Inclinations —— but then, I comply with the dear Man who I design shall be my Husband —— and Wives must obey their Husbands. ——
 So dear Sir *Ambrose*, 'tis given against you ——
 and

and I'll to the Widdow's, good luck attend me——

Exit.

SCENE *draws to the Street, Aurelia crosses the Stage, as she goes into the Widdows.*

Enter Sir Ambrose.

Sir *Amb.* Mercy on me ! is not that *Aurelia* going into the cursed Widdow's House, notwithstanding my Commands to the contrary. ——— Oh Woman, Woman, what a world of Woes canst thy Resolutions run thee into. ——— I will never see her Face again. ——— She shall never darken my Doors, that's certain, ———, I warrant she's to meet some beggarly Rascal there, it cannot be *Daudle*, I have him secure. ——— I have a great Mind to set fire to the House, and burn 'em altogether ; what if I should enter softly, and listen, I may make some discoverys that may be worth my while, ——— if I find out their Tricks and Contrivances, I shall go near to Murder 'em all, ——— this thing most certainly will break my Heart ——— I wish I don't run Mad, ——— methinks I begin to be Distracted. ——— Ungrateful *Aurelia*. — I must be reveng'd of her, ——— I shall do some very rash Thing in my Passion, for I find the Devil very strong in me.

He Enters the Widdow's House.

SCENE

SCENE Draws, and Discovers
Viddow *Frindleless*, *Herriot*
and *Aurelia*.

Aur. You see my dear Friend how hardly I'm attack'd ; upon which I am resolv'd to Marry *Townley*, and run all hazards ; methinks 'tis strange he is not come.

Her. I warrant you he's punctual to the Time, it wants several Minutes of Four yet.

Friend. I wish it was well over ; my Heart trembles for you both.

Her. Oh dear Mamma, you'r strangely Fearful, you had more Spirit sure, when my Father run away with you.

Friend. Oh Child, that rash Action of mine I have pay'd severely for.

Her. You have no reason to complain, I am sure whilst my Father lived, he loved you well ; and my good dear honey Lady, has amply supply'd your wants since. Heark, I hear some Body in the Entry, I am sure it is the dear Man *Townley*. (*as she goes to the Door, Enter Sir Ambrose, without seeing him she speaks*) Oh Sir are you come.

Sir Amb. Yes yes, I am come, with a Vengeance to you all.

Aur. Oh Heavens ! my Father.

Her (*Aside*) deuce take the ugly old Thing, how he has frightned me.

Friend. This is what I always fear'd, now I am compleatly Miserable.

Sir

Sir *Amb.* So so I read guilt in every Countenance; where is this Minion, this Rascal, you ungrateful Hussey, I'll Murder the Dog, if he be above Ground.

Her. (Aside.) Oh dear how my Heart flutters for fear *Townly* should come unarm'd. I wish he could but kill this ugly, old, ungentle Thing.

Sir *Amb.* *Aurelia*, I have strong inclinations for ripping you up, and seeing your Heart's Blood. I advise you to make all the speed you can out of my sight.

Aur. I am so confounded Sir, I know not what to say.

Sir *Amb.* And I am so confounded, I know not what to do; but Vengeance I will have, without speaking one Word more, begone, least I should —

Aur. I will obey you Sir. *(aside)* Ah poor *Townley*, how will my poor Friend and her Daughter suffer on my Account, miserable *Aurelia*. *(Exit.)*

Sir *Amb.* Well Mrs. *Original Sin*, and Mrs. *Actual Transgression*, what have you to say for your selves, how came you to harbour my Daughter, against my positive Commands, and Inclinations,

Friend. It ne'er was thought a Crime, that we know off, to enjoy your Daughters Company; it was to us the greatest Blessing; by her Charity and Goodness, we have been supported, and the burthen of our Afflictions have been made easy by her Conversation; had we

we known it was your Commands, she should not see us, we had inviolably obeyed 'em—— Compassionate our Misfortunes Sir *Ambrose*, you are Blest with a most plentiful Fortune, consider how beautiful is Charity, how pleasant is it to releive the Miserable, and have the Prayers of the Widow, and the Orphan. (*she kneels.*)

Her. (*kneeling on the other side.*) See two miserable Supplicants, imploring of your Aid : Pity a poor Fatherless, distressed, young Creature.

Friend. My Father was a Gentleman, and your Friend ; he never thought his Daughter would be so reduc'd, to beg an Alms. Good Sir be Generous, and forgive what's past.

Sir Amb. (*aside*) My Daughter is certainly most to blame, and I will be reveng'd of her for her Undutifulness, and despising of the Match, the happy Match I had provided for her, what can she be so fond of this Woman for, she seems agreeable indeed, and of a sweet Disposition. Suppose I should cloy my Daughter with her Company, take her home to my own House, and Marry her—— I cannot have a cordial Love for the stubborn stiff Necked Jade *Aurelia*.—— I am young enough to get Children, and this Woman is young enough to breed 'em for me—— perhaps I may have a Son—— what comfort would that be in my old Age, there's no other way of punishing *Aurelia* effectually, but this—— it shall be so—— it is resolved——

Her.

Her. (*Aside*) Deuce take him for making me Kneel so long (*to him*) Let your Heart melt with Pity and Compassion towards us; you shall always have our Prayers Sir.

Friend. Tears and Prayers are all, alas, we have to give.

Sir Amb. Arise Madam, I own your pitiful Condition, has touch'd the tender Strings about my Heart; you have many Charms, and I resolve to make you happy, I have agreed to Marry *Aurelia* out of Hand to Sir *John Dareall*, I shall then be left alone, I want a House-keeper, and a Nurse; give me your Hand Widdow, and in exchange, take my Heart; I mean, that you shall be my VVife.

Friend. Sir.

Sir Amb. Nay no words, I am honest and sincere; send for a Parson it shall be done this Moment, and I will carry you home in Splendor.

Her. Oh by all means dear Mother;—
Sir Ambrose I will fetch the Parson, he lodges but at next Door, (*aside*) Oh dear to be a Lady, and ride in a Coach of ones own.

Sir Amb. Make haste my Dear, and I'll prove the best of Fathers to you.

Her. And I the best of Daughters, Sir *Ambrose*, I will bring him this Moment. *Exit.*

Friend. (*Aside*) Who knows the Secret but we two; he knows he ne'er can show his Face within this Kingdom again, and ten to one he Dies abroad; the West-Indies is a Sickly Place it shall be so.

Sir

Sir Amb. Well my Hearts delight, are you resolved to make me Happy?

Friend. Indeed *Sir Ambrose* your proposal is Romantick, and I can scarce beleive you are in Earnest.

Sir Amb. Upon the Faith and Conscience of a Man, all I have said is Truth, and I will Marry you Instantiously.

Friend. You cannot think me so Imprudent as to refuse a Happiness like this; I know my own unworthyness, its true; but what is that to your unbounded Generosity and Goodness.

Sir Amb. Well said Widdow; I promise you, what e'er I want in Youth and Vigour shall be made up to you in tenderness and Friendship, and your Daughter *Herriot* shall be my constant Care.

Enter *Herriot*

Her. Oh *Sir Ambrose*, I have found him, he's in the next Room looking out the Words that are to link you fast Together.

Sir Amb. Come on then Widdow; may happiness attend us both; 'tis Pity *Aurelia* is not here an Eye witness; perhaps poor Girl, we shall have her dispute the Marriage.

Her. Never fear her *Sir Ambrose*; she'll be overjoy'd I will send her word immetiately.

Friend This is a happyness I never Dream't on, I wish I don't Dream now.

Her. The Parson waites *Sir Ambrose*.

Sir

Sir *Amb.* I am as Impatient as he can be;
my dear, my kind, my charming Widdow.

he leads her out.

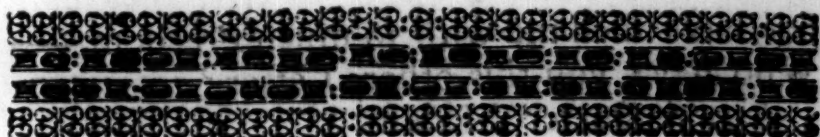
Her. Oh what an Extasie am I in; to be
my Lady *Wealthy's* Daughter but then the
Coach.

*To flaunt it on the Strand, or in the Ring,
Oh Equipage, is a delightfull Thing.*

*I shall have Money, Wit, a shape, and Air,
And E'ry day, a Coxcomb shall Despair.*

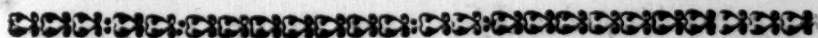
*When poor — I was, but So, and so, at Most,
But now a Fortune grown, I am a Toast.*

End of the third A C T.



A C T IV.

S C E N E Sir *Ambrose's* House.



Enter Aurelia, and Lettice.

Aur. **T**His is surprisefing News indeed, I
can scarce beleive my Eyes let
me Read it once more.

K

She

She READS.

M^T dearest Sister for so I now to my great Joy must call you, for some few Minutes since, your Father was married to my Mother; and we are Preparing to come home in Splendour, he having sent for his Coach, I give you this early Notice that my dear Aurelia, may get all Things in a readiness for our Reception.

I am most tenderly and most affectionately, your loving Sister;

Herriot.

Well dear Sir Ambrose, you have reveng'd your self most heartily upon me for my Undutifullness.

Let. Laud Madam sure you don't beleive one word of this, Sir Ambrose cannot be so filly.

Aur. Go Fool, I know 'tis true they dare not have used me with so much Freedom,—Who gave you this other Letter?

Let. A Porter Madam.

Aur. Poor Townley.

She READS:

Dear Charmer as I was coming (according to our appointment) to Mrs. Friendless, to my great Surprize I saw your Father, go in before me; I am in great concern for fear he should have made some discovery, and use my dear Aurelia ill, let me know as soon as Possible, and when I am to be the Happy happy.

Townley:

Heaven

Heaven knows that, this Marriage will make great alterations in my Affairs.

Let. Oh Madam; yonder's Sir John coming this Way.

Enter Sir John Dareall.

Sir John. Your Servant dear *Aurelia*, there is the oddest Story reported at the Coffee-house about Sir *Ambrose*, that ever yet was heard, 'tis said he's Married to a Woman not worth a Groat, one who he Mortally hated, and all-way's forbid you keeping Company with her, Scandal fly's about her Strangely.

Aur. Indeed Sir *John*. there is no Scandal in that Story 'tis every word on't real matter of Fact.

Sir John. The Devil it is, pray of what age is she?

Aure. Young enough to have many Children I will assure you — she has one fine Daughter by a former Husband.

Sir John. (*Aside*) Why then my Cake's Dough, there's no gameing in Town, that can support me, my Equipage and Title will be of litle service to me, therefore I may ship my self for *England*, for I suppose this silly old Rascal, will have enough to do with his Money, now *Aurelia* will have little of it, (*to her*) methinks you look very well pleased upon this bad New's fair Lady.

Aur. I am very much rejoyced at it Sir.

Sir John. How Madam, rejoyced! for what I pray?

Aur.

Aur. In obedience to my Fathers inclinations, I am very well satisfy'd, but the Lady he has Married, is the only friendly Intimate I have, and what is the greatest pleasure of all to me, I that was tired out of my Life, about Marriage, and the fear of being Stole, may now be trusted out alone, I shall be brought down to a moderate Fortune for a private Gentlewoman, and never will be forced to marry the Man I don't like.

Sir *John*. Meaning me, I suppose Madam?

Aur. Why to be free with you Sir *John*, I was engaged long before I saw your Face, to one, who will not be alarm'd, or surpriz'd about my Fortune, as you seem to be.

Sir *John*. Who I Madam! I may be concern'd, for you or that matter, but upon my Honour Madam, I am so Smitten with your Charms, that provided your Father will but give you half a dozen Irish Smocks, and a stript stuff Gown and Peticoate, I shall envy no Monarch's glory, but think I've touch'd the highest Pinnacle of happiness.

Aur. A perfect Courtier Sir, full of Words and very unsincere.

Let. (Aside) It is pity she's engaged to *Townley*, for realey now Sir *John's* a fine spoken Man, and if I were she, I should cry a Fig for my first Engagement, and take the Baronet at his Word, the very thoughts of being a Lady, would make me false Hearted sooner then any thing in all the World.

Enter

Enter Sir Ambrose, Lady Wealthy, and Herriot.

Sir Amb. Lady *Wealthy*, I wish you joy of your new Apartment, (*he salutes her*) this House is yours, and every Person belonging to it at your Command : Come my pritty Daughter in Law, let me salute you ; your welcome here upon my Word. (*Espying Sir John, and Aurelia*) *Sir John*, your most humble Servant ; I have stole a Wedding ; you little thought I should have been Married before you, that is my Lady Sir, (*presenting him to Lady Wealthy*) and that is my pritty Daughter in Law——Oh ! my dutiful and most obedient Daughter *Aurelia*, are you there ?

Aur. I hope good Sir, you'll pardon me for my late Offence.

Sir Amb. Pardon thee ! ay, ay, I pardon thee with all my heart Child ; I found your immoderate Love of this Lady here, got the better of your Duty to me ; therefore, I have found out a way to please us both, and now I am not uneasy if you love her as well as you do me ; you may continue with her all Day, and if you please, she is your Mother-in-Law ; Child you may ask her Blessing, and perhaps, you will obey her, tho' you would not me.

Aur. Madam, it is with a great deal of Joy, I see you Mistress of this House.

Lady Weal. Thank you my dear *Aurelia*,
——I dare swear it Child : Come *Sir Am-*

brose

brose, you must forgive what's past ; it is our Wedding Day.

Her. My dear *Aurelia*, I rejoyce to see you.

Sir John. (*aside*) How unconcerned she appears.

Aur. My dear *Herriot*, I allways had a fondness for you, which this Alliance will rivet faster.

Sir Amb. *Sir John*, methinks you look amazed at this sudden Match, I am a Man of Credit still, my Word's my Bond ; get but *Aurelia's* Consent, and the ten Thousand Pound, shall be forthcoming, at a Moment's warning.

Lady Weal. (*aside*) Ten thousand Pound ! what will be *Herriot's* Fortune then ——— I never will agree to that (*to him*) *Sir Ambrose*, I have a tender Love for poor *Aurelia* ; I beg she may follow her own Inclinations, (*aside*) I know her passionate Love for *Townly* ; give her but Opportunitys, and shee'll run away with him, and so be disinherited.

Sir Amb. Well my dear Lady, I shall leave all to your management, but pray let *Sir John* have fair Play, let him win her if he can.

Lady Weal. (*aside*) I like the Gentleman, he may be a good Match for *Herriot* ——— (*to him*) Nay *Sir Ambrose*, I only advise, I don't direct, *Sir John* shall allways find a Friend of me.

Aur. (*aside*) How's this ?

Enter

Enter Cash the Musick playing without.

Sir *Amb.* What noise is that without, there?

Cash. Upon my Credit Sir *Ambrose*, such a din I never heard before; there is the Drums, Trumpets, Fiddlers, and Bagpipes; all come to wish you joy of your Wedding — I must observe to you Sir *Ambrose*, that since the news of your Marriage, your Bills are brought very fast to our Shop.

Sir *Amb.* Well Sir, I suppose the Cash will Answer.

Cash. I hope so, (*aside*) for if it won't, I doubt your Wives Portion will scarce each it out. (*to him*) What must I do Sir *Ambrose* to still this raging Noise?

Sir *Amb.* Why give 'em five Pistoles, and send 'em packing 'tis an impertinent Custom, but they have pleaded it Time out of Mind.

Exit Cash.

Sir *John.* Faith Sir *Ambrose*, I should be glad to pay upon the like Occasion, if fair *Aurelia* would prove less Cruel —

(*a noise without*)

Enter Cash.

Cash. Why I was going to pay the five Pistoles, as per Order, but can have no receipt for the Money, they will not trust one another; so I can get no Voucher, your speaking to me is no Order, without I have it to show under your Hand.

Sir

Sir *Amb.* Give 'em the Money, and I will sign the Order.

(*Exeunt Sir Ambrose and Cash.*)

Sir *John.* I will follow him, and push this matter home, Lady's your Servant for a Moment.

(*Exit Sir John.*)

Lady *Weal.* This is a very disagreeable Fellow *Aurelia*, thou shalt never have him Child, let me alone to perswade your Father from it, but come Daughter, for so stands the case now, when I was only your Friend, and out of Gratitude oblig'd to comply with your's and *Townley's* request, I could not well give my own sentiments of that Affair, but as a Parent I must command you never to see him more, you are very near my Heart, therefore I will not be privy to your Ruin.

Aur. This is most surpris'ing Madam !

Lady *Weal.* Ah ! so was marrying of your Father, Child.

Her. Come *Aurelia*, you have allway's been Preaching me up to a Duty to my Mother, now she is your Parent Child, and therefore pray show me a good Example.

Lady *Weal.* Don't stare so *Aurelia*, you see the ascendant I have over your Father, study but to please me, and your business is done Child, you shall not want a handsome Fortune, provided you marry the Man I like: *Townly's* a Beggar Child, I will never consent to marry you to a Beggar.

Aur. I Protest Madam.——

Lady *Weal.* Hold there *Aurelia*, don't begin
your

your Speeches with so much warmth Child, not but I shall give you very great Freedoms, when we are alone together ; but as there is a Duty, and a Decorum due to me as your Father's Wife, I must expect it from you.

Her. You know Sister, my Mother is apt to be very passionate, I have felt the weight of her Hand often ; therefore pray *Aurelia* don't provoke her, least we both lye under her Resentment.

Lady Weal. Ay thou dear sweet temper'd best of Creatures, let but *Aurelia* take example from thee, and you will share my Heart together ; I must own I don't love Contradiction, that's all the failings I have ; therefore, if you would win my Heart, say as I do — that's all —

Aur. But Madam —

Lady Weal. But *Aurelia* — but is generally the beginning of an Argument, and when a Parent suffers a Child to argue with her ; where's Duty ? where's Decency ? where's good Manners ? no ! I can suffer any Thing but that, therefore pray let us wave the discourse. I think you have a pritty good fancy in Cloaths *Aurelia*, I design to buy a fine cherry colour'd Damask, with what shall I line it ?

Aur. (*Aside*) So I am born to be Miserable, but little thought I should have met with this sort of Misery.

Lady Weal. Look you *Aurelia*, when I condescend to ask your advice, I expect an Answer immediately.

L

Aur.

Aur. I beg your pardon Madam : I understand dress very little, but in my Opinion I should line it with a *cherry colour'd Lute-string*.

Her. Oh fye upon your awkward fancy Sifter ; such a lining is only fit for an old Woman ; if I might be thought a Judge, I would advise your Ladyship to a *white Italian*, it would give it a sprightly Air.

Lady Weal. And so it would indeed my dear ; well *Herriot*, you shall fancy all my Cloaths, and your own too : I think *Aurelia* must have something new upon this Occasion.

Aur. Madam, my Father has made me a present of three peices of very fine Silk, which if I could have liked Sir *John*, were design'd to have been made up against the Wedding.

Lady Weal. Since there's no likelyhood of that disagreeable Match, if we like the Silks, *Herriot*, and I, will choose each of us a Peice of 'em.

Her. I will have the peach Colour with gold Flowers, if your Ladyship pleases. I saw 'em to day when they came Home.

Lady Weal. You shall take your choice my dear ; but what do we stand trifling here for ; I must look into my Family affairs, you are happy *Aurelia*, you have got rid of a great deal of Trouble, the management of Servants, is one of the greatest plagues of Life, and you have a sad set of Servants, I must get a new parcel as soon as I can, tho' I beleive I shall keep your Maid *Lettice* to wait upon *Herriot*, and when *Herriot* has no occasion for her, she may

may do any thing for you, *I* know *Herriot*, and you, love one another so Tenderly, there will be no Disputes, you have too much discretion, to dispute any thing with her, if you should have any reason for complaining against her, provided you give me Substantial proof of it, *I* shall let *Herriot* know she must not do it for the Future, tho' *I* dare swear the Child will never give you any cause, without you to provoke her very much.

Aur. I will assure you Madam——

Lady Weal. Since by being your Father's Wife, I justly deserve the Title of Ladyship, when you speak to me *Aurelia*, pray give me my due Honour.

Aur. I thought it had been the height of good Manners, to have said Madam, to the Queen her self.

Her. Nay Sister, if you know better then her Ladyship and I, we have done.

Lady Weal. Say nothing *Herriot*, she will learn better; where's all the Keys of your Cupboards, Store-Room, and the Plate *Aurelia*?

Aur. And please your Ladyship, *Lettice* has them.

Lady Weal. Oh fye *Aurelia*, a Housewife! and trust the Keys to her Maid, pritty management indeed; well, *I* shall ease you and her too, of these Burthens; come *Herriot*, let us look into our Family affairs; sure *I* shall make thee another guest Housewife then *Aurelia*.

Aur.

Aur. I shall be glad to learn, and please your Ladyship.

Her. I shall be glad to show my Sister any thing that I know:

Lady Weal. Ay, thou art a good natured Creature, the best temper'd Child I ever met with in all my Life; how unhappy might *Aurelia* have been with some Sisters; in-Law; come *Herriot*, it's probable we shall have a great deal of Company to Congratulate us, and therefore we must go, and adjust Matters.

Aur. Shall I wait on your Ladyship?

Lady Weal. No *Aurelia*, thank our Stars we want no help, we shall give you very little Trouble, when I want you I will send for you.

Her. Ay Sister, when we want you we'll send for you.

(*Exeunt Lady Wealthy and Herriot.*)

Aur. Very pritty, and very pert — let me consider, for I protest I am in a maze, my bosom Friends! — People that I have supported by my Charity — Oh Ingratitude! thou cursed hellish reigning Vice — my Lady Mother with a Vengeance — well Sir *Ambrose* my disobeying your Commands, will be severely punish'd. — What must I never see *Townley* more, my Life, my Soul, my Happiness. I must I will see him; and he shall be mine in spite of all her Artifice.

Enter

Enter Lettice.

Let. Oh Madam! there's terrible Doings, your Lady Mother is got into the Kitchen, calling the Cook Names, and throwing every thing she meets with at the Scullions Head; she has lock'd the Butler into his Pantry, and charg'd the Coach-man with stealing the Horses Oates, what will poor Sir *Ambrose* say to all this Noise? who always lov'd Peace, and Quietness, the young thing tell's me I am to be her Maid, curse on her Pride; but I forgot to give you this Letter from dear Mr. *Townley*.

Aur. There is the only Comfort left. (*she opens the Letter and Reads.*)

Dear AURELIA,

I Am not much surpriz'd at your Father's marrying Friendless, for I always supposed, that a Man who behaved himself so Whimsically to you, would one Time or other, do a very ridiculous Thing by himself: I foresee the termagant Airs your Mother-in-Law is like to give herself, and no doubt will incense your Father against you: Shake of their Tyranny, and come to the Arms of him who most tenderly loves you; 'tis true my Fortune's small, but yet enough to live above the World's Contempt; real Happiness is seated in the resolution of being contented in our Circumstances: Therefore rid your self of all your Plagues at once, and bless your

Admirer

TOWNLEY.

Aur

Aur. (speakes) Generous *Townley*, it shall be so: does any one wait for an Answer?

Let. His trusty Porter, Madam.

Aur. I will into my Chamber, and write one that shall please him.

Lady Weal. (calling without) Why *Lettice*, I say; very fine truly. Is this the respect showed to a Lady?

Let. So, so, my turn is next. (*she runs out*) I am coming, coming, coming, and shall please your Ladyship. Exit *Lettice*.

Aur. Poor Creature! her good Fortune has turn'd her Brain: I hope she'll vent some of her mad Fits on my Father.

Enter Sir Jeremy Daudle, Lady Daudle, and Squire Daudle.

Sir Je. Ah Mrs. *Aurelia*, we are come to wish you Joy of your——

Lady Dau. Of your what Fool——What Joy can it be to her; to be sure Mrs. *Aurelia*, you must be very Melancholy.

Sir Je. Ay to be sure, very Melancholy.

Lady Dau. You are always interrupting me: I am afraid this new Alliance, will make bad for you *Aurelia*.

Squire Dau. Ay, many a *Bastinado* have I gone through, in hopes I should have been well paid for every Stroke; but now I'm well assured, the Fortune will fall short of what I set my Heart on.

Aur. Nay Squire, if you slight me, I must be undone——I thought you had always profess'd a sincere Love for me. Squire

Squire *Dau.* Ay Mrs. *Aurelia*, that's true ; but Love buy's no Beef and Mutton.

Sir *Je.* No, Love buy's no Beef and Mutton.

Lady *Dau.* Well *Aurelia*, I pity you ; your liking my Son, shows you have a great deal of Wit and Penetration ; for tho' the Squire is my Flesh and Blood, yet there is so many Charms in the dear Boy, that I can't help being of your Opinion ; how came this unfortunate Business *Aurelia* ? was the Devil in your Father : I am afraid this Woman and her Daughter, will quite ruin you ; they say he Married out of Revenge to you ; this Devil of a Woman ; we must get somebody to Poison her.

Sir *Je.* Ay, we must get somebody to Poison her.

Enter Lady Wealthy and Herriot.

Lady *Dau.* (*runs to her*) My dear Lady *Wealthy*, I congratulate you from the bottom of my Soul, (*to Herriot*) Joy, Joy, to the little dear Charmer.

Sir *Je.* From the bottom of my Soul, (*salutes Herriot*) to the little dear Charmer : Joy, Joy.

Squire *Dau.* (*Salutes them*) Give me leave Madam, to make up the Chorus, and repeat what all the World are singing.

Lady *Dau.* Ay thou art a dear Boy.

Squire *Dau.* (*to Her.*) And you my little *Angel*, how beautiful she is ! (*aside*) she will be the Fortune, I must pay my Addresses to her ;

there's

there's Comparifon, between her and *Aurelia*.

Lady Weal. Pray *Lady Daudle* was this Viſit to me?

Lady Dau. To you my Lady! pray to whom ſhould it be? I will aſſure you, there is no Body living, has more reſpect for your Ladyſhip then my Family.

Sir Je. Ay for your Ladyſhip, then my Family.

Lady Weal. Upon my Word *Aurelia*, I am very angry with you, do you think when People of Faſhion viſit me, that you muſt hold Diſcourſe with them, and keep 'em from my preſence? upon my Word 'tis rude, 'tis very rude.

Aur. I beg your Ladyſhips pardon, I meant no Harm.

Lady Weal. Meant no Harm, I beleive you meant no Harm, you have more Duty to me, then that comes too, but you muſt not be ſo thoughtleſs.

Her. I will answer for my Siſter Madam, that ſhe will never be guilty of the like again.

Lady Dau. Pritty Miſs, ſhe's for excuſing it I find.

Lady Weal. Oh *Lady Daudle*, there is not ſuch a comfort in Life, as that dear Creature, the beſt natured Soul upon Earth; I hope *Aurelia* will take Example by her.

Aur. (*Aſide*) I ſhan't ſtay to be baited with your Impertinence, I have buſineſs of greater Conſequence upon my Hands.

(*Exit.*
Lady

Lady Weal. What is the Girl gone, without asking leave, or making a Courtisie; what a solecism in breeding is that, she's Prodigiously under-bred, I shall have much a do to Polish her.

Lady Dau. Why poor Child, she has been a great while left to her self; and when young Women are left to themselves, they make but awkward Creatures.

Sir Jer. Ay, they make but awkward Creatures.

Lady Dau. Dear heart, did not I say so before, you are like an Eccho, repeat nothing but ones last Words.

Sir Jer. Why really my Dear, I love talk mightily, and I have very few Words of my own, and that makes me borrow yours; but if you are offended, I beg Pardon deary.

Lady Weal. Well I must bring Sir *Ambrose* to this sort of Discipline; methinks there's something to genteel in snubbing ones Husband before Company (*to them*) I must engage your Ladyship for the Evening, *Ombre's* the word.

Lady Dau. Ay dear *Ombre*, Life Would be insupportable without *Ombre*, how tedious would the Winter Evenings be, but for that dear Game.

Her. I own *Piquet* is my Favourite.

Lady Dau. Oh *Piquet* is very well for all Day, but sociable *Ombre* for all Night.

Sir Jer. Ay for all Night.

Squire Dau. I beg I may have the Honour of engaging pretty Miss *Herriot* at *Piquet*.

Lady Dau. Have a care of the irresistible Charms of those Eyes, she'll *Pique* you and re-*Pique* you, with one Glance.

Sir Jer. Ha ha ha, ay with one Glance.

Squire Dau. Never fear me, my Lady, I know the worst on't, 'tis but dying at her Feet.

Lady Weal. Very gallant indeed, the Squire is a perfect Courtier.

Lady Dau. Poor Boy, he always affected being genteel from a Baby, never play'd at any thing but Gentlefolks, Tea-tables, visiting Days, and Christenings with the Misses; he scorn'd the Vulgar Games, and keeping Company with Mechanick Boys; he is indeed the only comfort of my Heart.

Sir Jer. Ay the only comfort of my Heart.

Lady Weal. (*Aside*) Very well, I will set him down for another of *Herriot's* Lovers.

Lady Dau. Would you beleive it Lady *Wealthy*, I have made no less then fourteen Visits, since I heard of your Marriage, there's no pleasure of life to me like hearing the tittle tattle Impertinence of our Sex upon any surprizing occasion.

Sir Jer. Ay, upon any surprizing occasion;

Lady Weal. Well, be so free with me my dear Lady *Daudle*, as to tell me what the World say's of me, for I suppose I am to be the Town talk for one Month.

Lady Dau. Why at present, the Town talks very favourably of you, because very few People know you, but poor Sir *Ambrose* is terribly taken

taken to Peices; and indeed till this handsome Action of his, I rail'd at him very heartily, for he has used poor *Nehemiah* most inhumanely.

Sir *Jer.* Ay, most inhumanely.

Lady Dau. I will say it for my Son *Nehemiah*, he has an enterprizing Brain, the finest Lad at an Intrigue, that ever was; now this barbarous Sir *Ambrose*, would really have sent him to Newgate, if Sir *Jeremy* and I had not come in the good speed: Justice *Quibus*, was making out his *Mittimus*.

Sir *Jer.* Ay, he was makeing out his *Mittimus*.

Lady Dau. Did not I say so Fool, do you think I cannot be beleived without your Vouching for me,——I really don't know where I left off now.

Lady Weal. About his *Mittimus* my Lady.

Lady Dau. Your Ladyship says true; 'twas a vile Action of Sir *Ambrose*, and I'd have him to know my Son deserves as good a Fortune as Mrs *Aurelia*, every Day in the Week.

Sir *Jer.* Ay, every Day in the Week.

Her. I beleive my Sister will be no great Fortune now.

Lady Weal. Poor *Aurelia*, I must perswade her Father to give her something, provided she Mary the Man I like; what she is to have will be uncertain, for I may have many Children, and perhaps a Boy.

Squire Dau. (*Aside*) If I had stole her, what a precious Prospect should I have had.

Lady

Lady Dau. Well my dear *Lady Wealthy*, I rejoyce at your good Fortune, and I hope you'll make *Sir Amborse* know his Duty, for your sake, I beleive I shall be brought to have a tolerable Opinion of him, tho' indeed I had vow'd Vengeance against him, for using my Son so, he is my Aversion, a peevish Positive—

Enter Sir Ambrose.

My Dear dear *Sir Ambrose*, I wish you a great deal of joy.

Sir Jer. Ay, a great deal of joy:

Squire Dau. Ay, and so do I, dear *Sir Ambrose*.

Sir Amb. Thank you Neighbours, thank you; well *Squire*, are you and I Friends again, I don't fear your stealing my Daughter now, if I loose her, you see I have got another.

Squire Dau. Well *Sir Ambrose*, I have pay'd for my peeping, and shall have done with Intrigueing for the future.

Lady Dau. Ay *Sir Ambrose*, your severe Usage has quite baulk'd my Boy.

Sir Je. Ay, quite baulk'd my Boy.

Sir Amb. Why then I have taught him to be Wise, he has bought his Wit, and will for the future know, that a young Fellow's Head, has not Brains enough in it, to over reach an old Man's Cunning.

Well my *Lady*, what Diversions will you find out for your Neighbours? I know they are come to spend the Evening with you.

Lady

Lady Weal. Why Sir *Ambrose*, we are going to Cards.

Sir Amb. I will finish a little Business, and wait on you ; where's *Aurelia*?

Lady Weal. Truly Sir *Ambrose*, I have substantial Reasons for complaining of her, she has left us so odly, so abruptly that I protest I am surpris'd at her.

Sir Amb. Why she has lost by this day's Work considerably, and therefore you must give the Loosers leave to look Cloudy.

Lady Weal. I hope you don't justify her, Sir *Ambrose*.

Sir Amb. Why, what if I do; she's my own Daughter, and I can do as I please about her.

Sir Jer Ay, ay, he can do as he pleases about her.

Lady Weal. Very well Sir *Ambrose*; I have done.

Sir Amb. Ay, or else you are undone I can tell you ; well set you merry for half an Hour, in which Time, I shall dispatch a little Business, and then *Squire Daudle* you shall throw the Stocking, and Sir *Jeremy* shall fill his Carcase full of good Sack Posset. *Exit.*

Lady Weal. I find I must govern him by degrees, he's a Stubborn old Man.

Lady Dau. Ay, but if your *Ladyship* takes my Advice, as stubborn as he is, we'll make him as humble as my Sir *Jeremy* here.

Sir Je. Ay, as humble as my Sir *Jeremy* here.

Lady

Lady Dau. You Idiot you, was there ever such Nonsense as your repeating those Words after me.

Squire Dau. With Reverence be it spoke dear Sir, 'tis a very silly Way you have got; and please your Ladyship, we must break my Father of it, or People will take him for a nump-Skull.

Sir Je. Ay take him for a———well I have done Honey; I have done.——

Lady Weal. Well Sir *Jeremy*, we'll to Cards.

Sir Je. Ay to Cards; your Hand if your Ladyship pleases:

Squire Dau. Your Hand, my fairest *Herriot*.

Lady Dau. Squeeze it my dear Boy, say soft Things to her. She is a charming Creature:

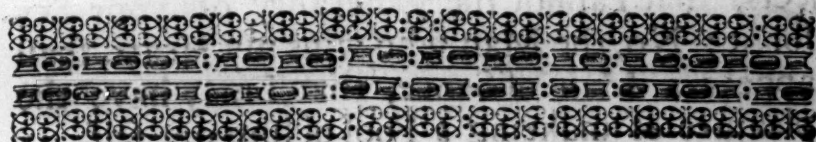
*He is the Man of Wisdom, and of Part,
Who gains the shortest Way, a Ladies Heart.*

Exeunt.

End of the fourth A C T.

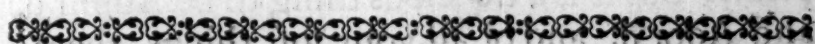


ACT



ACT V.

SCENE a HALL.



Enter Miss Herriot, Squire Daudle following.

Her. **N**A Y don't pretend to it, for you shall not follow me.

Squire Dau. Indeed my pritty Miss, you'r too Cruel, I must and will admire you, in spite of your Teeth.

Her. Pho, I hate your fulsome praises, of my Hands, my Face, my Eyes, and Shape ; are you such a Changeling as to imagine, that if I have those Things in perfection, that I don't know it, as well as you, and that I don't know how to set a value on 'em, as well as you.

Squire Dau. Ay, but my little dear Charm-er, there is no avoiding your Perfections ; they all stare one in the Face, and one can no more help admiring of 'em, then one can help talking of 'em, when one does admire 'em.

Her.

Her. You Men look so like Fools and whining Coxcombs, when you are upon those Subjects, that I abhor the generality of your Sex for it: No, the Man who wins my Heart, shall appear a Man of Sence, that I may have the pleasure of making a Fool of him my self.

Squire Dau. Do but put me down in the List of your Lovers, and make what you please of me.

Her. Well, the Prudes may say what they please; but it is a delicious thing to be Admir'd, and Ador'd, and of all your soft things, there's none like those that are said to us.

Squire Dau. Dearest Creature, permit me to touch your Fair Hand, (*takes hold of her Hand*) Oh Raptures! thus let me devour it, and die away with Extacie.

Her. Since you are so inamour'd with one, pray take the Fellow to it, you must know there is more weight in that Hand, than in the other. (*bitting him a Box in the Ear*) As she Strikes him

Enter Aurelia.

Aur. Poor Squire, you are very Unfortunate in your Amours.

Squire Dau. (*aside*) So, I shall have a fine Time on't between my two Mistresses.

Her. Do you think Sister, that you have a right of intruding into my Company, perhaps I had a mind to be private——*Aurelia*, my Lady Mother shall decide that for us.

Aur. Why prithee Child do'st thou imagine.

Enter

Enter *Lady Wealthy*.

Lady Weal. Prithee ! whose that says Prithee ? ——— Prithee is a Word of great Contempt.

Her. (Crying) In short I can't bear it, nor I won't bear it ; no Body was ever so used.

Sir Ambrose, listening at the Door.

What civil Wars are these ? I must overhear 'em.

Lady Weal. Dry up thy Eyes my dear little Charmer ; who has offended thee ?

Her. Why, and please your Ladyship *Aurelia* has used me most barbarously, and most inhumanly.

Lady Weal. *Aurelia* ! ———

Aur. Who I Madam ! give me Leave. ———

Lady Weal. Give you Leave ! that's pritty ; why you are the Person accused ; what has the Creature done, *Herriot* ?

Her. Why Madam, when *Squire Daudle* and I were here alone together, she not only listen'd, but enter'd in, and interrupted us ; and I won't bear it, so I won't.

Lady Weal. No, nor you shall not bear it ; such Insolence was never heard on, 'tis provoking to the last degree.

Sir Amb. (Listening) Poor *Aurelia* !

Lady Weal. In my House, to be guilty of so much Rudeness !

Aur. Upon my Word ———

Lady

Lady Weal. Upon your Word!——Pray who will take your Word for a Farthing ?

Squire Dau. (*Aside*) I find I am the occasion of these Broiles upon the Coast, therefore 'tis prudent for me to steal off, lest I should be brought to fending and proving.

Exit.

Lady Weal. I protest your ill Language, and rude Behaviour, has frightned the Gentleman away.

Aur. My Language !

Lady Weal. Look you *Aurelia*, this is the last Time I will have any dispute with you ; for either you shall leave the House or I will.

Sir Amb. (*Listening*) Excellent Woman.

Lady Weal. My Daughter and I, will have no Spies upon us.

Aur. Sure never any thing was so unaccountable !

Lady Weal. 'Tis very true *Aurelia* ; nothing ever was so unaccountable : I am glad you own the Fault, and I hope you will mend ; you have many Faults that you must mend *Aurelia*, if you expect quiet in my House ; with all the Calmness in the World I tell you, (for I am not in a passion Child) your Carriage and Behaviour is very ridiculous, and your Dress most awkward.

Her. I never saw any Body dress so awkwardly in all my Life ; her Cloaths are put on with no Air, her Gown is pasted upon her Back, she never turns out her Toes, and pokes out her Head like a Pig upon the Spit.

Lady

Lady Weal. So she does indeed *Herriot*. —
Ah let thee alone to discribe an ungentle Creature.

Sir Amb. (Listening) Sure I got this Girl without a Gaul; what will they not provoke her to an Answer?

Her. Pray my Lady, do but observe the Lappets of her Head, what a becoming look she has; tho' I must do her this Justice to say, Night-Cloaths becomes her best; for the more she hides of her Face, the better it will be liked.

Aur. Pray Ladies, how long am I to be your Scorn and Redicule?

Lady Weal. Nay Madam, if you can't keep within the bounds of good Manners, you are no fit Company for us; and so come along my dear *Herriot*.

Her. No, upon my Word, she is not Company for us.

Exeunt.

Sir Amb. (Listening) No indeed, is she not. — *Poor Aurelia.* —

Aur. For what Reason am I made thus miserable — is it for my undutifulness to my Father: I am sure, I have cause of repenting, and most severely has he punish'd me for it; — it's demonstration; I can meet with nought but Misery in this House; generous *Townley*! let me once more read his tender kind Letter, (*She pulls out Townley's Letter, and as she is going to read it, Sir Ambrose comes behind her, and snatches it out of her Hand.*)

Sir

Sir *Amb.* let me see *Aurelia*, I will read it for you.

Aur. Oh Heavens my Father! then I am compleatly ruin'd.

Sir *Amb.* Perhaps not *Aurelia*, ——— but let us see what *Townley* says about it.

(he reads)

Dear AURELIA,

I Am not much surpriz'd at your Father's marrying Friendless, for I always supposed, that a Man who behaved himself so Whimsically to you, would one Time or other, do a very ridiculous Thing by himself: (he speaks) well observed truly, (he reads) I foresee the termagant *Airs* your Mother-in-Law is like to give herself, (he speaks) I wish to Heaven, I could have foreseen 'em — and the Devil should have had her for me. — (he reads) and no doubt will incense your Father against you: (he speaks) there he is mistaken, for it is not in the Power of any one, to set me against my Daughter, (he reads) Shake of their Tyranny, (he speaks) why truly *Aurelia*, thou hast been Tyrannically used, (he reads) and come to the Arms of him who most tenderly loves you; (he speaks) and upon my Word *Aurelia* I like him the better for it, (he reads) 'tis true my Fortune's small, (he speaks) ay so it is too small indeed, (he reads) but yet enough to live above the World's Contempt; real Happiness is seated in the resolution of being contented in our Circumstances: (he speaks) why in truth and so it is; and if People can be satisfied with a small Fortune

Fortune, I do not see any Occasion there is for a great one, (he reads) *Therefore rid your self of all your Plagues at once, and bless your*

Admirer

TOWNLEY.

(*He speaks*) Upon my Troth a very worthy Fellow, ——— come hither *Aurelia*, you and I have two Accounts to make up——you have very much offended me,——set that there, —— now I have been guilty of a rash Action, I have committed a damn'd confounded Marriage, which I doubt not, has very much offended you; now where shall we set this *Aurelia*, do you forgive me, and I will forgive you, ——do you really Love this *Townley*, confess your Heart freely to me, I will not be angry with you *Aurelia*.

Aur. I own Sir, I long have had a secret Passion for him, and was this Day to have met him at your Lady's House, had you not prevented it.

Sir *Amb.* Would thou hadst met him, and would to Heaven I had not prevented it.—— But come *Aurelia*, we must make the best of a bad Market, it is in my Power to give you into *Townley's* Arms, and make you happy; I wish it were in yours, to make me so; but my Plagues are like to last for Life, —— this ungrateful Woman, that could use you with so much Barbarity and Insolence, will not spare me, who never show'd the Charity to her, that you have done. I own I have done a rash
rediculous

rediculous Action ; but then *Aurelia* you must own, you were pritty much the cause on't. —

Aur. Which on my Knees I beg forgiveness for, I fear'd your sudden Passion, might have forc'd me to have Married against my Inclinations, which made me consent to a meeting with *Townley* ; and this Woman was privy to my whole Design ; I doubt I should have been so undutiful, as to have Married him, had you not come so suddenly upon us.

Sir Amb. Arise *Aurelia*, your Misfortunes, as well as mine, bring Tears into my Eyes. Send immediately to *Townley*, let him know I have seen his Letter, and do consent he shall be my Son-in-Law ; I am determin'd to give you the same Fortune, I always design'd you, in spite of this termagant, ungrateful, she Wolf ; her usage to my dear *Aurelia*, has made her sight odious to me, and her Daughter is the true Spawn of her.

Aur. How can I enough admire, so kind, so good a Father :

Sir Amb. Begone my dear, for yonder comes my evil Genius, it is not safe for thee to be within her reach. (*Exit Aurelia.*)

Enter Lady Wealthy and Herriot.

Lady Weal. So *Sir Ambrose*, it is a fine Life I am like to lead here, I shall be insulted in my own House. — *Aurelia* and all the Servants are in a Confederacy against me and my poor Daughter,

Daughter; for ought I know, they may Poison us.

Her. They are malicious Creatures, ten to one but they will Poison us.

Lady Weal. Look you Sir *Ambrose*, I will be Mistress of my own House; all the Servants shall be turn'd off immediately; and I expect, you should find out some Place or other for your Daughter to be in; you may Board her cheap enough in the Country.

Her. Yes, you may Board her very cheap in the Country.

Sir Amb. And if I should be so unnatural, as to turn my Daughter out of Doors, do you believe I shall not one time or other repent me of it, and turn you and your Daughter out of Doors, and take my own Child home again.

Lady Weal. Turn us out of Doors! that's pritty, truely.

Sir Amb. Why Madam, to come somewhat home to the matter; if you assume any Power here, but what I give you leave to Execute, I shall use you and your Daughter very Scurvily.

Lady Weal. Ha, ha, ha, that's good indeed.

Sir Amb. Ha, ha, ha, not so good as you think; for in the first place, I will have one of my Rooms very well darken'd, — and the Doors barocaded, with a plentiful parcel of Iron; I will have fine bundles of very clean Straw deposited therein; and when ever your Ladyship is going into your undutiful Trun- trums, I will take you by the little Finger, and lead

lead you into the aforesaid Room, and lock you securely in there; supplying you from Day to Day, with a sufficient quantity of Bread and Water, untill you shall so far come to your understanding, as to be sensible, that I am and will be intirely Master of my own House.

Lady Weal. Do you think, I will be used after this manner? no, I will dye first.

Sir Amb. Why truly that would do better for me; the obligation of Marriage would then be over, and I should be again my own Man.

Lady Weal. Oh such Inhumane usage, I cannot bear; oh! I faint, I dye, oh *Herriot*, hold me Child, (*she falls in a Swoond.*)

Her. Oh, for Heaven's sake assist me Sir, she's cold! she's gone!

Sir Amb. Truly Miss, I am but a Fool of a Physician, and can do her little good; besides, I have some urgent Business in my counting House.

Lady Weal. Oh, oh, oh.

Her. Her fit is very strong; can you be so Barbarous, to leave me alone with her; must she dye for want of help.

Sir Amb. If she has a mind to dye, she shall not want help, I'll send for a Physician; so your Servant my dear. (*Exit.*)

Lady Weal. (*rises up*) What is the stiff Necked stubborn old Rascal gone? I will be reveng'd. I suppose this Minx *Aurelia*, has been before Hand with us in her Story; but I will make him know the arbitrary Power of a Wife; I will show him the true Spirit of my Sex, and before

before I have done, I will make an humble Husband of him.

Her. Pray Heaven your Ladyship, brings him to know his Duty, or perhaps when we have a mind to go a Visiting, he will deny us the Coach.

Lady Weal. We both will wrack our Brains for his Destruction; but my Dear *Herriot*, my care for you is great, and for fear of any unlucky Incidents, the sooner I marry you the better, what think you of this *Daudle*? or Sir *John Dareall*?

Her. And please your Ladyship I am not old enough to relish either of their Persons, but to be a Lady determines me.

Lady Weal. As we could wish, he comes.

Enter Sir John.

Sir John. Your Ladyship's obedient Servant, your absence is much lamented in the Parlour, Sir *Jeremy* and his Lady have beat me most shamefully at *Ombre*.

Lady Weal. I beg pardon Sir *John*, for leaving you so Abruptly, but upon my Marriage with Sir *Ambrose*, he was oblig'd to settle six thousand Pound upon my Daughter, here we have been perfecting the Writings, and now I am for Cards again, we shall have you, I hope Sir *John*. *(Exit.*

Sir John (Aside) Six thousand Pound, *(to her)* immediately *(aside)* she's an agreeable pritty genteel Girl, I want just six thousand Pound *(to Herriot)* How sorry am I, my little dear Angel, that Sir *Ambrose* has settled any Fortune upon you.

O

Her.

Her. Pray why so Sir *John*.

Sir John. Because I might have shown you, how much I adore your Person, you then would have known my Sincerity when I had thrown you all my Fortune at your Feet, and thought the Beauties of your mind, Riches enough for me, to have settled all my Estate upon you.

Her. This is generous indeed Sir *John*,— I find tho I am but a young Lover, there is a Sympathy between the Sexes, I own when first I saw you, I Wish'd *Aurelia* might not be your Wife.

Sir John My dear Innocent, sincere Creature, let me grow to you, I suppose you are not Ignorant, Sir *Ambrose* and I had agree'd upon all matters about his Daughter, for which reason, I cannot ask you Publicky of him, but if you will consent, that I shall Marry you privately, it shall be done Immediately.

Her. Well Sir *John*, it is a folly to deny the Fact, besides I am too young to Dissemble with you,—go with me into the ParLOUR, and get my Mother's consent, and I am yours, as soon as e'er you please,

Sir John. Ay, but suppose my dear, she should be Averse to it.

Her. Why then we can but do it without her Consent.

Sir John. Well? I can deny you Nothing
(as he is leading her out)

Enter Squire Daudle.

Squire Dau. Ha I don't like this Intimacy especially since Lady *Wealthy* has told me, Sir
Ambrose

Ambrose as settle'd fix thousand Pound upon her, now she is become a Fortune, there will be Spy's about her, and it will be hard to get Opportunities of being alone with her, but I have a Stratagem, such an Intrigue, such a Disguise, I will about it instantly ha ! is not that *Jack Townley* coming this way, perhaps Sir *Ambrose* and he are reconcil'd ; and *Aurelia* will be his, if so its time for me to make sure of this Girl.

Enter *Townley*.

Town. My dear *Daudle* your most humble Servant.

Squire Dau. Dear *Townley*, I rejoyce to see you here, how stand affairs with Sir *Ambrose*.

Town. With me Joy my dear Boy, he has sent for me hither, as *Aurelia* informs me to compleat our Happiness.

Squire Dau. Faith *Townley*, I am glad on't with all my Soul ; I shall not be long after you, I am upon committing Matrimony too ; but see *Aurelia's* coming this way ? I will not interrupt you, (*meets her*) your Servant fair Lady.

Enter, as he goes out, *Aurelia*.

Tow. My dear *Aurelia*, did I ever think I should embrace you in this House again.

Aur. No Words now, my Father has order'd that I conduct you to my Chamber, where he will immediately attend us, and if it will not frighten you, I am to inform you, the Parson is sent for.

Town. Too well you know, how much my Heart o'erflow's with joy, at my near approach of happiness.

Aur.

Aur. I feel the same delight, I always told you, our faithful Love, would one day be rewarded.

Enter Cash.

Cash. Mrs. *Aurelia*, I am sent hither by command of your Father, to let you know *ditto* Parent, is now waiting in your Apartment, with a Parson, who is to joyn you and this Gentleman together, in those Bonds commonly call'd Wedlock, you have my Prayers, and good wishes.

Town. Thank you dear *Cash*, come my Life, my Soul, my All? (*Exeunt.*)

Cash. Go your ways, for a happy Couple; I do not know what to make of our new Brood; I find all our Servants are so much disoblig'd, that they often wish, *ditto* Brood at the Devil.

Enter Sir John Dareall and Herriot.

Sir John. And are you sure, my little Angel, the Parson will come upon receiving your Note, for I am impatient till 'tis over.

Her. Nay, I am uneasy till 'tis done, but never fear *Sir John*, he is intirely at my Devotion; he married my Lady Mother to *Sir Ambrose*. (*espying Cash*) Oh! Mr *Cash* your Servant, is the Messenger return'd I sent to fetch the Parson.

Cash. (*Aside*) *Sir Ambrose* told me, that the Parson being here, was to be a Secret from these People, perhaps she suspects something, and so has a mind to sift me about it. (*to her*)
Madam,

Madam, I will go and inquire for *ditto* Gentleman, and bring you an Answer.

(Exit *Cash*.)

Her. Pray do Sir, what will *Aurelia* say Sir *John*, when she finds I have got her Lover from her, I shall take Pleasure in ralying the Creature, for she had so great an Opinion of herself, and seem'd to look so Scornfully down upon me, that I cannot but take notice, we should teach those sort of People to know themselves Sir *John*.

Sir *John*. Oh, by all means Madam

Enter Cash and Squire Daudle.
disguis'd like a *Parson*.

Cash. This is the Clergyman I suppose, you wanted Madam ; for he desired he might speak with you.

Squire *Dau*. I don't like Sir *John*'s being with her, I must get her alone to my self, and then slap dash the Business is over ; Madam if you please, I would speak a Word in private with you

Her. Oh you may speak out Sir, I suppose Mr. *Homily* being ingaged himself, has sent you to Marry me to this Gentleman.

Squire *Dau*. (*Aside*) Ha what the Devil—here's an Intrigue to counterplot mine, but I will take the Hint, and by that means get to the Bottom of it, (*to her*) yes Madam ; Mr. *Homily* craves Pardon for his not comeing, being sent for in great haste, to Marry a Couple.

Sir

Sir *John*. Why Sir; our Case requires haste, and therefore, I must beg you would dispatch us immediately.

Squire *Dau.* (*Aside*) The Devil you would, (*to him*) Sir, there is some Gravity, and Circumspection to be used in this Affair, it being a solemn Business, I must ask this Lady some previous Questions concerning it.

Cash. (*Aside*) I presume I should give Sir *Ambrose* Intimation of this matter, for it doth not appear, to be a bill he has accepted on.

Squire *Dau.* Fair Lady, if you please, let me know whether you are willing to marry this Gentleman?

Her. Most willingly Sir.

Squire *Dau.* (*aside*) What a damn'd Fool shall I be made on then. (*to her*) But Madam, is there no pre-Engagements between you, and one *Daudle*?

Her. With me! no, I assure you, I despise the poor dismal Creature.

Squire *Dau.* (*aside*) You do you say; then I am a most unfortunate Dog. (*to her*) One Question more Madam; does Sir *Ambrose* or my Lady know any thing of this Matter?

Her. My Mother does Sir.

Squire *Dau.* (*aside*) Then I may go hang myself. (*to her*) I shall be glad to have it from her own Mouth, Madam.

Sir *John*. What scrupulous Impertinence is this? the thing is to be done privately, and she has Company with her in the Parlour.

Squire

Squire *Dau.* May she not be call'd out Sir?

Her. Yes, yes Sir. Mr. *Cash*, be so kind as to tell my *Lady*; I beg to speak one Word with her.

Cash. I shall Madam, (*aside*) and by the Way, give Sir *Ambrose* notice, of what you are Transacting here. *Exit.*

Her. Pray Sir, who inform'd you, that there was a Match depending, between me and *Dau-dle*?

Squire *Dau.* There is such a report Madam.

Sir *John.* Given out by that little vain Rascal himself I suppose; I shall slit his Wind-Pipe, if he talks with Freedom of my *Angel*.

Squire *Dau.* (*aside*) Pray Heaven, he does not discover me; I am in danger of my Life, and I never undertook an Intrigue in all my Life but I was so.

Her. Sure any one that sees Sir *John*, can never suppose I would quit his Person for such a ridiculous Creature as the *Squire*; do you know him Sir?

Squire *Dau.* I have seen him Madam. (*aside*) It is allways my luck in my Intrigues, to hear my self rail'd at.

Sir *John.* He is one of the saddest Dogs I ever met with.

Squire *Dau.* (*aside*) I dare not contradict him now: I am an unlucky Dog I am sure, which is next a-kin to a sad Dog.

Enter

Enter *Lady Wealthy*.

Lady Weal. Did you send for me my dear *Herriot*.

Sir John. My Lady the Doctor here make's a scruple about marrying of us, and questions your Consent.

Lady Weal. What then *Mr. Homily* could not come himself.

Squire Dau. No, and shall please your Ladyship, and therefore employ'd unworthy me.

Sir John. Well Sir, now I suppose you are satisfied, and therefore will proceed.

Squire Dau. Will your Ladyship be pleased to give 'em away?

Lady Weal. Wiht all my Heart Sir.

Squire Dau. But I have some Scruples still, concerning *Sir Ambrose*.

Sir John. Pho, Pox of your Scruples.

Squire Dau. Pox of my Scruples Sir! I will assure you Sir, People of my Coat, are not used to be served after this Manner; you that can use such expressions, to one that has not married you; what severe Language, would you give me, if I had married you?

Her. Upon my Word, I shall be angry with *Mr Homily*, to send a Parson to us, that trifles with us after this manner.

Squire Dau. Young Lady, you need not be in such haste to be married; if you were to stay a Year or two; it would do you no harm.

Sir

Sir Jo. Haerk you Fellow, use none of you're Reflections here ; I shall slit your Wind-Pipe for you, if you do.

Squire Dau. I am not angry at your calling me Fellow ; for I am so ; but Lady's pray bear Witness, I go in danger of my Life. What, am I to be assaulted ? you a Gentleman ! to offer Violence to a Man that has nothing to resist with.

Sir John. Hearn you, I am a *Free-Thinker*, and have no great respect for any of you ; therefore marry us this Moment, or by Heaven, thou diest. *(draws his Sword)*

Squire Dau. *(Kneeling)* Ah dear Sir, I will, I will. *(aside)* Here's a damn'd Story now ; why if I should say the Words over 'em, 'tis a Marriage in Law ; a Pox of my Intriguing.

Sir John. Come Sir, no trifling, but do your Office.

Squire Dau. Well Sir, are you ready ?

Sir John. Ay, ay, begin.

Squire Dau. *(aside)* If I don't do it, he will murder me. *(to him)* Stand there Sir, — *(aside)* there's no getting from it ; — wilt thou have this —

Enter Sir Ambrose, Aurelia, Townley, and Cash.

He Espies Sir Ambrose, runs behind him and crys out Murder, Murder.

Sir Amb. What Uproar's this ?

Squire *Dau.* Ah Sir, pray protect me from that Bloody minded Man ; he threatens to Murder me, because *I* would not marry him to that young Lady.

Sir *Amb.* I wish you had, and then I should have got rid of part of my Plague ; this is an Intrigue of my dear Lady's making I suppose.

Lady *Weal.* (*aside*) This disapointment will spoil poor *Herriot's* Fortune. Ha ! *Townley* and *Aurelia*, what can this mean.

Enter Lady Daudle, and Sir Jeremy.

Lady *Dau.* Nay, I am certain it was his Voice, and I am sure he cryed 'out Murder. (*espying Daudle*) Ha ! is not that he, in that Disguise, disappointed in one of his Intrigues I suppose ; my dear *Nehemia* what made you cry out so?

Sir *Amb.* What Squire *Daudle*, have you not left off your damn'd Intrigueing yet?

Squire *Dau.* Pray Sir *Ambrose* forgive me this once and I have done for ever, your Lady here having inform'd me that you had settled six Thousand Pound upon her Daughter, I thought the Mony would do as well in my Pocket as anothers——for which end I borrowed this Habit——in the interim this young Lady sends for a Parson, takes me for the Man ; and so I discover'd the Plot as you see.

Sir *John.* Damn the Villain ; I will be revenged of him.

Town-

Town. Hold Sir, this is not a place for such Sport (*looks in his Face*) Ha Jack Ombre? how the Devil came you into this Country?

Amb. Ha? what name do you give him.

Town. Ombre Sir, last Year when I was at the Bath, it was his Fortune to lodge in the same House with me, he is a famous Tat-monger that eats when the Dice runs High, and starves when they don't.

Sir *Amb.* A Sharper; a Gamester—— Mr. Ombre, what an escape have I had, upon my Word Mr. Ombre had like to have put the two black Aces upon me, call some Servants and secure him *Cash*, perhaps he has pick Locks for our Iron Chests.

Town. No Sir, he is of a race of Cheats, that scorn to get their Living any way, but by imposing upon other Peoples understandings.

Sir *Amb.* We have as good Laws in this Country, for punishing such sort of Creatures, as any where he could go to; let me see, *Item* for counterfeiting my Brothers Hand, *Item* for representing the Man he is not, *Item* for,—— kiss me my dear *Aurelia*, kiss me my dear Son *Townley*, what an escape is here, marry thee to a Sharper, how I Love thee for thy undutifulness.

Lady Weal. Ha, Married without my consent or knowledge, what can all this mean; my dearest *Herriot*, marry thee to a Sharper, Heaven forbid.

Sir *John.* I beg you would not expose me, for I am a Gentleman, tho' an unfortunate younger Brother.

Sir

Sir Amb. So much the worse for that, when Gentlemen turn Rogues, they always prove the greatest, and ought to be made the greatest examples, therefore away with him to Justice *Quibus's*.

Sir John. Mr. *Townley*, I beg you will intercede for me.

Cash. Sir our Orders are punctual, and therefore you must proceed. *(they haul him out.)*

Squire Dau. He has been my Rival to two Ladies, therefore if he must be Hang'd, I will see him as far as *Stephen's Green*.

Her. What a disappointment's here, I am like to be no Lady; nor no Fortune neither.

Sir Amb. This Neighbours shall be a Night of Mirth, with me joy of my Son *Townley*.

Lady Dau. Oh dear, Married *Sir Ambrose*.

Sir Amb. This Moment, in my Daughter's Chamber, her Mother-in-Law, shall have no more opportunities of using her ill in this House.

Lady Weal. A good riddance of her, I think.

Her. I am glad she is gone, but then I am sorry she's Married before me.

Sir Amb. Your ill natured Malice, and Ingratitude to poor *Aurelia*, has given me a Surfeit of you both.

Lady Weal. Do you think, I will be a Cypher in this House? how dare you Marry that Creature, without my consent? you have no Fool to deal with, things must stand upon another Foot, before I shall have any Satisfaction, this House is mine Sir, and you, and all about me, shall tremble at my Commands, I will
make

make a Figure, you have Money and I know how to spend it.

Sir Jere. I profess a meer Termagant, a she Devil.

Enter a Sailor.

Sail. Pray is one Townley here.

Town. Who wants me?

Sail. I was order'd by the Captain of our Ship, to deliver this into your own Hands.

Town. (opens it) Ha! a Letter sign'd Friendless, what can this mean!

R E A D S.

DEar Townley, I suppose you will be surpriz'd to hear of an old Friend the World thought Dead, you know how miserably I had involv'd my self in Debt, my Wife and I agreed to part, and so 'twas given out, I Died, and a formal Burying was made for me, I got to Cork in a Disguise, and took the first Ship to the West Indies, in our Passage we were attack'd by a Pirate, but having many Hands on Board, we overcame him, and found twelve hundred thousand Dollars, my share of the Booty, was six thousand Pound, which has put me into a Condition of satisfying all my Creditors. In a few Days I design for Dublin, I beg you will acquaint my Wife of my good Fortune.

I am your affectionate Friend, and

Humble Servant,

John Friendless.

Sir

Sir Amb. Let me kiss the Hand——What Rapture! What Joy is here!——*Madam Friendless* your most Obedient Servant.

Lady Weal. Hell, and Confusion, this makes my condition worse then ever, for when my Husband hears how I have behav'd my self, he will certainly discard me.

Her. What is my Father alive! my Mother to be no Lady, nor am I to have no fine Cloaths, nor a Coach to go abroad in; this is heart breaking News.

Lady Weal. Come Child, we have no business here, to stay to be insulted.

Sir Amb. Madam, will your Lady-ship that was, be so kind as to make use of my Coach to see you safe home, pray give my service to Mr. *Friendless* and let him know you are never the worse for my Wear, *Tol lol di dol di lol.*

Lady Weal. Death and Destruction seize me, and all the World.

Her. Ay, and me too, for I am desperately disappointed. (Exeunt.)

Aur. Poor Creatures, what Scorn and Misery have they brought upon themselves.

Sir Amb. Was there ever such an inundation of Joy, Neighbours——Children why don't you rejoyce abominably?

Lady Dau. We do, we do *Sir Ambrose*, Oh the upstart Creature! what an air of Quality she gave her self, and how near poor *Nehemia* was of being ruin'd.

Sir Jer. Ay poor *Nehemia*.

Squire

Squire *Dau.* Well I must resolve to leave of my Intriguing, had I married this Girl, what a *Hoop-Peticoat* full of misery must I have drag'd after me.

Sir *Amb.* My dear *Townley*, give me thy Hand, I will this Night settle all I have upon thee; love my Daughter well, for in truth the Girl deserves it.

Town. Sir she has been long assur'd of my love and Constancy.

Aur. Which you see, has Crown'd our happiness at last.

Sir *Amb.* I wish I don't die with Joy, methinks I am as light as a Fly,——since I have shook off my Load, Mercy on me! I tremble when I think of the Danger I have escap'd; a termagant Wife, is the nearest resemblance of the Devil, that ever I met with.

Enter Cash.

Cash. The Musick Sir *Ambrose*, who were here upon your Wedding, are come again to play at the Celebration of your Daughter's Nuptials.

Sir. *Amb.* Let 'em play immoderately for Joy I am not married, and for Joy that my Daughter is married, and let us have some Dancing. —— (*they Dance.*)

So, so, now let's to Supper, and then the Glass shall move with merry glee, I am all Joy and Transport.

In

*In vain we Parents, lay down Schemes for Life,
I wisely chose her Husband, and my Wife.
Which might have caus'd a plaguety deal of Strife:
Fortune will or'e the Actions still preside ;
'Twas Fortune, made my Girl a happy Bride.
And fortune to her Honour, be it spoke.
Eas'd my poor Shoulders, of the marriage Yoke.*

F I N I S.



THE
SHAM
PRINCE:

Or, NEWS from

PASSAU.

A
COMEDY,

As it was Acted at the
THEATRE-ROYAL
in *Smoak-Alley*.

Written By Mr. CHARLES SHADWELL.

DUBLIN, Printed For Joseph Leathly,
and Patrick Dougan, 1720.

THE
S H A M
P R I N G E

OF NEW STONE

P A S S A U

C O M E D Y

As it was Acted at the

THEATRE ROYAL

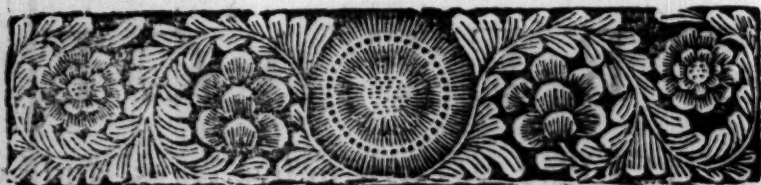
in Swan Alley

By the Company of Gentlemen

Printed for J. B. Rogers
and J. B. Rogers

T H E P R E F A C E

THIS Play was writ in five Days, and by the Actors got up in ten more ; every Body knows the Occasion of it, and how well the Town receiv'd it. ¶ Therefore I hope *Criticks* will be favourable to it; for I have made no alterations in it, since it's first Acting ; so they may Judge by the reading, the hurry I was in at the writing of it. As the design was to expose a publick Cheat, and to show the folly of some Tradesmen, who were drawn in upon that Occasion : ¶ I took care to do it so, that even the People from whom I stole my Characters could not take it ill, and came to see themselves represented. The Play indeed might have been much better, had I made use of the Hints given me ; but there were too many People of good Sense and Reputation concerned, to be exposed : So I turn'd that into a *Comedy*, which was a *Tragedy* to many : I think indeed the PRINCE himself is oblig'd to me for his Part, if I knew where to have sent to him, I would most certainly have dedicated the Play to him. For I really beleive I was the only Man in DUBLIN that got Money by him, that is, by his going off.



PROLOGUE

Spoke by Mrs. GIFFARD.

WHEN Poetry, in all its Grandeur shin'd,
 And Poets, were the Darling's of Mankind.
 Then Satyr, like a well made Looking Glass,
 Expos'd the Villain, redicul'd the Ass,
 And Vice, in all its Colours would display,
 And sent their Audiences, well pleas'd away.
 To Day, our Author shows you on the Stage,
 A comick Knight, the wonder of this Age.
 A Beau, a Politician, and a Cheat,
 But Prince of PASSAU, in his own Conceit.
 All Europe joyntly, in his Cause unite,
 And yet his Highness prov'd a very Bite.
 As many Tradesmen, to their cost have found,
 Who still believ'd him, whilst he kept his ground.
 They strait prov'd Courtiers, and good Places got,
 And kept them, till his Highness spoil'd the Plot.
 They all grew Great, and put on proud Behaviour,
 And happy he, who gain'd the Prince's favour.
 But Oh! the cruel Fates, had so decreed,

The

*The great Sicilian KING, could not proceed.
 The Night before, that ever glorious Day,
 His Highness, very fairly run away;
 And in the Hurry quite forgot to Pay.
 How cross was this, how full of strange Vexations,
 To baulk his Duns, and all his poor Relations.
 Dispotick Princes, will do what they please,
 And ne'er consult, the harmless Subjects ease.
 They come, they go, and never tell the Cause,
 Their Arbitrary Will, is still their Laws.
 Our Author fairly would, his Plots display.
 But that the Prince, has took them all away.
 Sir WILLIAM CHEATLY, he to Night has shown
 But then the Plot, is most of it his own.
 'Twas writ on purpose, to divert the Town.*





EPILOGUE

Spoke by MR. GRIFFITH.

GALLANT'S *You've seen the Prince run quite*
And to my Credit, I my self may say; (away,
I was the Heroe, of our Author's Play.
With snip snap Sheer, good Wit, and quaint Conun-
I acted as the Wardrobe keeper under him. (drum,
I think we Trades-Men, have been all misused,
And by the Poet, shamefully abused.
Our Characters are brought upon the Stage,
The most notorious Bubbles, of this Age.
We're ruin'd, if he's suffer'd to go on,
For he'll discover, when we are undone.
No Fop, no Beau, nor Sharper can appear,
But strait you see him, at the Theatre.
No Woman can be talk'd on, for a Fool,
But she becomes, the Poet's Redicule.
Nay all their tatling foolish Ways,
Are mark'd by him; you'll find'em in his Plays.
He shows their Vanity, their Pride, ill Nature,
 And

*And now and then, describes a Vertuous Creature.
He says it is the business of a Poet,
When People Act like Fools to let 'em know it.
Vice and Folly he swears, he will expose,
He knows he makes the Knaves, and Fools his Foes,
He never pays his Court to such as those.
With Zeal he draws his Pen, in Vertues Cause,
And from that Circle he must gain Applause.
They will observe the Moral of his Scenes,
And all the Men of Sense know what he means;
If they encourage him, he thinks it's well,
For, give him but an Inch, he'll take an Ell*



DRA-

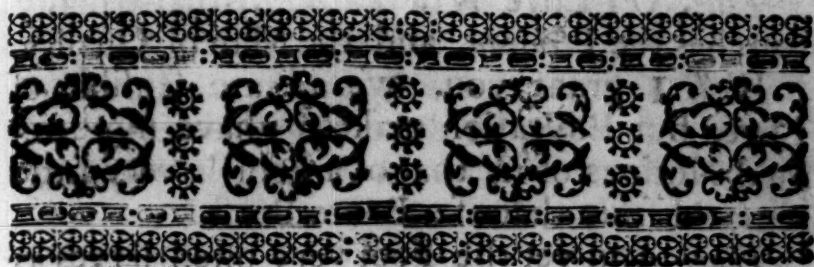
Dramatis Personæ.

Sir William Cheatly. Freeman, and Welldon.	}	THE Sham Prince. Gentlemen of Fortune	}	Mr. Lyd- dal. Mr. John Watson. Mr. Giffard.
Sir Bullet Airy. a fat Beau. Cheatly sen. a notorious Cheat, Fa- ther to the Sham Prince. Mr. Sevelle. a Merchant. Mr. Kersley. a Draper. Mr. Shred. a Taylor. Trip. Welldon's Footman. Shoulder Dab. a Bayliff.	}	Mr. Vanderbank. Mr. Ro- bers. Mr. Hallam. Mr. Dogberry. Mr. Griffith. Mr. Dummut. Mr. Trefuses.	}	Servants, Drawers, Bayliffs, Messenger and Sailor.

W O M E N,

Araminta. a young Lady of For- tune. Lady Homebred. a very reserved Motherly Lady. Miss Molly } Her Daughters wild and Miss } young Girls. Nancy. } Mrs. Sevelle. The Merchants Wife. Miss Jenny Sevelle. her Daughter. Mrs. Twist. a dealer in Gold and Silver Lace.	}	Mrs. Gif- sard. Mrs. Lyd- dal. Miss School- ing. Miss Nancy Lyddell. Mrs. Van- derbank. — Mrs. Mat- tin.
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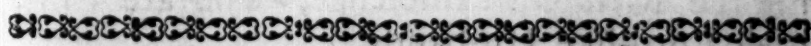
SCENE DUBLIN. Time six Hours.



THE
SHAM
PRINCE:

Or, NEWS from

PASSAU.



ACT I.

SCENE the FIRST.

Enter Trueman and Welldon.

True. BY Heaven's I can't bear it; did you observe last Night, with what chearfulness and gaiety she receiv'd him?

Well. How can you be jealous of so arrant a Coxcomb, in short, were she to make all the Addresses to him imaginable, he is too stupid to apprehend her.

R

True.

True. Oh Love is a Passion, that equally touches the *Plebeian*, and the Man of Quality.

Well. I grant you, we all are sensible of Love, but Education makes us have more refin'd Notions of it; that of a Fool is very little remov'd from that of a Brute Beast.

True. And yet the Fool very often serves as a Play-thing to the Ladies.

Well. The Women don't admire him for his want of understanding, but because he likes all they say and do, for a Fool is generally a mannerly Creature, whilst your Man of sense, by a concertedness natural to his understanding, is always finding fault with every Woman, and seems to look down with a despicable Countenance upon all their Actions, when to our cost we know, they are often wiser, and always out-Wit us.

True. They don't show their Wit when they use the Men with Insolence, who are to be their Lord-like Husbands.

Well. Why they Govern in their turns, and are somewhat like the French, who tho' they are very haughty when invested with Power, yet are very humble Spaniels, when that Power's taken from 'em.

True. But *Araminta*, is full of Arbitrary notions and so fond of Governing, that she'll Marry a Fool, on purpose to have the same Power after Marriage, which she has before.

Well. Ah *Trueman*, she knows the World too well, to give up her Power to a Fool, who tho' a pritty simple, docible Animal, before Marriage,

Marriage, yet afterwards, proves a fullen, obstinate, dogged, jealous, very Husband.

True. I profess *Welldon*, I have so much love and tenderness for *Araminta*, that it would break my Heart, to see her throw her self away on any Fool.

Well. But your self dear *Trueman*, you'll pardon the Expression, when you consider, that all Lovers, are set down in the List of Fools.

True. 'Tis very true, and I should be very glad to find you in that List, then you would not only be touch'd with my uneasiness, but keep me in Countenance.

Well. No, no, I shall never be so far gone as to keep you in Countenance, there are two or three very agreeable Women in *Dublin*, either of which, I could drag a Chain with well enough, but my way of makeing Love is, I send in the Rent Roll of my Estate, a List of my Debts and Incumbrances. the Joynture I can make, and the Mony I expect, after which, if the Woman has not ten thousand Charms in her Person, I warrant you I can pick out a Feature or two to doat on.

True. Whimsical indeed, but suppose her Conduct should be ridiculous, or her Conversation insipid.

Well. Oh, as to her Conduct, I know my own income to a Shilling, and will supply her with but just Money enough, to appear in the Quality, which becomes my Wife, and as to her Conversation, your married People, generally say all they have to say, the first six Months,

Months, afterwards it is but the same talk over again.

True. This careless Air of yours, is very diverting, but take care of your Heart, there are Women with irresistible Charms, sympathetically made on purpose to triumph over particular Men, I am satisfied, 'tis my Fate to be made miserable by *Araminta*.

Well. Ha, ha, thou art a Romantick Predestinarian indeed—do you know, that *Araminta*'s haughtiness, and cruelty as you call it, proceeds from a Notion, that she's an equal Match for you, and that her Fortune, will just fit your Settlement, ten thousand Pound, always gives a Woman an Air of Insolency, but how many pritty agreeable Girls, with moderate Fortunes, would receive your Adresses, with a becoming Tenderness, but 'tis the Money *Trueman*, gives her all her fine Features.

True. Ay, but will you beleive me when I tell you that if *Araminta* had not one Groat, I should doat on her.

Well. Why then to be free with you, I will not beleive you, for you must know, all Passions when they grow strong, are very near allyed to Madness, now you are mad enough to be in Love, and your Reason, has so far left you, as you can't distinguish whether you are in Love with her Money, or her Person.

True. Ah, now you banter me, I tell you it is her Person, joyn'd with the Beauties of her Mind, makes me adore her.

Well.

Well. Oh, you must have a prodigious opinion of her Temper, when you every Moment rail at her Cruelty, and blame her Conduct.

True. But that I hope, is only put on to make me uneasy.

Well. Which is as much as to say, she has a damn'd deal of ill Nature.

True. Fye fye, *Well*don; call it by some softer Name.

Well. How should I then act like a Friend, in trying to recover you from your Lethargick folly.

True. May I depend on it, that your Friendship is sincere.

Well. You may depend on't, for I borrow no Money of you, and you can do me no service at Court, and what puts my Friendship out of doubt, you have no Wife for me to Debauch, where none of these things are depending, Friendship may appear in all its Lustre.

True. If you are indeed my Friend, find some way of makeing this *Cheatley* appear Ridiculous in the Eyes of my *Araminta*.

Well. Why I am satisfied he does appear so already, to her but 'tis you I find, must have convincing Proofs of it; I suppose you know I lodge in the same House with him, and his Father; who I take to be a cunning designing Fellow, and by what I have observ'd, has a mind to impose upon my Landlord *Sevele* the Merchant, who is very Rich, the young Fellow seems inamour'd with his Daughter, within these few Days; old *Cheatley* has given out his

his Son has a great Fortune fallen to him and has dub'd him with the Title of Sir *William*, this Morning his Taylor brought home a fine Velvet Coate, with Livery's for his Servants, and he resolves to make a great Figure.

True. It is that which gives me Pain, and I am well assur'd, 'tis all design'd to gain my *Araminta*, some Ufurer, has advanced Money on the intended Project, I know she's vain, and much I fear the gaudy Equipage, will tempt her.

Well. You must know, the Son has not the cunning of his Father, and therefore cannot so well tell the Story, I believe their designs may be on *Araminta*, but she has sence enough to dispise the Creature.

True. Ay, but for fear she should not, pray let us divert their Stratagem, and turn the glaring thing on some other Object.

Well. Are you willing *Trueman*, to throw away four or five hundred Pound, to secure your Mistress.

True. As many thousands upon my Honour.

Well. Why then leave the rest to me, you know *Trip* my Servant.

True. Yes, and have a great kindness for the comical Dog.

Well. Why he shall stand your Friend in this Matter.

Enter Servant

Serv. Sir *Bullet Airy* is at the door in his Coach, and desires to know if you will take a walk in *Stephens Green* with him.

True.

True. Desire him to walk in for one Moment, and I'll wait of him.

Well. Pray why are you not Jealous of this Coxcomb, I should think him more capable of undermining you than the other, this is a brisk airy merry Fellow, and those sort generally take best with the Ladies, the other is a fullen Fool, that never gains any ground amongst 'em.

True. Oh, *Sir Bullet Airy* is my Friend, besides *Araminta* has declared to me he's her Aversion,

Well. If she had a design of imposeing on you, I should suspect that Declaration of hers to be a Trick, *Sir Bullet* has a very good Fortune, and by Presents and admireing of 'em, makes himself very acceptable among the Women.

Enter Sir Bullet-Airy.

Sir Bullet. Dear *Trueman*, split me into lean Men, if I am not very glad to see you, ha *Welldon* art thou there, you are inseperable Companions, and can no more be asunder, then a set of Teeth, and devour every thing that offers to divide you; Ha, ha, ha.

Well. A pretty Simile truly, sure *Sir Bullet*, you must study at home, to be Witty abroad, you can never say all your good things off-Hand.

Sir Bullet. WASTE me *Welldon*, if I have any premeditated Malice about me, I am pritty happy in a Genius, your fat People are always good

good Natur'd ; tho' I don't think my self half fat enough, for a very fine Gentleman : But what makes my Equipage none of the most despicable, is, that I have the fattest Coachman in Europe ; my Footmen are pritty bulky, and my Horses in full Flesh, I do assure you.

True. And truly Sir *Bullet*, you your self, look like the Picture of Plenty.

Sir Bullet. You must know I was at Lady *Homebreds* this Morning, and in came your Mistress, *Araminta* : Lady *Homebred* has one of the finest looking Glasses I ever saw ; I was but admiring my Shape in it, and that Devil, *Araminta*, told me I was made like a *Renhish* Cask ; Skeleton take me, if I knew what Answer to make her.

Wel. Oh Sir *Bullet*, you could never want an Answer.

Sir Bullet. No, as you say, I did not want an Answer ; but I was studying how to be witty upon her.

Well. Well, and I hope you gave it her pritty home.

Sir Bullet. Why, before I could get hold of a thing that I thought Witty enough ; the Creature run on, with telling me, I was neither made for a Lady's Man, nor a Beau ; fell a praising your tall, handsome, lean Fellows ; and Skin and Bone represent me, if she wou'd let me crow'd in one Word with her ; but at last, Madam says I, *Julius Cesar* always desir'd to have fat Men about him, and cou'd not bear

bear the sight of lean *Cassius*; *Mark Anthony*, who for a Woman lost the World, was very Fat : The States of *Holland*, who are reckon'd the wisest People in *Europe*, are in all their Assemblies, represented by fat Men ; and their Grand Pensionary is much bigger then me ; pray says I, who looks more Orthodox in the Church, then a fat Priest ; who keeps up the Grandeur of the City, more then a fat Alderman, or who fills a Charriot so agreeable as a fat Beau : Did you, says I, ever meet with a lean Fellow, that was not ill natur'd ; they are fit for nothing, but to make Criticks on ; they are always a Chawing, full of Spleen, and never speak well of any Body. I was going on ; but was interrupted by the new blazing Star, Sir *William Cheatley*.

True. What did he visit *Araminta* this Morning ?

Sir Bullet. Ay, in the best fancied Equipage you ever saw ; and really, the Man is very fat about the Face ; and were his Body a little larger, he might pass for a very genteel Fellow.

True. Well don, it is certainly as I suspected. Pray Sir *Bullet*, how did she receive him ?

Sir Bullet. Why, *Trueman*, you know the Woman better then I, give her her due, she receives every Body but me, very handsomely. He talk'd of making a Ball, and invited all the Ladies to it.

True. And did *Araminta* promise to go ?

Sir Bullet. Promise, ay, and when I came away, was perswading Lady *Homebred* to let her Daughters go.

S

True.

True. And you left him there.

Sir Bullet. He was coming away. I think, he offer'd to carry me to *Stephen's-Green* in his Chariot; but faith, there is so many unaccountable Stories told about him, that I was not willing to be seen with him, till I am convinc'd how he came by his Estate and Quality; but come, are you for *Stephen's-Green*, 'tis a fine Morning, and there will be a great deal of Company, for all *Dublin*, knows that *Sir William* is to appear there.

True. *Welldon*, what's resolv'd on, must be soon executed, or I am for ever ruin'd.

Well. I'll to my Lodgings, and give orders about it, and then wait on you on the Green.

Sir Bullet. Well, shall we resolve to Dine together. Faith I want to laugh heartily, 'tis the wholesomest Physick a Man can take; shall we Dine at the three Tunns, and drink hard for half an Hour.

Well. With all my Heart; secure *Trueman*, and your sure of me.

Sir Bullet. Come Sir, will you March.

Exit Welldon.

True. I will follow.

Sir Bullet. No, waste me if you do. (*Pushes him before him*)

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE *Changes to Stephen's-Green.*

Enter *Araminta*, *Lady Homebred*, *Miss Molly* and *Miss Nancy Homebred*.

Lady Home. Oh fye Cousen, you have positively brought me here. against my Inclinations; I hate all publick Places, and all publick Diver-

Deversion. I know how censorious *Dublin* is, and am sure Women that appear often, must be talk'd on.

Ara. Fear nothing, my dear Aunt, I'll secure your Reputation for a Pinch of Snuff.

Lady Home. Mine, I defy the World to say black's my Eye: You Cousen, have a great Fortune; and a Man who Courts you, 'tis for your Money Child, that will dazle him so, he'll ne'er look into your Reputation; but what must these poor Girls do, who have but small Fortunes, and therefore must get Husbands by their Virtue, and their Prudence, and their Huswifery.

Ara. And by their appearing once in six Months; ha, Aunt.—Oh fye, fye, for shame give over your Prudery, the more a Man looks at a Woman, the more he likes her.

Lady Home. Mercy on me, I should be out of my Wits, should any Fellows stare at my Daughters.

Ara. That's the reason I suppose, you have left going to Church, and have forc'd 'em to the Meeting.

Lady Home. Why, no fluttering, foolish young Fellows come thither; People only meet to be Devout.

Ara. In a slovenly manner, truly.

Lady Home. 'Tis more Decent, Cousen, then when a whole Shoal of young Fellows, who are always staring Women out of Countenance; and because they have no Religion themselves, they wou'd divert other People from it.

Thank

Thank Heaven, my Girls have no Vices that I know of, I give 'em Diversions enough, for when the Government invites, they always see the Play; and when the Corporations ride the Fringes, I carry 'em to a Relation's of mine in *Castle-Street*, where they take their Bellies full of the Show. Nay once, I went with 'em to a Lord Mayor's Feast. Why *Molly*, what are you staring at now?——*Nanny*, hold up your Head Child. Come Cousen, let's begone, for I see a great deal of Company coming this Way.

Ara. No, no, my dear Aunt, my Cousens shall not be coop'd up after your manner: Severity breeds nothing but *Hypocrites*; they must learn to talk to the Men. or they won't know what to say, when a Lover ask's them the Question.

Lady Home. Ask my Daughters the Question! Oh fye Cousen, why do you put such a thing in their Heads; the Man that Marries either of 'em, must ask me the Question. I'll assure you, I know what's best for 'em, they shall Marry when I think its proper, and to the Men I like; I will send 'em out of my Hands good Housewives; they make all their own Linnen, Cousen; and *Molly* has a Bed of her own Working, and *Nanny* is working an Elbow Chair, and two Stools in *Irish* Stitch, which will be finish'd by this time twelve Month; and then she shall go about a Bed for her self.

Ara.

Ara. Pritty Qualifications truely, can either of 'em do more then a Sempstrefs, or my Maid that I give five Pound a Year too, I warrant you they can make Fish Sauce, and an Orange Pudding, so can every greasy Cook-Maid; you breed 'em, as if they were decayed Gentlewomen, and that you had hopes of recommending 'em to be House-keepers in a great Family, where they are to keep an unruly set of Servants in Awe.

Lady Home. Upon my word Cousen, you are enough to spoil all the young Houfswifes in Town; don't mind her Children, she is a profuse Creature, made only to spend Money, but you must save it my Girls, all your unhappy Matches among the Quality, proceeds from their not looking into their Affairs, they spoil all the good Servants they meet with, by being above telling 'em what they have to do.

Enter Sir William Cheately with several Footmen following him.

Sir Wm. Cheat. You Fellow, bid the Chair riot wait by *Dawson-street*. Ladies your most Obedient.

Ara. *Sir William* your Servant. Now Aunt, I hope you'll think it no disgrace, to have my Cousens seen walking with this compleat fine Gentleman.

Lady Home. I like *Sir William* very well; but *Molly* let him say what he will to you, don't answer him Child.

Miss Molly. No forsooth Madam.

Miss

Miss Nanny. (*Aside to her Sister*) A good agreeable young Fellow Sister, I wish we could but talk with him.

Lady Home. Nanny, keep just behind me Child.

Miss Nanny. Yes, and shall please you Forsooth, (*Aside*) Oh what would I give now, to have the liberty of Coqueting it for one Hour, amongst all these pritty Fellows.

Ara. Well Sir William; you must expect to be taken to peices prodigiously, every body must have a fling at you.

Lady Home. Oh, 'tis a censorious Place, made up of Inquisitiveness and Detraction.

Sir Wm. Madam, they may take what liberty they please with me, I beleive I shall help Conversation a little, I design to give 'em every Day fresh occasions of talking of me, and at last shall surprize 'em more then they think for (*to Miss Molly*) Is your Ladyship for a pinch of Snuff?

Lady Home. Oh dear Sir William, my Daughters are not well bred enough for that.

Ara. You would make awkward Creatures of 'em Aunt, I warrant you my Cousens can eat Wall, and ends of Tobacco-pipes; 'tis fifty to one, but they have each of them a know'd Nutmeg in their Pockets. Sir William pray let me regale with a pinch of your Snuff, 'tis excellent, pray where got it you,

Sir Wm. At the Green Man Madam, I lik'd the Snuff, and ordered the Fellow to send me in a dozen Pound of it, as much as you please is at your Service.

Ara.

Ara. A perfect Courtier, your Box is the pretiest I ever saw.

Sir Will. 'Tis the best I could meet with in this Country, I gave *Felster* fifteen Pistoles for it, and truly I think its cheap; that is at your service Madam, and the owner of it too.

Ara. At present *Sir William*, I have no Occasion for either.

Enter Sir Bullet Airy and Trueman.

True. Death, Hell and Furies, she's intimate with him. (*aside*) Your Servant Ladies.

Ara. Lord, *Trueman*, how you haunt one; methinks, your always appearing to me, looks as if I had been guilty of your Murder.

True. Madam, when ever I dye, it will certainly be given out, you was the Death of me.

Ara. A great many things are given out in this Town, that are not true.

Sir Bullet. Consumption seize me, Lady *Homebred*, if I am not overjoy'd to see you here; and these fair Nymphs your Daughters.

Ara. Nymphs! oh dear, dear; what awkward Words are there for a fine Gentleman; why Nymph is never said to any thing but a Vizard in the middle Gallery, I suppose you first learnt how to make Love from those Creatures.

Sir Bullet. Split me into lean Men, if I am not even with you *Mrs. Araminta*, before you leave the Green. Gad I can be Severe, and I can be Witty.

Ara.

Ara. My dear Sir *Bullet* don't fancy so ; you might as well be Handsome, as Witty, they are both gifts of Nature, which you are not beholding to her for.

Sir Bullet. Prithee *Trueman*, take off your Wasp, she's always a stinging me.

Ara. Well, that was a severe Thing, tho' it was not a Witty one.

Lady Home. Ay Cousen, no body should throw Stones, whose House is made of Glass.
— Children keep close to me.

Sir Bullet. Your Ladyship says true. Skeleton take me, if I am not Inamour'd with your Ladyships manner of breeding your Daughters, for methinks there's nothing on Earth so disagreeable as a pert young Lady, who under the notion of being Witty, grows very Rude.

Miss Nanny. Nay, I must have a pinch of Snuff out of Sir *William's* Box, if my Mother kills me for it ; Sister, if you'll hold my Mother in talk, I'll venture at it.

Miss Molly. (*aside to her*) Be quiet you wild Thing you.

Ara. Well Sir *William*, shall you and I be Severe upon every Body, and take a turn this Way.

True. This is done on purpose to affront me.

Sir Will. Why really Madam, I have a right of being severe upon the Town, for they have used me pritty Scurvily ; but I believe I shall shine out so, as will amaze 'em all.

Enter Welldon.

Well. Gentlemen and Ladies, a good Morning to you.

True. Dear *Welldon*, I rejoyce to see you ; she has used me most Scurvily.

Well. So much the better. *Sir William*, your most humble Servant, shall I beg the favour of one Word with you.

Sir Will. With all my Heart Mr. *Welldon*.

Ara. (aside) Ungenteel Creature ! could not he have told him, he was engaged to a Lady ; now must I take up with this horrid thing *Trueman*, or walk with my humdrum Aunt. Well *Sir Bullet*, are you making love to her Ladyship ? prithee let's hear some of your tender Things.

Lady Home. Cousen, as much as you think I am past 'em, I do assure you, 'tis not long since that I had fine Things said to me.

Sir Bullet. And Consumption seize me Madam, if you are not a Subject for fine Things.

Lady Home. Well *Sir Bullet*, my Cousen may say what she pleases of you ; but upon my Word I think you a polite fine Gentleman.

Sir Bullet. Split me into lean Men, if your Ladyship is not a most, discreet ingenious Person, and your Daughters are Angels.

Ara. Come Aunt let's Walk ; how can you bear to hear flattery, from the Mouth of one who does it in so clumsy a manner.

T

Lady

Lady Home. Miss Molly, Miss Nanny; follow me close Children.

True. (*to Arminta*) May I have leave Madam, to follow you at a Distance?

Ara. The greater the Distance, the greater the Obligation, Sir.

True. (*aside*) Pert, cruel Creature:

Exeunt all but *Welldon* and *Sir William*.

Well. You'll pardon me *Sir William*, for mentioning your Name and suddain Appearance here; but I promis'd my Friend who was then at *Passau* in *Germany*, to write him all the News I could pick up; and there's his Answer..

Sir Will. 'Tis very well Sir—— (*He Reads*)

DEAR FRIEND.

YOURS came to my Hands, when I was at Supper with the Princess of *Passau*; she seeing a Letter deliver'd to me, would make me open it, and then you know, I could do no less then read her the Contents; she colour'd very much at the nameing *Sir William Cheatly*, first asked me if he was Married, when I told her I believ'd not, she was more Compos'd, and declar'd to me, that she had made a Resolution, never to Marry, till she could meet with a Man of her own Name; for you must know, the Principality of *Passau*, has been in the Hands of the *Van Cheatly's*, for above five hundred Years; she has been Court'd by several German Princes, but refus'd 'em all, her Territories are large, she has a noble Income, with about four hundred thousand Pound in ready Mony, with many Jewels: She has

Or-

order'd an Irish Gentleman here (who is her Secretary for forreign Affairs) to ride Post with all Expedition towards Ireland, to propose her in Marriage to Sir William: I believe he brings some Presents, and if the Match is agreed on, that Gentleman is to Marry'em by Proxy, should the business go on, I beg you would recommend me to be Master of his Horse, which will be worth to me about two thousand pound
a Tear

I am dear WELDON your
very humble Servant.

LOVELESS.

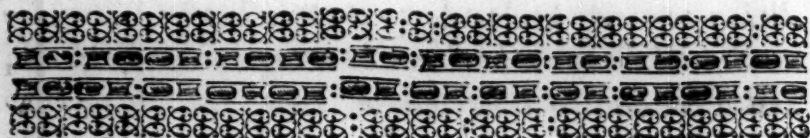
Sir Will. Mr Weldon, I shall be glad to do your Friend any Service, but I can not dispose of so considerable a Post as that, without consulting my Father, I beg you'll let me show him this Letter, and you may write your Friend Word, that I shall not give away any Post, till I get settled in the Principality, but I will do something for him; and so your Servant dear Weldon. (to his Footmen) Some of you call my Charriot: Oh you Gods! Prince of Passau! what an Extasie am I in——

(Exit with Footmen.)

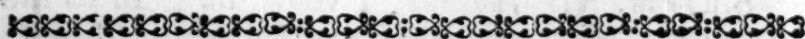
Well. So, so, Trueman's fears, will soon be over, Araminta will be no more thought on; the Prince of Passau will look down with scorn upon her.

As Lyars are, most easy for to beleive,
So greatest Knaves, we soonest may deceive.
Extol their Merit, and cry up their Parts,
And so you gain the out Works to their Hearts;
And wisely undermine, their Tricks and Arts.

End of the first A C T.



ACT II.

SCENE *Cheatley's* LODGINGS.

Enter Shred to Cheatley Senior.

Shred. **Y**Our Servant Sir, your Servant, I make bold Sir, to bring in my Bill, times are very ticklish Sir, and no Body cares to trust.

Chea. Very well Sir, give me your Bill, you shall be pay'd.

Shred. Yes Sir, I know that Sir, but pray Sir, when am I to be pay'd.

Chea. Why let's see, what Day's to Day, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, ay, you may call a Saturday, I heard my Son Son say, he'd have no more Cloaths of you, tell he had pay'd you for those he has had already.

Shred. I beleive he won't indeed Sir; Mr. *Cheatley*, I am a plain dealing Man, and am fain to cut my Coate according to my Cloath; now I don't value the Stories that are rais'd of

a Button, but People would say I was a Goose, if I should suffer my self to be Fine-drawn by you and your Son, without pressing you for Money; and therefore I beg this mayn't be a Sleeveless Errant of mine.

Chea. Why you know Mr. *Shred*, that my Son had many Taylors recommended to him, and chose you from amongst 'em all.

Shred. Sir, not to Canvas the matter, I have stood as stiffly by your Son, as Buckrum, but you know Sir, Stay—Tape, will make any Man wax weary.

Chea. Pray what will satisfie you Mr. *Shred*.

Shred. Why Sir, every Farthing of my Money.

Chea. Ay, but my Son and I must look your Bill over, for I reckon, there will be a good deal to be cut off.

Shred. Not one Shred Sir, 'tis a shear good Bill.

Chea. Sure Mr. *Shred*, you could not use all that Black Velve.

Shred. Sir, you seam, by the Thred of your Discourse to mistrust me ; now Sir, as I have trusted you and your Son, I think you ought to trust me, and I declare, that if I was to be trust up this Moment, that my last dying Speech should be, that I had not cheated you one Farthing, therefore Sir, I beg you would dispatch me.

Enter Kersey.

Kersey. Your Servant Mr. *Cheatley*; I hope you'll pardon my Presumption, in being somewhat

what importunate for the Pence, I hope I do not commit a Solecism in Breeding, when I ask for my own ; every Person, both by the civil Law, and the common Law, have a right to ask for their own, my Cloath and my Velvet, my Shaloon and my Serges, cost me Money Mr. *Cheatley* ; therefore Sir, there is my Bill, you know Mr. *Cheatly*, that I have not seen one Penny of yours or your Son's Money, since I dealt with you, or more properly speaking, since you dealt with me.

Shred. Mr. *Kersey's*, a well spoken Man, and Speeches it like a Recorder, there is some measure in his Discourse, and a Yard of his reasoning is worth an Ell of another Man's.

Chea. Mr. *Kersey*, there is not any great occasion for this Rethorick, of yours, you shall be pay'd Sir.

Kersey. As a learned Gentleman in this Town has it ; *Quandoque*, now that is in English Sir, when, I suppose Mr. *Shred*, you are here upon the same unhappy Occasion with my self.

Shred. Yes Mr. *Kersey*, I am drawn in as the saying is ; I gave 'em a Yard, and they have taken an Ell.

Kersey. I find our Affairs are all of a Peice.

Enter Mrs. Twist.

Twist. Your Servant sweet Mr. *Cheatley*, I am glad to find you at home, for realley it was whisper'd about the Town, as if you and your Son, were gone off, as we call it in the way of Trade.

Shred.

Shred. No Mrs. *Twist*, no body can beleive that; tho' if they were gone off, there would be no finding of 'em again, you might as well look for a Needle in a Bottle of Hay.

Twist. So long as I can have the Honour of seeing Mr. *Cheatley*, I never will beleive any Story's about his being gone off.

Kersey. Nor I upon my Credit.

Twist. That Affair being settled, if you please well proceed to Business, we are all Friends I suppose, and therefore dear Honey Mr. *Cheatly* 'tis no Secret. I am a going to tell you, I really must have my Money, Mr. *Cheatley*.

Kersey. Ay, and I must have my Money.

Shred. I must shape my Discourse in the same Words; I must have my Money.

Enter Sevelle.

Sevelle. Oh, your Servant Tenant, (*to Cheatley*) I hope I am not imposed upon, but I am inform'd that your Son has no Fortune, nor Title, 'tis all a pretence, in order to steal my Daughter; have I launch'd out so much Money, with the hopes of the Lord knows what, which is to happen the Lord knows when, and so I am used the Lord knows how; will you be pleas'd to set us right in this matter.

Kersey. Upon my Word Mr. *Sevelle*, I had never let 'em run in my Debt, had I not been inform'd, that you were deep in with 'em before.

Shred. Ay, I beleive he is as deep as well can be, and has pocketed nothing in this
shammy

shammy Affair, I am afraid we shall all be fob'd off.

Chea. Gentlemen and Lady, I did not expect to be so used ; you were mighty humble, when we took up the Goods.

Kersey. Ay, and should be very humble again, if you would be pleas'd to lay down our Goods where you took 'em up.

Twist. 'Tis a great deal of Lace, your Son has had of me.

Shred. I beleive you would Solace your self very much, could you get it again, all the time I sat cross Leg'd, I thought I was working upon a good Foot, and measured things accordingly, but now I am afraid this Business will make me shear off.

Seveller. Mr. Cheatley, I wish you would give these Gentlemen and me some Satisfaction or another before matters come to an extremity.

Twist. Ay, do but tell us what we have to trust too.

Kersey. And give us good Security for the Money.

Shred. Or else, I would not be in his Coat for any thing.

Chea. Why I would willingly, have kept the matter sometime longer a Secret, knowing it would have been ten thousand Pound more in my Sons way, but that I may make you all easy.

Twist. Ay dear Mr. Cheatley, I always said you were very much of a Gentleman, and were it

it not for your tittle tattle People that come to my Shop, I could have been mighty easy in this matter.

Kersey. Fo my part, there's no body so free of Trusting as I am, but then indeed, I am a little importuning, about getting my Money again.

Shred. By my good will, I would Trust every body if I could afford it, but my Circumstances are as narrow as the Eye of a Needle, not but it prick's me to the Heart, to deny any Gentleman.

Servelle. Well but Neighbour *Shred*, don't interrupt Mr. *Cheatley*, he was a going to tell us how we should all be satisfied.

Chea. Why you must know Landlord,— — but see my Son.

Enter Sir William Cheatley.

Sir *Wm.* So Mrs. *Twist*; your most oblig'd humble Servant.

Twist. Oh dear, Sir *William*, your Servant.

Sir *Wm.* My dear Mr. *Kersey*, how do you, ah *Shred*, art thou there (to his Father) pray Sir peruse this Letter.

Chea. (Reads) To *Charles Welldon Esq;* in Dublin, (Reads it to himself Sir *William* looking over.)

Twist. Neighbour *Kersey*, what a graceful young Fellow it is.

Kersey. He has really a sort of a Majestick furliness, that's very agreeable.

U

Servelle.

Sevelle. Oh, the young Fellow, looks very much like a Gentleman.

Shred. 'Tis an odd sort of a thing, that we Taylors that make all the fine Gentlemen, should have no more respect shown us; now when they say nine Taylors make a Man, they mean that I, and eight Journeymen, shape out such a pritty Fellow as that.

Chea. Why this Son, is the Secret that I was not willing to disclose, for I have known it this two Months, but this Letter to Mr. *Well-don*, I think we may read to this good Company; for they are very uneasy about their Money, and have used me a little Rudely, which I think neither of us has deserv'd from 'em.

Sir Wm. Why what is it, they would have.

Kersey. Oh dear Sir *William*, nothing at all we only call'd to see whether you or your Father were,——that is, we had a mind to know how things went.

Twist. Yes, we were willing to know how things went, and so we came.

Shred. Ad, I don't know how we shall come off, about this Matter, we have cut out a good deal of Work for our selves.

Sevelle. Pray Mr. *Cheatley*, let us hear the Letter if you please.

Kersey. Ay, pray Sir let's hear the Letter.

Chea. (*Reads the Superſcription*) to Charles *Well-don* Esq;

Dear

Dear FRIEND.

*Y*ours came to my Hands, when I was at Supper with the Princess of Passau; she seeing a Letter deliver'd to me, would make me open it, and then you know, I could do no less then read her the Contents; she colour'd very much at the nameing Sir William Cheatly, first asked me if he was Married, when I told her I believ'd not, she was more Compos'd, and declar'd to me, that she had made a Resolution, never to Marry, till she could meet with a Man of her own Name; for you must know, the Principality of Passau, has been in the Hands of the Van Cheatly's, for above five hundred Tears; she has been Courted by several German Princes, but refus'd 'em all, her Territories are large, she has a noble Income, with about four hundred thousand Pound in ready Mony, with many Jewels: She has order'd an Irish Gentleman here (who is her Secretary for forreign Affairs) to ride Post with all Expedition towards Ireland, to propose her in Marriage to Sir William: I believe he brings some Presents, and if the Match is agreed on, that Gentleman is to Marry'em by Proxy, should the business go on, I beg you would recommend me to be Master of his Horse, which will be worth to me about two thousand pound a Year

I am dear WELDON your
very humble Servant.

LOVELESS.

Shred. What great Fortune is this! I wish with all my Soul, he was stitch'd to her.

Sevelle. Give me leave to congratulate your Highness, upon this glorious News.

Chea.

Chea. I have known of this thing this two Months, but should not have disclosed it till the Match had been Consummated ; because, there are a great many of the *Cheatley's* in *Ireland*, and by the Account we have from *Passau*, she would Marry the first of the Family she could have met with, therefore I beg this Story may go no further, till the Ambassador arrives.

Shred. As for my part, I'll keep it as secret, as the Hole I hide my Remnants in ; no one shall cabbage one Tittle of the matter from me.

Kersey. It's probable, your Highness will add considerably to your Equipage, I have just imported the superfinest English Cloaths that ever appear'd in this Kingdom.

Twist. And for Laces, I defy the World to show better.

Sir Wm. Father, I must get you to go over the Water to my Bankers upon the Key, and take Money of him to pay these People.

Kersey. Pay us, and please your Highness ; no no, we want no Money, I wish your Highness had occasion for ten thousand Pounds worth of Goods, you should not want 'em, upon my Credit.

Twist. No no, we want no Money.

Shred. Your High and Mightiness, may command all I have, to my very Thimble.

Sevelle. If your Highness, would pay these People, your Father need not give himself the trouble of going over the Water ; I have five hundred Pound in the House, which

which you shall have this Moment if you please.

Kersey. Pray Mr. *Seveller*, don't affront us after this manner, I am proud of having the Prince in my Debt; and so your Highnesses most faithful and most obedient. (*Going.*)

Sir *Wm.* Hark you Mr. *Kersey*, I must speak with you in the Morning, I shall make about twenty or thirty Liveries for my Footmen, and some Cloaths for my Gentlemen, *Shred.* do you come along with Mr. *Kersey*.

Shred. Yes and please your Greatness, and so we humbly take our leaves.

Sir *Wm.* Father wait of 'em down.

Kersey. By no means, we are the humblest of your Highnesses Slaves.

Shred. Ay, the very humblest. (*Exeunt.*)

Sir *Wm.* Mrs. *Twist*, have you any extraordinary fine rich Lace; I shall want about two thousand Yards.

Tw. Heaven's bless your dear Highness, I have about twelve hundred by me, but I can have the rest of a Merchant in Town, or any thing else your Highness has occasion for; long Life to your dear Highnesses, and may your Princess be a Comfort to you, ah your Highness, will be an honour to *Germany*.

Sir *Will.* Thank you good Woman; you'll be here in the Morning.

Mrs. *Twist.* Ay, and every Morning, as long as your Highness stay's in *Dublin*, if your Princelike-ship, would not think it too bold of me, I would recommend my Daughter *Jenny*, to go

go along with your Highness, the Girl is very pritty, and might make a Maid of Honour, or a Chamber Maid to your Highnesses Consort, I should be overjoy'd to have her in any Post, under your Highness.

Sir Will. Well Mrs. Twist we will consider of it.

Mrs. Twist. Ah the dear good Man ; adieu to your most Serene Highness.

(She makes a great many ridiculous Courtseys and Exit.)

Sevelle. Now give me leave to Embrace my dear Prince.

Sir Will. Landlord, I shall always have you in my Thoughts, and desire you would think of something, wherein I might serve you.

Cheat. I am sure Mr. Sevelle, you can ask nothing of my Son, which he will not grant you.

Sevelle. Ah what Goodness! what Condescension is here! might I hope your Highness would bestow that Master of the Horse upon me, which the Gentleman writes about.

Sir Will. Why Mr. Sevelle, in the first Place, I do not think the Post good enough for you; and your not having Skill enough in Horses, and your not rideing very well, may be some Detriment to me; but I was thinking of making you my Treasurer.

Sevelle. Why really that would hit my Humour much better, for I understand Merchants Accounts very well, and I reckon the Treasury-Business, is only Debtor and Creditor.

Cheat.

Cheat. Nothing else.

Sir Will. Father, be so kind as to take a sheet of Paper, and set down Mr. *Sevelle's* Name, as grand Treasurer of the Territories of *Passau*, at 3000 l. a Year.

Sevelle. This is wonderful Goodness in your Highness—— for fear you should be a little straitned for Money, till the Ambassadour arrives; I beg your Highness will make use of the five hundred Pound, that is now lying by me.

Sir Will. By no means Mr. *Sevelle*.

Sevelle. For the Honour of our Country, appear as Grand as you can, and let those *Germans* see, that we of *Ireland*, are no despicable People—— Besides if your Highness denies me this Favour, it will make me jealous, that your Highness will not confide in your Treasurer, who ought always to have Money at Command for all his Royal Master's necessities.

Cheat. Well, Son, to show what a Friendship you have for the grand Treasurer, accept the Mony.

Sir Will. Bless me Sir, is there not two thousand Pound lying ready at the Bankers.

Cheat. Oh dear, what will that signify towards the compleating your Equipage? Why you cannot lay out less then seven thousand Pound, only to put you in your Coach and six.

Sir Will. Why those other Bills for the three thousand Pound, will be payable in ten Days.

Cheat. Why that's true, Store is no Sore.

Sevelle.

Servelle. No, none Sir, none at all; I'll fetch it this Moment. I am made a Man for ever. (Exit.

Sir Will. I protest Sir, I know not what to make of all this Story; methinks I am in a Dream; but we get Mony, and fine Cloaths; what will be the end on't, Heaven knows; do you think I shall be Prince of *Passau*?

Cheat. Nothing can hinder you of it; the Man who writes the Letter to *Wellton*, pretends to make a merit of the Thing in hopes of being prefer'd by you, when you arrive at your Principality. — But I have been Transacting the Affair this three Months. How often have I told you, that I had a mighty Secret for you, and that you would soon shine out a great Prince?

Sir Will. You have often told me so indeed.

Cheat. As soon as the Pacquet comes in, I expect an Account of all things being settled with the *Princess*; nay my last Letters gave me hopes, that she would, to show the Respect she had for you, take a Journey hither, in Order to carry you home in Splendour, that the Princes of *Germany*, might not take any Umbrage at you, as if you Clandestinely had obtain'd her; therefore she'll show to all the World by this Journey, that it is her own Act and Deed.

Sir Will. Obliging Creature! and do they say she's handsome Father?

Cheat. As an Angel, but the Beauties of her Mind, are beyond Expression.

Sir

Sir Will. I dye away with Extasie, at the thoughts of her.

Enter Sevelle with some Bags.

Sev. And please your Highness, there's two hundred *Moeda's* in that Purse, every one of them full weight, and these two Bags contain two hundred Pound in Silver.

Sir Will. Give it to my Father Mr. *Sevelle*; set the Sum down Sir, and when received.

Cheat. I shall. *(goes out with the Money.)*

Sev. Won't your Highness admit my Wife and Daughter into your Presence to kiss your Hand?

Sir Will. Most willingly Landlord, I am not puffed up with Pride, and will take care my Princess shall find Employment for 'em both in our Court.

Sev. May we expect the Honour of your Highnesses drinking Tea with us, the Kettle is on the Fire,

Sir Will. With all my Heart.

Sev. Most Courteous Prince.

Enter Cheatley.

Cheat. Well, I have enter'd it as you desired, and put the Money into the Scrutore, and there's the Key, I must go to the Coach-makers about your Body Coach; if my Lord's Steward comes, tell him Mr. *Sevelle*, that I'll not give one Farthing more than 300 Pistoles for the six Coach Horses.

X

Sir

Sir Will. Oh don't stand with him Sir.

Sevelle. Most generous Prince, what a noble Soul he has.

Cheat. I beg your Highness's Pardon, one may buy Gold to dear ; as soon as your Quality is known, we shall have choice of all the Horses in the Country, at a much cheaper Rate.

Sir Will. I shall be intirely rul'd by you Sir.

Sevelle. Ah, what a dutiful Prince is there !

Cheat. Your Highness has forgot, you must write to the Princess this Night.

Sir Will. I beleive Sir, it's time enough yet, I am going to drink Tea with my Landlord.

Sevelle. Ah, what a condescending Prince is this.

Cheat. Nay it will be time enough, when I come home again. *(Exit.*

Sir Will. Come Landlord, I'll follow you.

Sevelle. Follow me ! ah what an humble Prince is this ! Heaven forbid, you should follow me ; I that am but your Vassal, your Slave as I may say.

Sir Will. Well, since you'll have it so, I will comply with you. *(Exit.*

Sevelle. Ah, what a courteous complying fine handsome Prince it is ! I and all my Family are made for ever by him ; well how long might I have follow'd Merchandizing before I had got together such an income as my Treasurers post will bring me in. *(Exit.*

Scene

SCENE draw's, and discover's a Tea Table.
Mrs. Sevelle and her Daughter Jenny.

Enter Sir William.

Sevelle following soon after (he runs up to his Wife.)

Sevelle. Bend your Knee Wife, and kiss his Highnesses Hand.

Sir Will. My Lips, if she pleases, (*she offers to kneel, he takes her up*) pray use no Ceremonies now, 'tis time enough when we arrive at our Principality.

Mrs. Sev. We cannot show too much respect to your Highness.

Sev. Jenny, do your Obedience Jenny.

Jen. I Congratulate your Highness.

Sir Will. You know Mrs. Jenny, I had always a love for you ; and I resolve to show it to all your Family.

Sev. There Wife, there's an affable Prince for you ; won't your Highness take a Sessions there ?

Sir Will. Come pray Seat your selves.

Sev. What sit down before your Highness !

Sir Will. I tell you it shall be so.

Sev. Why then Wife sit down, for I have read, that the Princes of *Germany* are all Arbitrary, and their Will is their Law ; come make haste Wife, for his Highness is to write to the Princess this Evening.

Mrs. Sev. We take it a little unkind of your Highness, to have kept this thing so long a Secret.

Sev.

Sev. I protest Wife, it had not come out now, but Neighbour *Kersey*, and *Shred*, and Mrs. *Twist*, came here a dunning, in a very rude Manner indeed: but one can expect no other from those sort of Cattle; but my dear, ha ha ha, had you seen how like Ninny-hammers and Noodles they look'd, when the Plot was discover'd, they drop'd their Insolency all of a sudden, and grew ashumble as a Shoe-Boy; and the Prince, ah the worthy Prince, resented it no more, then you and I should have done.

Jen. Does your Highness drink Sugar with your Tea. (*filling out the Tea.*)

Mrs Sev. Bring the Teakettle there. (*she oversets a Cup.*) What an awkward Girl art thou! wilt thou never learn to attend a Tea Table?

Jen. Madam it scalded my Fingers.

Mrs. Sev. Scalded your Fingers! a Fiddle of your Fingers.

Sev. Be patient Wife.

Mrs Sev. I protest Mr. *Sevelle*, you have perfectly spoil'd this Girl, you'r always taking her part against me.

Sev. A-done Wife, a-done; have you no breeding, no respect to his Highness.

Sir Will. 'Tis enough Mrs. *Sevelle*, I think Miss *Jenny* performs very well; I do assure you, I design she shall attend my Princesses Tea Table always.

Sev. *Jenny*, get up *Jenny*, and make the Prince a handsome Courtesy, and thank his Highness.

Mrs.

Mrs. Sev. Why don't you look in his Highness's Face? do People use to make Courtesys to People, without looking in their Faces.

Sev. Lord Wife, what need you put the Girl out of Countenance? see how she Blushes.

Mrs. Sev. Blushes! I'll hit her a douse of the Chops, if she offers to Blush at any thing I say: I hope your Highness will Pardon me for documenting Jenny so much; but I must take pains with her, or she'll never be able to make a Figure at the Court of Passau.

Enter Cheatley.

Cheat. Has your Highness received no Message from Court? *(Women offer to rise)* Pray sit still.

Sir Will. None as yet.

Cheat. Your Quality is no Secret now; the Council are sitting, and 'tis supposed they are debating, whether they shall send two privy Counsellors to Congratulate you, or only summons you by a Messenger before 'em, and there to receive you with all the marks of Honour, due to your great Quality. We shall occasion some Hurry about your House Mr. Sevelle, we shall give you a great deal of Trouble.

Sev. 'Tis an Honour done me.

Cheat. Your Highness forgets to write to the Princess.

Sir Will. I'll go about it this Moment.

(Exit.

Cheat.

Cheat. If these privy Counsellors should come, I believe we must receive them in this Parlour.

Sev. By all means Sir. Wife disapear, and away with your Tea Table. (*Fenny and Mother hurry off the Tea-Table and Exeunt.*) Adso! I think there's a Coach at the Door.

(*He runs out.*)

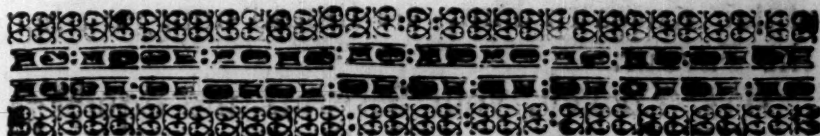
Cheat. I cant help being surprized at this Letter of *Weldon's*, I believe it to be some Trick to expose us, but I'll make it answer our Ends.

*I think the Plots I've lay'd, can never fail,
But if they do, we can but go to Goal.*

End of the second ACT:

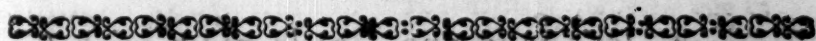


ACT



A C T III.

*Enter Welldon, and Trueman, and
Trip dress'd like a German in
Jack-Boots.*



Well. SO So, you represent the very Thing;
and the Pacquet being just arriv'd,
you are to go with all Speed to the new made
Prince; you have read the Contents of all these
Letters, this is from Mr. *Loveless*, and this
from the Princess her self; you are her Secre-
tary for Foreign Affairs, sent Ambassador from
her, to Negotiate this Match, this is her Pic-
ture sent by her to the Prince her Husband,
and this Ring the Wedding Pledge; be as
Grand as your own Invention will let you be,
and carry on the Intrigue with Prudence.

Trip. Sir, if I don't act the very thing, may
I never buckle Wig again.

True. Let me Embrace thee, dear *Trip*; if
we succeed so far as to make *Araminta* my own,
thou shalt never wear Livery again.

Trip.

Trip. Mr. *Trueman*, I will fill his Head so full of the Princess, that if *Araminta* was to down of her Knees to him, he should not grant her the Favour.

Well. Lookey, your Servants and Equipage are following you, and will wait at *Chester* till further Orders; and that when you came away, the Princess seem'd resolved to come and fetch the Prince her self, and talk'd of staying a Month in *Ireland*; having a great respect for the People of this Country.

Trip. Ay, let me alone about that, I'll make her in love with every thing in it. (*Exit.*)

Well. Well, good luck attend you. Come *Trueman*, let's take one Bottle more with Sir *Bullet Airy*, and then to *Araminta's*.

True. No, no, let's pay the Reckoning and be gone; I long to know how *Araminta* receives the News; I am satisfied if this Fellow had but courted her, her Vanity is so strong, that she would have consulted nothing but his Equipage.

Well. Come, you must have a better opinion of her; I am satisfied she has more honour then to enter into a Treaty of Marriage with you, and afterwards think of any other Man.

True. Nay *Well*don, I am too apt to hope the best; but can't help thinking of the worst.

Enter *Drawer*.

Draw. Gentlemen, Sir *Bullet Airy* has commanded me to say, that a Man by himself is no Company.

Well.

Well. One of his sort of Gentlemen is not, I grant him; for most of your pritty Fellows are afraid of being alone, on account of the dreadful pain of Thinking; but come *Trueman*, we must finish our Bottle.

True. I shall sit upon Thorns.

*Well*don and *Trueman* Exit, the Drawer following.

Enter *Kersey* and *Shred*.

Ker. Hilt, you Drawer.

Draw. Did you call, Gentlemen?

Shred. Bring us a Pint of your best *Margoos*.
—hearkey you Friend, you look like a pritty Fellow; I believe you are a fine Drawer; do you know that a fine Drawer is very near a-kin to a Taylor?

Draw. I am sorry for it, Sir.

Shred. What an unfortunate parcel of Dogs are we Taylors? this Fellow, that is liable to be kick'd down Stairs by every Man that can pay for a Quart of Wine, thinks it a Disgrace to be a-kin to a Taylor.

Draw. Sir, you mistake when you say we Drawers are to be kick'd down Stairs by every Body; for we show a great deal of Company into your ground Rooms, and there you know we can't be kick'd down Stairs——A Pint of *Margoos* you say Sir.

Ker. Yes. Is one Mr. *Well*don in the House you?

Draw. He's this Moment gone into that Room.

Y

Ker.

Ker. Bring the Wine, and tell him a couple of Tradesmen desire a Word with him.

Shred. Tradesmen ; tell him a couple of Gentlemen want to speak with him ; for I am a Gentleman Taylor ; and all the World knows that a Draper is a better Man then I.

Bell Rings.

Draw. Comeing Sir, comeing Sir, I shall Gentlemen, I shall.

(Exit Drawer.)

Ker. If this Story of the Principality is but truth, we shall be both made for ever.

Shred. And if it is not truth, we shall be unmade ; for the Devil a Workman will be got to make us up ; I may lye upon my Shop-board for ever, before any body will set a Stitch in me.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. A Pint of excellent *Margoos*, Gentlemen.

Shred. Why if it is, we are meer Gooses if we don't Drink it.

Draw. Mr. *Welldon* will wait on you this Moment. Comeing Sir, comeing Sir. *(Exit)*

Ker. Faith *Shred*, this is a Pint of very good Wine.

Shred. Why let us appoint a time to drink our Bellies full of it.

Enter Welldon and Drawer.

Well. Who is it would speak with me?

Draw. These Gentlemen, Sir.

Well. Oh, your Servant Mr. *Kersley*. Ha, honest *Shred*, I am yours.

Drawer.

Draw. (*The Bell ringing*) Comeing Sir, comeing Sir. (*Exit.*)

Well. Have you any business with me, either of you ?

Ker. Why Sir, I hope you'll pardon our Inquisitiveness; we come only just to be inform'd of a matter, on which depends our Fortunes pritty much; and is in your Power to set us right in.

Shred. Ay set us right, concerning a Writing.

Well. Upon my Word and Honour, if there is any thing in my Power to do you Service, you may command me.

Ker. Pray Sir, have you receiv'd any Letters lately from *Germany* ?

Well. (*Aside*) Ha, from *Germany*, this Project of ours, may have ill Consequences attending of it. I suppose you mean the Letter about the Princess of *Passau*.

Ker. Ay Sir, the very same; faith my Heart misgave me, it was all Forgery; I was thinking the Mony I had advanc'd Sir *William*, as good as lost, till I heard the Letter read.

Shred. But now, let her take care of herself, for I will make a Suit of Cloaths for the Prince, shall make him look like an Emperor.

Ker. I believe to Morrow, upon the Credit of that Letter, I shall advance him five hundred Pounds worth of Cloath.

Shred. Which I design to cut out into all Shapes and Sizes.

Well. And would you do all this upon the bare Credit of that Letter ?

Ker.

Ker. Oh dear! ay Sir, for we make our Bills accordingly.

Shred. Ay but what signifies a Bill, if he should not be able to pay us?

Well. Ay what indeed! upon my Word I cannot encourage you to proceed upon the bare Credit of it, for I believe there's nothing in that Letter.

Shred. Nothing! oh, there you must mistake Sir, for I saw it was writ full on both sides.

Well. I mean I have no Opinion of the Story, and therefore would have you not trust him on that Account.

Shred. Nay 'tis an unaccountable Story!

Well. I give you no Encouragement in the Matter, therefore if you trust him, at your own Peril be it; and so your Servant. *Exit.*

Ker. Why Neighbour *Shred*, our Cake is all Dough.

Shred. I do believe so.

Ker. Come let us finish the Point, and get a couple of Bayliffs, and go and Arrest him forthwith.

Shred. Ay and make him go forth, with the Bayliffs.

Ker. Here House. I'll pay for this.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Did you call Gentlemen?

Shred. No we call'd Drawer.

Ker. There's your Reckoning.

Shred. Now your Reckonings out, for you are delivered of us.

Draw.

Draw. Very wellcome, very wellcome.

Shred. Ay, and very well gone, very well gone. (Exeunt.)

SCENE draws and discovers at a Table, Sir *Bullet* *Airy*, *Welldon* and *Trueman* whisper.

Sir Bullet. Skeleton take me, if whispering in a Tavern is fair Play.

Well. It is well observ'd *Sir Bullet*; why, as you know the first part of the Plot against this upstart *Sir William*; I think we may very well let you into the rest of the Secret; in short, they have made a handle of my Letter, and are taking up Goods upon Credit, as if the Story of the Princess of *Passau* was true, and that she were actually to Marry this Knight of the Comical Order: *Kersey* and *Shred* are gone, I suppose, to Arrest him for what he owes 'em; upon which the Plot must be unravel'd; and if we don't go to rescue poor *Trip*, the sham Ambassadour, he may be secur'd for a Cheat, tho' I did not tell 'em that part of the Story.

Sir Bullet. Oh, prithee let the Plot run on a little further, or waste me, there will not be enough of it to make a Comedy.

True. That's what I am perswading him to do.

Well. But don't you consider, that we are countenancing a Cheat, and what ever Debts he contracts, we in Honour are oblig'd to Pay.

True.

True. Why have not I already promis'd you to answer the whole Charge.

Well. Without considering that his extravagancy in one Week, would ruin your whole Fortune.

Sir Bullet. Why sure the Fellow does not pretend to have a Genius to Extravagancy? Methinks he does not look like a Gentleman; and that you know, is a Man of Quality's best Qualification.

True. Lookey, *Welldon*, let's first go to *Araminta*, and give me an opportunity of Triumpling over her Vanity a little; and then we'll go in a Body, and discover the whole of our Project.

Well. So, you are railing at poor *Araminta*, for governing you a little Tyrannically; and you in your turn, would use her Scurvily; without considering, that hers is but the weakness of her Sex; whilst yours is the strength of ill Nature.

True. I propose only to keep her Eyes from wandering; and make her fix 'em both on me.

Well. Don't you know that a Woman's Eyes, like the Sun, are made to shine on all.

Sir Bullet. Split me into lean Men, if it is not true *Welldon*; some Women have such piercing Rays, that one might as well stare upon the Sun at Noon Day, as look one of them in the Face; tho' *Araminta* is a sort of an *Irish* Climate, some Sun shine and some Cloudy Weather.

True.

True. Oh, she has always your good Word,
Sir *Bullet*.

Sir Bullet. Consumption seize me, if she has,
it is upon your Account; for I don't remember
I ever saw her with her Summer Countenance,
she always put her Winter Face on upon me.

Well. Then you never bask'd in the Sun
shine of her Eyes.

Sir Bullet. No, I never was scorch'd by her,
I never receiv'd any damage from any part a-
bout her, but her Tongue; and tho' it goes
very nimbly, I have felt the weight on't, for
her Words are heavy.

True. Poor *Araminta*, how I love her.

Sir Bullet. Faith *Trueman*, were she Poor, I
fancy you would not love her with the Vio-
lence you do; prithee for the future call her
rich *Araminta*, Poor quotha.

Well. Methinks Sir *Bullet*, so fine a Gentle-
man as you are, should be talk'd on, for some
Ladies in this Town that makes Matches for
all Men and Women, have not I think yet
fixt a Mistress upon you.

Sir Bullet. No, nor me upon a Mistress. Ha,
ha, ha, no, there lies my Prudence, *Welldon*, I
have always acted with so much caution con-
cerning the Reputations of the fair Sex, that I
have not been talk'd on for any of 'em; not but
I have had my unlawful Intrigues with some
Women of Quality, a pritty many Gentlemens
Wives, and a whole Shoal amongst the Mer-
chants; and *Welldon* would you believe it?
MeagreFace reduce me, if I am not now within
a few

a few days of being Married, and no-body suspects to whom, Ha, ha, ha, there lies the Jest.

True. Ha, ha, ha, a very good Jest truly.

Sir Bullet. Come, it can't be kept a Secret long, you are both my Friends, *Welldon* read that Letter.

Well. (Takes the Letter) Ha, *Mary Homebred.*
Reads.

Dear *Sir Bullet*,

I Intirely acquiece with you in the Method of convincing my Mother of her Prudery, and her Reservedness; and do agree to be married on Friday next; after which, I shall be pleased with your Project of then coming to ask leave of my Mother to Court me. I can but think how the Matron will put her Chops into order about the matter; and at last with much Skrewing, will come out with, if you please *Sir Bullet*; then enter upon a talk about a Settlement, little thinking that I know my Fortunes in my own Hands; then when she's in the height of her Care for her Daughter, we will both Laugh out together, and discover the Plot, which will show her, she's not so Wise as she imagin'd, and that I was Wise enough to know how to choose for my self; which has given me an opportunity of Subscribing, your most Obedient,

Mary Homebred.

Sir Bullet. Now is not that a pritty Intrigue, there's a Plot for you.

True. *Mary Homebred*, faith she Writes as if she never had been bred at Home at all.

Sir Bullet. Ay, so she does, she's an ingenious Girl, and looks so like a Fool before her
Mother

Mother; we have carryed on the Intrigue this three Months before the old Woman's Face; we give and receive each others Letters, under her very Nostrils, and the watchful Dragon, ha, ha, ha, never so much as suspects us.

Well. A pritty Plot truly *Sir Bullet*. Do you imagine that a young Woman that has wit and undutifulness enough to impose upon her Parent, may not one time or other, do the same by her Husband?

Sir Bullet. Ay, very like so; but we People of Quality never mind that; for if Women will be wicked, they will be so without wit, as well as with it; and split me into lean Men, if I must be of the Order of Matrimony, I had rather take the Ensigns of it from a Woman of Wit than a Fool.

True. Pho, here we chat away our time, and know not what *Araminta* is doing on, nor how our Sham Prince comes off.

Sir Bullet. Come, one Flask of *Champaign* to our Mistresses, and then we'll to my Lady *Homebred's*.

True. Not one Drop more; here Drawer to Pay, a Bill you.

Enter *Drawer*, gives the Bill to *Sir Bullet*.

Sir Bullet. (*Gives him Money*) Take the Reckoning out of that.

True. Byno means *Sir Bullet*.

Well. Oh fye *Sir Bullet*, an equal Club.

Sir Bullet. I hate a Tradesman's dividend, why should three People be troubled to pull out Money, when one of the Company is able to answer the whole;

whole ; I'll take my Revenge of both of you in your turns. Come *Trueman*, you're next the Door, fans Ceremony ; prithee *Welldon* follow him ; I am one of those fat merry Fellows, that always go last out of a Tavern.

(*They all go out.*)

Draw. Very welcome Gentlemen. (*Exit.*)

SCENE Draws to Lady *Homebred's*.

Enter *Araminta*, Miss *Molly* and Miss *Nanny Homebred*.

Ara. Well, the Devil's in't I think, I never fet my Heart upon a pritty Fellow in all my Life ; but some Accident or another, makes 'em vanish out of my sight ; I protest I believe I shall be condemn'd to this formal Fellow, *Trueman*.—— Prince of *Passau*, there's something very Romantick in the whole Story : What if we three should put on Vizard Masks, go to his Lodings, and know the Affair from his own Mouth.

Miss *Molly*. Oh dear Cousen do.

Miss *Nanny*. 'Tis pittty we should loose the Fellow from amongst us ; he has a sort of Gallantry in him.

Ara. The Fellow fancy's an Equipage very well ; and is whimsical enough in his own Cloaths.

Miss *Molly*. And looks tolerably well in his black Velvet.

Miss *Nanny*. Oh dear Cousen, how shall we get out ? there's no stealing by the Parlour Door ; my Mother has a Hawks Eye.

Ara.

Ara. Oh, here comes your Mother. *Nancy* bid my Footman call a Hackney Coach to the Door, and leave the rest to me.

(Exit Miss Nanny.

Enter Lady Homebred.

Well, Aunt, I have consider'd on't at last, I think I must Marry this same Fellow *Trueman*.

Lady Home. Indeed Cousen if you don't, your Reputation will suffer a little; for since you have consented to have the Writings drawn, I don't see how you can come off with Honour; besides he's a sober Man, it will be a long time before poor *Molly* here, will meet with the Fellow of him.

Miss Molly. Its time enough Mama for me to think of a Husband ——— (aside) About next *Friday* will do my business, to a Man I like better.

Ara. Come Aunt, put on your Hood and Scarf, and go with me to choose my Wedding Cloaths.

Lady Home. I am not well, can't you let it alone till the Morning.

Ara. By that time, may be, I may have chang'd my Mind, if you can't go with me, I'll take my Cousens with me.

Lady Home. Oh dear *Araminta*, I never suffer my Daughters to go out of these Doors without me.

Ara. Come put on your Hood and Scarf then, for you must go.

Lady Home. Well, if I must, I'll go up and set my self a little in Order, and put on my Hood

Hood and Scarf, and wait on you. (*Exit.*)

Ara. So, whilst she's adjusting her Dress, we'll Steal out, and be back again by that time she's ready to go.

Enter Miss Nanny with her Scarf.

Miss Nanny. The Coach is come Cousen ; but what have you done with my Mother ?

Ara. Come along, and never trouble your Head about her, I will bring you off, I warrant you.

Miss Molly. As for my part, I have but a few Days to be under her Tyranny ; nothing sure, was so insipid as her management of Children ; Severity makes more Hypocrites then any sort of Discipline. Strait-laceing the Body may make us good Shapes , but there's no strait-lacing our Minds.

*Loves laws, are known to all the Female Race,
And tho' Parents Preach, will still take Place.*

(*Exeunt Omnes.*)

Enter Shred and Kersey with two Bayliff's.

Ker. Look you, we must be very prudent in this Matter, we will go in first, about a quarter of an Hour after, come to the Door and ask for us, one of us will come out, and if we wink, walk off, if we don't.——

Shred. Walk on——that's all——but have a care of Murder.

1. Bay. Sir you need not give us any Advice about our Trade, we an't afraid of a Prince; we have arrested your Kings and Princes too before now.

2 Bay.

2. *Bay.* Ay, and your Colonels and Captains, which are a much more terrible People to have to do with.

Ker. Lookey there's half a Pistole, do your Work like Men of Conduct.

Shred. And there's half a Crown, every Man ought to give according to his understanding.

Ker. Take no Bail for him, nor his Father neither, tho' if he should be a true Prince, we shall be in the wrong Box.

Shred. Ay, 'tis hitting our selves a Box of the Ear, but see here comes *Sevelle* who looks as overjoy'd, as one that's weary with Laughing.

Enter Sevelle.

Ker. Oh Mr. *Sevelle*, we have been with Mr. *Welldon*, and he can't answer for the credit of the Letter from *Passau*, so we have brought the Bayliff's here, to arrest the sham Prince and his Father.

Sev. Ha, ha, ha, arrest his Highness! a pritty Jest truly, what strange Errors may People run into by their Folly and their Rashness, why the Ambassadour's come you Noodles you; do you think the Prince, or the Princess care a Fig for Mr. *Welldon*?

Shred. And is the Ambassadour come! upon my Word it was ill done of Mr. *Welldon*, to send us of a Fools arrant.

Sev. Such Presents, such Letters, such Joys, never happen'd under any Roof but my own.

Ker. Say you so; why then Mr. *Shoulderdab*, will

will you be so kind as to give me my half Pistole?

1. Bay. Sir in our way of Business, we never return any thing, but the Writ or the Bail-Bond, but what will do as well, I'll owe you an Arrest.

Shred. Ay ay, so we must be at rest till then.

1. Bay. You say true Sir, good Morrow Gentlemen; come Bum, come along.

(Exeunt Bayliff.

Sev. What a couple of ungrateful Varlet's are you, if I may be allow'd to say so; by a couple of substantiall Trades-men, the Ambassadour no sooner delivered the Prince his Credentials, but he likewise deliver'd him a List of the Places vacant in his Dominions, and he most excellent Prince, found the master of his Wardrobe at 500 a Year, says he to his Father, set that down for poor Shred my Taylor.

Shred. His good Nature brings Tears into my Eyes, as big as Cabbages, did he remember poor Shred!

Sev. Then when he came to the Surveyor General of his Manufactorys, at 1800 a Year. Hearnk you Treasurer say's he to me, for that's my Name; and thank his Highness it was a Post he gave me before the Ambassadour arrived.

Shred. What may that be worth Mr. Sevelle?

Sev. Why the Sallery is but 300 a Year, but there are very good Perquisites; but about
the

the Surveyor General, says the Prince to me; do you think Mr. *Kersley* will leave this Kingdom for that Post? says I, my Royal Master, I beleive he would, prithee my faithful Minister says he, go and propose it too him, and when I came; oh ingratitude! I found you contriveing and combineing with those vile Instruments of the Law, to do a deed would shock all Nature.

Ker. With shame and confusion I own my Fault, but as it is only known to you, for Heaven's sake conceal it.

Sev. How can I beleive you will be true to his Highness; when you can upon every little surmise, be so alarm'd as to contrive his Ruin.

Ker. I am now so convinc'd of his Goodness, that were he proclaim'd an Imposture through the City, and posted on the City Gates; I'd stand by him to the last Farthing.

Shred. And that I think is a Fair thing, come Neighbour *Seveller*, we are all Flesh and Blood, or Skin and Bone be so kind as to measure our Corn by your Bushel.

Ker. You know Tradesmen are hungry Creatures; we are always willing to devour every body for to get our own.

Sev. Well I am mollified, and will smother this first Offence.

Ker. And will you introduce us to the Ambassadour.

Sev. With all my Heart, he is our Countryman and Secretary for foreign Affairs, oh he gives a fine account of *Germany*; he says Gold and

and old Hock are as plenty there as Potatoes and pickel'd Herrings are here ; the Princess keeps a noble Court, she has sent to his Highness, to choose out six Maids of Honour for her, and my Jenny is to be one.

Shred. And do you think I could not get my Wife to be one.

Sev. No I beleive not, it is very seldom that your married Women are made Maids of Honour, then the Prince is to have twenty Gentlemen, 60 Footmen, and a hundred Horses, she has sent him a Ship load of Gold to defray his Charges here, it is expected in every Minuit, nay the Secretary says, she has thought's of coming over to fetch the Prince, and I am a going to look at a House on Lazer's Hill, to see if it will be large enough to hold them ; we shall keep such a Court here. that will Eclipse the Government prodigiously ; but then we are to do it but for one Month. The Prince is to be Married by Proxy this Night, and 'tis to be done in a publick manner ; the Ambassador, the Prince, and his Father, are settling the Ceremonies, and there's to be a noble Entertainment.

Shred. If we Enter, 'tish't, meant, for us, is it?

Sev. For all comers and goers.

Ker. What happy Days are come unto us.

Sev. Ay, we are all made Men.

Shred. Which is better then being Madmen, which my Neighbour and I were going to be.

Ker. Hang you for putting me in mind of my ingratitude, I say.

Sev.

Serv. - We are to have a Ball, the Secretary tells me that all the great Officers are to Dance about the Bed, at the Ceremony; can you Dance Neighbour *Kersey*?

Ker. Why my Joy may make me Dance, but naturally I can't Dance one bit.

Shred. I can do a little of the *Irish* Jigg; but whether that will serve for a *German* Ceremony or no, I cannot Comprehend.

Serv. But why loiter we here, I will present you to the Ambassador, you must kiss both his Cheeks first, then his Mouth, and then his Hand; and when you come in Presence of the Prince, bend your Knee a little, then advance humbly towards him, and when he offers his Hand, kiss it.

Ker. Why your are a perfect Master of the Ceremonies, an exact Courtier.

Serv. The Ambassador has instructed me in every thing, I must act as High Chamberlain till Somebody has that Post given 'em.

But come let's go.

*Recorded be this strange, and wond'rou's Story,
That Irish Men, have got Immortal Glory.
To distant Lands, they march and cross the Sea,
And make their Fortunes all, in Germany.*

End of the third ACT.



A a

ACT

ACT IV.

Enter Cheatley.

Cheat. **W**As ever any thing so surprizing !
I beleived at first this was a Trick
to Counterplot mine, I am all Amazement ;
and find that while I with pains and care was
hammering out a Fortune for my Son, she
a Jilt to most People, has thrown an immense
Sum into our Power, and made my Son a
Prince at once.

*Enter Sir William and Trip, still disguised
as a German.*

Trip. Most certainly, and please your High-
ness, the greater respect you will show your
Princess, tho' as to a hot Supper, I do not ap-
prove of it, neither is it the Custom of *Germa-
ny*, but your cold Hams, your cold Chickens,
and your cold Neats Tongues, are decent e-
nough, provided there be great Piles of Sweet
Meats, and pray let there be abundance of ex-
cellent Wine, for in *Passau*, every body gets
Drunk

Drunk at a Wedding, and I would not for five hundred Ducatoons write the Princess's Word, I had Consummated the Marriage, and leave out that part of the Ceremony.

Sir Will. Every thing shall be in as good Order as so short a time will admit of, I long till it is over, for till then, I cannot sign myself Prince of Passau.

Trip. By no means; well, you will be the happiest Man alive; for such a Woman! such a Beauty! such a Princess! never was heard on before; how tender was the Letter she Wrote you.

Sir Will. I could for ever read it, here in my Bosom it shall repose. *(he takes it out)*

READS.

MY Dearest Prince, for mine you must be, the Fates have so decreed; receive my Ambassadour as I would you, with a respect becoming him, I Love, again I repeat, him I Love.

Given at our Court in Passau;

April 1st. 1719.

PASSAU.

My Ambassadour is to say
the rest.

Trip. Oh 'tis impossible to say the rest; for to tell your Highness the Truth, the Women of Germany, talk almost as much as the Women of Ireland; and you know when they are in love, they always talk as much again as they do at other Times; but I forgot to tell you, that she charg'd me, that all the Ladies of your Acquaintance, should be by at the Ceremonial.

Sir

Sir *Will.* Father, we must send immediately to Lady *Homebred's*, to invite her Family, and *Araminta*.

Cheat. I beleive it would be proper, Mrs. *Sevelle* should wait on 'em, tell the whole Story, and bring them hither.

Sir *Will.* By all means Sir, tell her I desire it of her.

Chat. I will send her this Moment.

Exit Cheatley.

Trip. And please your Highness, how many Women may there be, amongst these *Homebreds*?

Sir *Will.* Four.

Trip. That will be too little.

Sir *Will.* But then we shall have my Land-Lady and her Daughter; these are all Women of Reputation.

Trip. as to Reputatation, we are not strictly tyed up to that; but to the Quantity, there must be at least a Dozen.

Sir *Will.* I have always been bred with that Reserv'dness, that I can brag of but few Acquaintances among the Ladies.

Trip. What can't your Highness pick out six more!

Sir *Will.* Indede I cannot.

Trip. Why then you must send to the Brothel-houses for them: Brothel-houses! no, I think you call 'em Bawdy-houses in *Ireland*.

Sir *Will.* Oh Heavens! that would be such an Affront to the Women of Fashion, that they'd never bear it.

Trip.

Trip. Hum, would not they so ! that's very strange now ; why in *Passau*, go to the Play or the Opera, and they Promiscuously joyn together, some times indeed, you'll see a first Row full of very modest Women, but then fifty to one, but the next Row are no better then they shou'd be ; nay, I have known Women of nice Virtue there, Visit Women of no Virtue at all, and Women that they know have been kept by Men that have had Wives of their own ; nay, they have Visited the Wife and the Strumpet both in the same Afternoon.

Sir Will. But that is an Enormity, which shall be redress'd when the Power is devolv'd on me. I shall bring 'em to the Customs of this Country, where Vice bares no Countenance.

Trip. Why that is very strange now. With us, your Bastards and Sons of Whores, have a great respect shown them, and take Place according to the Quality of their reputed Fathers ; but has your Highness taken care to send for a dignify'd Priest.

Sir Will. Oh, we can have one at a Moments warning.

Trip. I must observe to your Highness, it must be no Heretick ; have you no Popish Bishop, nor Arch Bishop in *Dublin* ? he would be a very proper Person.

Sir Will. Is the Princess much bigotted to her Religion.

Trip. Pritty much truely, that is, she's always Praying, or Fasting, or telling her Beads,

Beads, or playing at Cards; but she Persecutes none of her Subjects about Religion. If your Highness has a mind to be an Atheist, you may have as free Liberty of Conscience there, as if you lived in the City of *London*.

Sir Will. I am for restraining the Power of the Popish Priests.

Trip. No, your Highness will not, when you come there.

Sir Will. Why do you think so?

Trip. Because the Priests have a strong Argument against your doing of it.

Sir Will. What is that Argument?

Trip. Poyson, and please your Highness, 'tis a sort of a knock down Argument, that never fails of carrying great weight with it.

Sir Will. Pray have I many Noble men in my Dominions?

Trip. Yes really, there is a pritty good sort of Quality there; that is, they appear very Fine, and very Gallant; but they never pay their Debts; and will pawn their Honour for a Quid of Tobacco.

Sir Will. That I must redress too. Our Men of Quality here are known, not by fine Cloaths nor Equipages; but by strict Virtue, Honour, and Integrity.

Trip. Ay, that won't do with us.

Sir Will. And pray what Figure do the private Gentlemen make?

Trip. Why, they are a very good sort of People, only they are always Drunk.

Sir

Sir Will. Here, Sobriety is the distinguishing Quality of a Gentleman. Pray are the Tradesmen substantial?

Trip. They are some of them so, so; but they are very Idle, very Prodigal, and very Vain; imitating the Gentlemen; and their Wives put on Quality Airs. wear Gold Watches, drink Tea out of Silver Tea Pot, and visit one another, with as much Ceremony and Formality, as if they kept Assemblies.

Sir Will. Our Tradesmen are sober, pains taking, laborious Men; and their Wives, most of them, assist their Husbands in the way of Trade, and are no Gadders abroad. That's what I shall take care to restrain; for in Countries where 'tis used, we read of many Bankrupts.

Trip. Nay our Merchants are like Ninepins; you may knock down a dozen of 'em; at a Tip and a Go.

Sir Will. Does Musick flourish with you, have you fine Voices?

Trip. In our Cathedrals we have a good deal of Harmony; but then our singing Men, are so loose and debauch'd, that they are no Credit to the Church.

Sir Will. We are happy here; that have sober, discreet Men to attend our Quire.

Trip. Just as People like it.

Enter *Servelle*, *Kersey*, and *Shred* following.

Serv. I hope we don't intrude upon your Highnesses Privacy?

Sir

Sir Will. No, my good Treasurer, you are always welcome.

Sev. Your Surveyor General Kersey, and your Wardrobe Keeper Shred, are come to thank your Highness for the Honour done 'em; and beg to be admitted to kiss your most serene Hand.

Sir Will. Most willingly. (*He puts out his Hand, Kersey and Shred rediculously Kiss it; and then fall back at a great distance.*)

Shred. What Luck's here; I think we have made a fine Hand on it, indeed.

Sir Will. Kersey, to show how much I confide in your Integrity, I make you Surveyor General of all my Manufacturies; for I am well assured you'll take care that Trade may flourish.

Ker. I humbly thank your Highness, I'll study to approve my self a faithful Servant, and a good Subject.

Sir Will. I doubt it not.——As for you Mr Shred, I hope the Wardrobe keepers Place will fit you.

Shred. Yes, and so please your Highness, if it does not exactly fit, I have my Measure about me, and will make it set as close to me, as a strait bodied Coate.

Trip. Mr. Treasurer Sevelle, since these Gentlemen are our Brother Officers, be so kind as to introduce me to 'em.

Sev. Surveyor General Kersey, this is the Ambassadour Extraordinary from the Princess of Passau, to his Royal Highness, and Secretary for Forreign Affairs.

Ker.

Ker. Most Reverend Sir, I Congratulate your safe Arrival here, and am proud we are of the same Household, and are to take a Journey to *Germany* together.

Shred. 'Tis my turn to Speak next; but how shall I get together Words enough to Compliment him.

Sev. Mr. Wardrobe Keeper *Shred* advance, and do your Honours to this worthy Nobleman, *Excellentissimo, Van Terence de Turloe.*

Shred. I don't know whether I stand upon my Tayl or Head; but most profound and respectful Minister, accept my mechanick Offerings of Humility, which are overflowing with floods of Inclination towards you.

Trip. Your Civility overwhelms me; and good Mr. *Shred*, I am drowned with your Favours, and my Cloaths are dripping Wet with your Civilities.

Sir Will. Surveyor General *Kersley*, a Word with you. I must make some extravagant fine Liveries for the Honour of *Passau*; the Description of this Ceremonial, and my first Appearance after I am a Prince, will most certainly be printed in the Gazette; therefore let us make a most sumptuous Show; I must have fifty Liveries out of Hand; of what shall they be?

Ker. So please your Highness, I have some Shag that is little inferior to your Velvet.

Sir Will. *Shred*, go and take Shag enough of our Surveyor General, for fifty Liveries; and go to *Touchstone* our Goldsmith, and get Silver Buttons for 'em all.

B b

Shred.

Shred. Your Highness's Commands shall be obey'd; I'll put 'em in Hand immediately, and Stitch 'em up in a Twinkling. Will your Highness have me take Measure of the Footmen? Or are we to hire Footmen to fit the Liveries?

Sir Will. Make 'em for Fellows of six Foot high, I'll take none under; haste about them, and both of you be here again against the Ceremonial.

Trip. And please your Highness, all the Officers must give strict Attendance.

Sev. They live but just by, and will be here.

Shred. In the Snip of the Sheers.

Sev. Will your Highness vouchsafe to give these Brother Officers of mine, a Sight of your adorable Angel's Picture.

Ker. Shall we be so happy.

Shred. Ay, pray your Highness, let us see the Picture. It was happy for us he Pickt her up I am sure. (*Aside*)

Sir Will. She is beautiful indeed.

Ker. As an Angel.

Shred. What an Eye she has, 'tis as piercing as a Needle.

Trip. If you were to see the Original, what would you say then? say then! why you could neither say nor do, for you would be Dumb and stupid. I myself, that am pritty much used to her Countenance, am fain to wink when I first come into her Presence; but then she throws her Eyes into a languishing Deadness, and receives you with such an Affability, that you
must

must love her in spite of her Eyes, but go Brother Officers, comply with the Princes Orders, and attend at the Supper.

Shred. Ay, that will be so pure, that I would not go without it for a Yard of Cloath; for a good Supper, is Meat, Drink and Cloath.

Ker. And so we humbly take our leaves.

Shred. Ay, and there lives not People on Earth, so much your Worms as we.

(Exeunt *Shred* and *Kersey*.)

Trip. And please your Highness, it will be great satisfaction to the Princess, to find you have made choice of such wise, such able Ministers; and Men, who in case of a Change of Ministry, have Trades to return to.

Sir Will. Why is my Princess apt to change her Officers?

Trip. When she finds any Male-Administration, she's apt to act with some Rigour; and Beheads every body, that she finds cheating of her.

Sev. But I hope she allows of Perquisites?

Trip. We have great disputes about that. She is of Opinion, that the word Perquisite, may comprehend a great deal of Roguery; for some People get all the Mony they can from the Subject, and call it a Perquisite; now, cheating the Crown, in all Countries, has been reckon'd a sort of a Perquisite; but cheating the Subject is down right Roguery.

Sev. (*Aside*) I am sorry to hear this, I fear my Treasurer's Place will not be worth so much

much as I reckoned for; but I must be satisfied.

Enter *Cheatley*.

Cheat. So, all things are settled in the Order we design them; for the Table is spread as sumptuously as this City can afford; and the Desert of Sweet Meats is very Grand, and the Wines are fine.

Trip. Oh, I am glad you have taken care of that. Pray have you Choice of Wines?

Cheat. Burgundy, Champaign, Bourdeaux, Hock, Sherry, French white Wine and Sack.

Trip. Ay, that will do pritty well, tho' if there had been five or six sorts more, there would have been more Grandeur in it; but for my part, I only drink Burgundy; let's have a great deal of that, for I drink nothing else at my Meals, nor the Prince must drink nothing else to Night; and whilst we are a-Bed together, we must take off a Flask, Hand to Fist, tho' a Sword must be plac'd between us, and I suffer'd only to put one Leg into the Bed, for more of me would be immodest.

Serv. Well it will be a delightful Ceremony.

Enter *Servant*.

Serv. Some Ladies in Masks are in a Coach at the Door, and beg Admittance to the Prince of Passau.

Sir Will. Who can they be: Treasurer, wait of 'em in.

(Exit *Seveller*.
Cheat.)

Cheat. They are some curious Creatures, whose Inquisitiveness wants to be inform'd.

Trip. Perhaps they are Harlots, come to offer their Service ; if your Highness designs to keep any Women at *Passau*, it will be best for you to carry them from hence.

Sir Will. Oh, Name it not, that would be Ingratitude indeed, to wrong the best of Princesses.

Trip. Why ay, that's true ; nay I only spoke for the Grandeur of the Thing ; there is a sort of a Nobility in it.

Sir Will. Not here, Sir.

Trip. But different Countries, different Customs.

Enter *Seveller*, Ushering in *Araminta*, and the two Miss *Homebreds*.

Sev. You must bend your Knee, and kiss his Hand.

Ara. Oh, we'll not werve from one Tittle of the Formality.

Miss Nanny. A Prince! In truth he looks as he did when he was but *Sir William*.

Sir Will. I shall be glad to know Ladies, to whom I am oblig'd for the Favour of this Visit.

Miss Molly. To us all three Sir.

Sir Will. I mean, Madam, I should be glad to know your Names, or Quality.

Ara. Yes, we imagin'd you wou'd be glad to know who we were ; let it suffice we are Fortunes, and are of Quality.

Trip.

Trip. (*Aside*) Your Highness had better take 'em with you ; if you don't use 'em your self, they will be very pritty Presents for your Nobility.

Sir Will. What Service can I do for you, Ladies ?

Ara. But little Sir, you are already taken up, as we are inform'd, in the Service of a fair Lady.

Miss Molly. A Princess, Sir, who has bestow'd her whole Territories upon you.

Miss Nanny. And made you a Prince, therefore there's an Obligation on you to be intirely devoted to her Service.

Ara. But the World will be apt to say, you Marry her for her Money.

Trip. And pray Ladies is there any other Reason to be given for Marrying any of your Sex ?

Ara. Pray what pert, antick Creature are you ? You look like some outlandish Monster, are you Mr. *De Heightreheight*, that eats Fire ?

Trip. Blood and Fire, Madam, I represent my Mistress the Princess.

Sev. Ladies, this is *Excellentissimo Van Terence de Turloe*, Secretary for Foreign Affairs, sent Ambassadoir from the Princess of *Passau*, to Marry the Prince our Master by Proxy.

Ara. If he represents her Highness, I honour his Jack Boots. Pray is he the Picture of her ?

Sir Will. No Madam, that's her Picture.

Ara. You'll Pardon us, most Noble Prince,
for

for the Freedom we have taken with you ; in short, one of the Company was most desperately in love with you, and is a little nettled, that the Princess should get you from her.

Sir *Will.* I am oblig'd to the Lady.

Trip. They must go with us, that's certain.

Ara. An agreeable Face, 'tis very like a Person I have seen, and I can't recollect who. She's very Beautiful, if the Painter has not flatter'd her.

Miss Molly. (*takes it*) The Face is well enough but her Eyes are much too big ; and her Forehead too small.

Miss Nanny. (*takes it*) And take it altogether, it is an old fashion Face.

Trip. Ha, it is ; I suppose yours is a new fashion Face ; that is, it was made since the other.

Miss Nanny. It is ne'er the worse for that.

Cheat. (*aside*) What can these impertinent Women mean ; do they come to affront my Son ; I'll send 'em away sooner then they think for. (*Exit.*)

Ara. Pray Mr. Ambassadour is her Highness tall ?

Trip. Madam, she's very Majestick, and has all the good Qualities belonging to her Sex ; she never goes out of her own Doors, but when she has real Business ; she never talks ill of any body that does not deserve it, and she never talks but when she should ; she does not believe Quality consists in Sickliness, Peevishness, and Domineering over her Servants ; she does not think her self the better Woman for

for having fine Cloaths; any body's taking Place of her, does not give her the Vapours; and of all the Admirers and Lovers which she has had, she never took a Pleasure in being so foolish as to use any of 'em ill.

Ara. (aside) That's a good Reproof for me.

—*Poor Trueman.* Why by your Description of her, she's an Angel of a Woman.

Trip. An Angel Madam, she scorns your Words; she's a Goddess upon my Honour.

Miss Molly. Pray, Sir, what are the Diversions the Princess, and your Women of Quality take? how do they spend their time?

Trip. Why the Ladies of Quality rise about Eleven, drink Tea till Three, go to Dinner half an Hour after; find fault with every thing at Table, because they have no Stomachs; they sit at Dinner till Six, go to Vespers, and from thence to the Opera, where they beat Time, and Sing along with the Eunuchs; when the Show is done, they hurry Home to Ombre, were they sit until Day-Light; they take in no Sustenance all this time, but five or six Cups of Chocolate, and a Dram of Ratafea.

Miss Nanny. Pho, this Description's unnatural: Prithee, how does your private Gentlemen pass their Time?

Trip. There is two Sorts of 'em; pray which do you mean?

Miss Nanny. How do you mean by two Sorts?

Trip. Why there is your Good-for-some-things, and your Good for-nothings. *Ara.*

Ara. Oh, your Good-for-nothing's won't bear describing ; therefore, to your Good-for-somethings.

Trip. Why, they rail at their Husbands, scold at their Servants, magnify their Virtue, and brag of their own Housewifery, govern their Children Tyrannically, and backbite their Neighbours Inhumanly.

Ara. I suppose you became the Princesses Favourite, upon the knack you have of Railing.

Miss Nanny. Methink I long to know what sort of Women your Good-for-nothings are.

Trip. Why, my dear Angel, with a burnt Crust upon your Face, I'll tell you ; she is made up of Paint, Pride and Laziness ; she can't bear the sight of an ill Woman, nor the Conversation of a Handsome one ; she's fond of all Mankind, and only hates her own Sex ; she loves a Jaunt in a Hackney, with the Glasses drawn up, and the best Countenance she has, is a Vizard Mask.

Ara. Then there are Vizards at Passau !

Trip. Yes, yes, fair Lady, there is every thing at Passau that you have here ; we want for nothing there, but your fine, gay Sprightly Irish Women.

Miss Nanny. Do they Sell well there Sir ?

Trip. Madam they go off very well ; I wish I had a good Cargoe of 'em, I would engage to make their Fortunes, and nobody should ever stare 'em out of Countenance for it.

Miss Molly. Perhaps you mean in a naughty Way.

D d

Trip.

Trip. It shall be in a Way, they will nto be displeas'd with.

Ara. I fancy Mr. Ambassadour, you have a very mean Opinion of our Sex.

Trip. Madam, I have a great Veneration for your Sex ; but 'tis a Law amongst us Men, that when a Woman hides her Face, we have a right to lay Naked all the rest of their Persons.

Enter *Cheatley*.

Cheat. May it please your Highness, *Mynheer Vander Herring*, who acts here as Resident for the States of *Holland*, begs to have a private Conference with you, in order to show some Proposals to you, concerning the *Quadruple Alliance*, and the Emperor's Scheme of making you King of Sicily.

Sir Will. Ladies, I hope you'll Pardon me, for not staying longer with you; I have a great desire of cultivating a sincere Friendship with the States, and therefore would shew their Minister that Respect, as not to make him wait one Moment for me.

Trip. Will not your Highness invite the Ladies to the Ceremony? I believe they are good frisky Girls.

Sir Will. If the Ladies would discover who they are, I should be very willing to have their Company this Evening; but I dare not invite Strangers, because the Ladies I have already invited, are Women of nice Virtue.

Ara.

Ara. Why then we should not be very good Company for them, for we are three arrant Strumpets.

Miss Molly. That ply about the Streets.

Miss Nanny. And have Lodgings on the Blind-key.

Trip. Upon my Word, your Highness may invite 'em; by Candle-Light, they'll look very much like Modest Women; there is not any one Creature upon Earth so like a modest Woman, as a Harlot.

Sir Will. Sir, you must pardon me, I have so much respect for *Araminta* and Lady *Homebred's* Family, that I shall not affront 'em in so vile a manner.

Ara. Ha, ha, ha, if those are your Virtuous Women, I think we may make as good Figures as they; two of 'em are my Relations.

Miss Molly. And the other is my Relation.

Miss Nanny. We are generally together, very seldom asunder.

Trip. Lookey there, I told your Highness there was not that great distinction as you would imagine.

Sir Will. Sir, I know what I can answer; I never mind what a Vizard says; so Ladies, I thank you for your Visit, and hope you'll Pardon me, Business must be done.

(Exeunt *Sir William Cheatley* and *Seveller*.)

Ara. We have satisfied our Curiosity, and so our Business is done, come Girls, let's Home and Dress for this mighty Entertainment.

Trip.

Trip. Well Ladies, shan't I know your Lodgings, I must come and chaffer with you about your Journey to *Passau*.

Ara. No Sir, since we can have nothing to say to the Prince, we shan't take up with one of his Domesticks.

Miss Molly. No since we're refus'd by the Master, we scorn the Man.

Miss Nanny. We dispise you Fellow.

(Exeunt Women.)

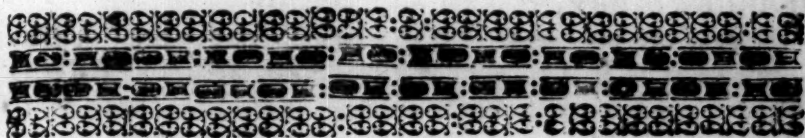
Trip. Sure the Gipsies have found out who I am.

*Intrigueing Footmen always meet reproach,
Either within, or outside of the Coach.*

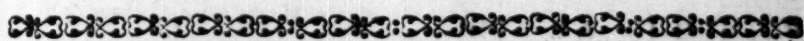
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ACT



ACT V.



Enter Lady Homebred, and Mrs. Sevelle.

Mrs. Sev. **I**Ndeed but your Ladyship must, there will be no Body there but your Ladyship's Family and mine, and his Highnesse's Officers.

Lady Home. I am not fit to see Company, these wicked Girls have so raised the Vapours in me, that all the *Harts-Horn* and *Sal-Volatile*, I have in the House, will not lay them again.

Mrs. Sev. Oh Madam, you must forgive them; 'tis only an innocent Frolick.

Lady Home. A Frolick! and Innocent! give me leave Mrs. Sevelle, that no Frolick can be Innocent.

Enter Araminta, Miss Molly and Miss Nancy.

Ara, Oh fye Aunt! how long you have been a Dressing.

Lady

Lady *Home*, You Disobedient Minxe's I'll Pummel you, how dare you stir out of my Doors? nay, out of my Sight.

Ara. Nay, nay, hold, hold, my dear Virago Aunt, hold. (*Aside to the Girls*) Lay it all upon me.

Miss *Molly*. Why Madam, my Cousen put us into the Coach, and said you would be long a Dressing, and we should drive round *Stephens Green* the whilst, and so she bid the Coachman go, and so we went.

Miss *Nancy*. And so Madam, we cry'd out, and so Madam my Cousen laugh'd, and bid the Coachman drive faster, and so the Coachman he laugh'd and drove faster, and so I told my Cousen that your Ladyship would Swoon away, and your Ladyship would beat us, and so your Ladyship would turn us out of Doors.

Miss *Molly*. And so at last, by main force, and threatning to Cry out, we made her come back, but I hope your Ladyship, will not let us be serv'd so, no more.

Lady *Home*. Upon my Word, Cousen, I am very angry with you, I knew the poor Girls dare not be undutiful, how could you do such a Naughty Trick?

Ara. For no other Reason in the World, but to fright the silly Sluts; well, you have bred them Aunt, but it is meer Naturals; I really beleive, if a Man was to speak to them, they'd fall in a Swoon; but come, Mrs. *Sevelle* tells me, we are invited to Sup at the Prince of *Pas-*
sau's

sau's, where we are to drink Posset, and throw the Stocking ; we'll pull of our Hoods and Scarfs, and dress for it.——Now Aunt, are you putting on your Prudery Countenance? but positively you shall go.

Mrs. *Sev.* Ay, pray Mrs. *Araminta*, make her go ; his Highness will break his Heart if you should not come ; therefore pray dear Madam go.

Lady *Home*. Well, notwithstanding my Resolutions, I find I must be prevail'd upon.

Miss *Molly*. (*aside*) So, so, then our Fears are over.

Miss *Nancy*. This will be a Night of Mirth.

Ara. Now you are a good towardly Aunt, and I love you for it.

Mrs. *Sev.* Pray dear Lady make Haste, for the Ceremony waits for you only.

Lady *Home*. Nay since we must go, don't let's be Rude, make Haste and put your selves in order Girls.

Ara. Oh, we'll be ready for you in a Moment.

Exeunt.

Enter *Kersey* and *Shred*.

Ker. Come, let us make haste, or the Ceremony will wait for us.

Shred. What you say Neighbour, shall always have weight with me.

Ker. My poor Wife is so overjoy'd at my good Fortune, that she can scarce contain her Joy within Bounds ; but see yonder comes Mr. *Welldon*, this will be News to him, because

cause you know, he would give no Credit to the Matter.

Shred. No matter for that Neighbour.

Enter *Welldon*, *Trueman* and *Sir Bullet Airy*.

Ker. Your Servant *Mr. Welldon*, we thank you for the Caution about your Letter, tho' it had like to have been the Ruin of us all; but that Storms blown over, for you must know the Ambassadour is arrived, the Marriage is to be perform'd this Evening by Proxy; *Shred* and I have been putting fifty fine Liveries to make up, our Fortunes are made for ever: I have order'd printed Bills to give Notice that all my Goods are to be sold, for the Prince has provided for us both very Nobly.

Well. So *Trueman*, now pray how are we to answer this Matter, for ought we know all these poor Tradesmen, will be ruin'd by this Plot of ours.

True. I grant you, tis now high time to discover the whole Affair.

Sir Bullet. Waste me, there's no carrying this matter farther.

Well. I am sorry Gentlemen, that I should be the Author of ill News: but so it must be. This Prince of yours, is a vile Imposture of my making, as these Gentlemen can Witness.

True. Upon my Honour it's true.

Sir Bullet. Flux me, if it is not Fact.

Ker. What a censorious Town is this! oh dear, if you did but know the Prince, Gentlemen as well as *Mr. Wardrobe-keeper Shred*,
and

and I, you would never give ear to these envious Reports, I beleive within this half Hour, I have heard twenty vile Stories of him, but Lord Sir! We have seen the Presents the Ambassadour brought, we have kiss'd her Picture, and are going to be merry over the Ceremony and the Supper.

Well. That Picture was drawn for a Sister of mine, the pretended Ambassadour, is no greater a Person than my Footman *Trip*.

Shred. Why then he has *Trip'd* up all our Heels, and I hope he'll be hang'd, for he is a footy Fellow, will you believe me Master *Welldon*, I could have almost sworn 'twas he, and methoughts that I knew the very Button-holes of his Coat, to be Button-holes of my own Stitching.

Well. He has one of my Coats on, you made it your self, I told you at the three Tuns, that if you trusted this sham Prince, at your own Peril be it.

Ker. It is very true Mr. *Welldon*.

Shred. Nay Mr. *Welldon*, we can't say it was ill done of you, but we are undone that's certain.

Ker. We must give immediate Orders, that the Liveries may not be made up, if they are, I must break and run away.

True. Mr. *Kersley*, I think my self oblig'd in Honour to pay whatever Damages you have suffered upon Account of this Plot of ours.

Ker. Mr. *Trueman*, you are an honourable Gentleman, I hope I shall lick my self whole

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as

as to this Day's Affair, but to my Sorrow be it spoke, I was five hundred Pound deep with him before,

Well. But how could you that are a sober discreet Tradesman, be so impos'd on?

Ker. Why really Sir, Trading is very dead and my Cloaths lye so long in my Shop, that I am asham'd to see 'em, and so upon that Account, we are willing to trust any Body, for it looks as if we had a brisk Trade, and keeps up our Credit amongst our Neighbours, and when a Dunn presses me for Mony, it is a good Answer to tell him that Lord such a one, and Sr. John Thing-em and Mr. Whadicalum, are prodigiously in my Debt, and so I get rid of him.

Shred. And so we stitch up one another, and do but so so at the best.

True. Well, stop here, and do your selves what Justice you can upon this Fellow, for now I hope you're satisfied he is an Impostor.

Sr. Bull. Death's Head represent me, if he is not a finish'd Rascal, that can out of any Plot, form something to his own Advantage.

Well. Indeed now's your time to secure him and get what you can of him.

Shred. I believe we had better stay till after Supper, for it is so pure that it makes my Mouth water.

Ker. No no Neighbour, dont let us fill our Stomachs that way.

Shred. Nay, I stomach the Matter so much, that my Mouth waters after him, I will run
and

and fetch Mr. *Shoulder Dab*, and the mean while do you watch, and secure the Door,

Well. Perhaps he will have some Trick or another to get from you.

True. But dont part with him, without good Security.

Ker. 'Tis a damn'd Baulk upon us, I have been wish'd Joy by all my Neighbours, and now shall become their Laughing-stock, ah! the Devil take his Courtisie, Surveyor General.

Shred. Nay Neighbour he has in a particular Manner made a General of you, but come let us unrip him.

Ker. Gentlemen your most humble Servant for ought I know, If I can get fairly off this Matter, you may have done me more Service in the way of Trade, than ever yet was done, it will caution me to know very well whom I trust.

Shred. Ay, trust me so it will

Exeunt *Kersey* and *Shred*.

True, Come now for *Araminta*,

Sir Bull. You shall see how prittily I will impose upon the old Woman, and court her Daughter before her Face.

Well. There will be some Diverfion in that truely, Ha! is not that *Araminta's* Footman.

Enter *Araminta's* Footman *crossing the Stage*.

True. It is, *John* is your Lady at Home.

Foot. No Sir, she's gone to sup with the Prince of *Passau*.

True.

True. Death, Hell and Furies, we have by our pretended Plot, drawn her into the Mouth of a real one, He has got her into his Clutches, and perhaps will force her to a Marriage, for he cannot be so stupid as to imagine, that the Princess of *Passau* is so ridiculous, as to throw her self away on him.

Well. Nay if he has Foil'd us at our own Weapons, I shall think he deserves the Character of a pritty Fellow.

True. If he succeeds with *Araminta*, how Miserable shall I be!

Foot. My Lady *Homebred*, and her Daughters are gone with her.

Sir Bullet. Perhaps the Rascal has a Design upon my Mistress. Come let us go in a Body, and seize upon our Household-Goods.

Well. Nay, we are engag'd to undeceive every Body in this Affair: Did the Ladies go out of Curiosity, or were they invited?

Foot. Mrs. *Sevelle* came with a formal Invitation from the Prince; would you have me attend you Sir?

True. With all my Heart *John*, perhaps we shall have Occasion for you, come *Welldon*, you must lead the Way' for you are to unravel the Plot.

Sir Bull. Ay, the Catastrophe lies at your Door now' and split me into lean Men, if I dont think it will be a comical one.

Well. Well Gentlemen, it shall end like a Comedy I warrant you, if *Araminta* is not married already, we will force her to a Wedding before the Farce ends.

Sir Bull.

Sir Bull. Which will end the Farce indeed.

True. And make me the happiest Man on Earth.

Well. For a Month or two, till you recover your Reason, and then you will have time enough to reflect on your Conduct.

True. Lookey *Welldon*, if ever I repent, or wish my self unmarried, may I become your Laughing stock.

Well. Which you will most certainly be very soon.

Sir Bull. Come, prithee let him get her first, walk off.——

True. I go on the Wings of Love.

Well. I on the Feet of Friendship.

Exeunt.

Enter Shred and Kersey, Shoulder-Dab and his Bum Bayliff.

Ker. Lookey, you are to goe in with us as a couple of our Friends, that we have brought to see the Ceremony; which we will let 'em go through with, before we disturb 'em, then tap the sham Prince on the Shoulder.

Shred. And lay his Father by the Heels.

Should. It shall be done as you desire, I will carry him off alive or dead, either I suppose will satisfie you.

Shred. Yes, I fancy he will as well satisfie us when he is dead, as now he is alive.

Ker. I beg there may be no Blood shed. I had rather lose my Mony.

Shoulder.

Shoulder. Sir we shant murder him, till he brings things to Extremity, and then you know the Law must be executed.

Shred. And if you kill him, we may be executed too, and faith I had much rather see the Law hang'd than my self.

Shoulder. Sir, I am not to be taught my Business.

Shred. No really, I believe you have it by heart.

Ker. Well come on, good Luck attend us.

Shred. Ay, or we shall be broke in ten Days.

Exeunt.

Enter Sevelle with a white Staff, leading in Lady Homebred, Araminta, Miss Molly, and Miss Nancy ; Mrs. Sevelle and her Daughter following.

To them Trip and Mr. Cheatley.

Sev. That's the Ambassadour, Excellentissimo *Van Terrence de Turloe.*

Lady Home. I really don't love to be seen by Strangers. But pray is he a German Born?

Trip. No fair Lady, I am of this Country, and therefore pick'd out by her Highness, to have the Honour done me, of being sent Ambassadour to his Royal Highness; it was her Charge to me, that all the Ladies of his Acquaintance; should be invited to the Ceremonial; for I suppose Ladies, you have been inform'd that I am this Night to Wed the Prince by Proxy.

Ara.

Ara. It is the News of the Town Sir.

Trip. Then that News shall be confirm'd in a few Minutes, Sir (To *Cheatley*) are all the Prince's Officers in waiting, now attending?

Cheat. They are expected every Moment.

Sev. I have sent most Worthy Sir, to hasten 'em

Trip. (*aside*) I want to have it over, for I am very Hungry, and I cast my Eye upon a Ham and Chickens, which I design to enjoy in a plentiful Manner.

Enter Kersey and Shred, with the two Bay-liffs in Disguise.

Cheat. (*aside*) Ha! what can those Bayliffs mean in Disguise! I fear some Affront is design'd against my Son; but I have one Statagem yet left, to get him off.

Enter Sir William.

Sir Will. Ladies, the Honour you have done me is almost as great, as that my Princess has confer'd upon me.

Trip. Ladies, this is his Serene Highness, *William Prince of Passau*, Cousen-german-in-Law to the *Emperor*. Nephew to the King of *Poland*. Brother-in-Law to the Elector of *Bavaria*, and Arch-Contriver of the Royal-Empire. A Post Hereditary to the *Van Cheatleys* ever since the Reign of *Leopold VI.* that Powerfull and most Invincible happy Emperor of the Romans.

Sir Will. I might indeed Brag of my Ancient Family, but I have waved it all, and Lived till now as a Private Gentleman. *Shred.*

Shred. (*aside*) And yet has lived upon the Publick all this While. Neighbour *Kersey*, I can Swear that to be Mr. *Welldon's* Man Trip.

Ker. (*aside*) Why then let us make short Work on't and let the Bayliff do his Office.

Shred. Look'y 'tis my belief, we had better stay till after Supper, for I never saw such an Entertainment before. and if we blow them up, there will be no Body to set down the Victuals.

Trip (*to Sevelle*) You must tell the Ladies, they must Kiss the Pince's Hand, and Salute me, as representing her Highness.

Sev. Ladies, one by one, Kiss the Prince's Hand, and Salute the Ambassador as representing her Highness.

Lady Home. Molly, Nanny, don't Kiss the Ambassador, only turn the Tip of you Ears wards him.

Miss Molly. Yes Forsooth.

Miss Nanny. No Forsooth.

Ara. Your Highness may remember, Things were upon Another Foot, between you and I, then you sued for the Honour, which now belongs to you, and I return with Pleasure. —

(*The Ladies Kiss his Hand.*)

As Araminta is Kissing of it. Enter Well-
don, Trueman, and Sir Bullet.

True. Death! I shall run mad, wasever any thing so mean! to kiss his Hand!

Well.

Well. Wee are to beg your Highnesse's Pardon for our Intrusion, but the Noise of your Ceremonial drew us hither.

Ker. (*Aside to Welldon*) We have our Bayliffs ready, they are in the Room here.

Well. (*Aside*) Let them not execute, till we, have expos'd the Cheat.

Sir Will. Gentlemen, you do me Honour, and 'tis for my Grandeur, to have so many Witnesses by upon so solemn an Occasion.

Cheat. (*Aside*) I like not *Welldon's* Whispering *Kersey*, my Heart misgives me, they have some Mine layd to blow us up, I must watch him.

Lady Home Children stand close to me, if I get well out of this publick Company, I'll make a Vow never to stir out again. Bless me! how the Men stare at my Daughters! come on this side of me.

True. (*To Araminta*) I am surpriz'd to meet you here Madam.

Ara. Now might I tell you the same Thing, but positively I hate repeating your Words; and so pray don't Talk to me, there's People enough in the Room to force your Discourse to.

Well. Fye Araminta! how can you use the Man Ill, who is every Moment in Agonies for your Welfare? perhaps, you know not the Hands you are fall'n into, we are come to Rescue you, the Sham Prince, is a Notorious Cheat; and his Ambassadour there, my Footman; you'll see him Arrested very soon by

E e

those

those Fellows, who are Bayliffs in Disguise; the Story is too long to tell you, but in all human Probability, the Design of drawing you hither, was we suppose to force you to a Marriage.

Ara. This is amazing Villany!

Cheat. (*aside*) Say you so Sir, and have you Banter'd us with a Plot of your own, I'll try to Counterplot you. (Exit *Ch.*)

Trip. Lord Chamberlain *Sevelle*, tell the Gentlemen, who I am.

Sev. This is his Excellency *Terrence Van Turloe*, Ambassadour from the Pincess of *Passau*, to his Serene Highness.

Sir Bullet and Trueman Salute Him, and Welldon.

Trip. (to *Welldon*,) Sir I believe, I have seen you Some where. Was you never in Germany?

Well. (*aside*) Come Sir, your Reign is very short; you must appear as my Footman again, for Reasons which I shall tell you.

Trip. (*aside*) For Heaven's Sake Sir, don't come to a Conclusion yet; let me Sup, and get Drunk as an Ambassadour, and then I don't care if I do Wake as a Footman.

Sir Bullet. The Fellow looks so very Majestick, that Waste me, if I can scarce keep my Countenance. Come *Welldon*, put the Fellow out of his Pain, and send him to his original Nothing.

Sir Will. (to *Trip*) Come Sir, if you please, we will begin the Ceremony, the Priest waits in the next Room.

Well

Well. And there he may wait till Dooms-Day, for we are to inform you, that you are no Prince, and your Ambassadour there, is only my Footman in Disguise, you are imposed on your Self, since which, you have most horribly imposed on others.

Lady Home. How ! no Prince ! oh Dear, I wish my Daughters and I, were at Home again.

Sir Bullet. I desire dear Lady Homebred, that I may take you into my Protection.

Lady Home. Your Servant Sir.

Miss Nancy. How ! is he no Prince ! now methinks I look at him again, he has not one bit the Air of a Prince.

Miss Molly. Methinks, I'm Sorry he's not one, 'twill put my Mother into such Agonies, that She'll hurry Home, and we shall have no Dancing.

Ker. (to *Shoulder-Dab.*) When Mr. Welldon winks serve the Writ.

Shoul. I will do it.

Mrs. Sev. What can this mean ! Husband, I fear we are all ruin'd and undone.

Sev. Nay, if he's no Prince he has made a Devil of me.

True. Your Highness seems a little Dumb-founded.

Sir Will. (aside) I know not what Answer to make 'em ; where can my Father be gone ! I fear we are all very near a Goal. (aloud) Treasurer Sevelle, where's my Father ? Gentlemen I believe it is not usual for People to come

come and insult a Man in his own Lodgings, perhaps you may pay dear for this Usage.

Trip. (aside) Ah that he had but Spirit enough now, to stand in the Story till Supper was over, how deliciously should I live.

Ara. Your Highness, looks discompos'd and disorder'd, perhaps you are willing we should withdraw.

Lady Home. Oh by all means, let's be gone Cousen.

Sir. Will. No, I beg Ladies you would stay and see me vindicate my self, from the Aspersions charg'd upon me.

Sir. Bull. Split me into lean Men, if he does not carry it on with an agreeable Air of Impudence.

Ker. (to Shred) Come, I long to be at him.

Shred. Nay, he can't get from us, and so we may come at him.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Is this Sir William Cheatley's Lodgings.

Sir. Will. I was he Friend.

Mess. I am sent by the Council Sir, who now are sitting, to inform you, they have received Letters from the Ministry of England; wherein you are stil'd, *William, Prince of Passau*; I am sent to summons you to Council, where they will discover the Contents of their Letters, which very much concern you, — Sir my Orders were to bring you away with Speed.

Sir. Will. Now Gentlemen, it will soon be known

known who I am, and those that have put Tricks on me, will meet with but scurvy Usage; I know not what time the Council may keep me, but I beg Ladies you won't stir from hence, till you hear from me; come along Sir.

Exit with the Messenger.

Well. This is amazing.

True. I am all Confusion.

Ara. This, *Trueman*, must be some jealous Fancy of yours, he must be the Man he appears to be.

Sir. Bull. Skeleton take me, if I give my Judgment of him, till he returns from the Council.

Ker. (to *Shred*) We are unlucky Dogs Neighbour, that's certain, hearkey Mr. *Shoulder-Dab*, sneak off, I would not have you seen for a thousand Pound; We have strangely baulked these Bayliffs.

Shred. 'Tis plain they have bely'd the Prince, what if you and I should sneak up to the Castle, and hear some thing more than we know already.

Ker. I'll follow you

Shred and Kersey Excunt.

Lady Home. This is a very strange Turn.

Trip. Is your Honour plea'd to determine, whether I shall act longer as an Ambassador, or must I strip and put on my Livery.

Well. Death and Hell! we are certainly impos'd on, there's no such Person as the Princess of *Passau*.

True.

True. You see *Araminta*, what Troubles we bring our selves into to serve you, and yet you prove cruel and despise me.

Ara. P'shaw, is this a place to talk your hideous Love in, if you have any thing to say to me Sir, you must attend my Levee.

Well. Come *Araminta*, make an end of this silly Affair, the Priest waits in the next Room, let him give you a Cast of his Office,

Lady Home. Upon my Word Cousen, the the Gentleman advises right.

Miss. Molly. (*aside to Sir. Bullet*) I hope we shan't be disappointed, and since there's every thing ready provided, we ought to make sure of one Wedding.

Sr. Bull. (*aside*) A pritty Plot faith, I'll follow you.

(*Miss Molly steals out, Sir. Bullet follows her.*)

Lady Home. Come Cousen, resolve what you'll do, for I must be gone, it's late, and I hate these publick Entertainments.

Enter *Shred* and *Kersey*.

Ker. Oh dear Gentlemen and Ladies, we are all ruin'd and undone, there's no Council sitting, nor no Prince to be found at the Castle.

Shred. No, I fear he was prim'd and loaded, and is gone off.

Sev. What are we to be allarm'd every half Hour, in this Manner.

Shred. We are like your Bank-stock, we are either rising or falling. *Well.*

Well. I was well assured 'twas all a Trick.

Enter a Saylor.

Sayl. Mr. Sevelle, I was order'd to deliver you this Letter, from a Gentleman who this Moment took Boat at Aston's-Key, in order to go on board the Yatch for England; I saw her under Sail, and by this time she's out of sight.

Sev. I begin to smell a Rat, (reads the Superscription)

To our Trusty and well Beloved Treasurer and Lord Chamberlain, Sevelle.

(opens the Letter reads)

SOVERAIGN Powers often dothings out of the way, which appear whimsicl to their Subjects, but I charge you all upon your Allegiance, not to censure my Sudden Departure, as an Act of Folly, Indiscretion, or Trick; For I had received certain Information, that the Government would seize me, some People having told them I was the PRETENDER; had I been catch'd I should haue been beheaded immediately' I shall stay a few Days at St. James's, to concert Measures, and I think you will hear no more from me, till I am settled in the Kingdom of Sicily, which I now tell you, I am declar'd King of.

YOURS.

WILLIAM.

My Father is with me; Excuse me to the Ladies and Gentlemen, and eat your Supper and be merry.

Trip.

Trip. Ay I like that Postscript mightily.

Well. Well, nothing but Madness could make this Fellow so ridiculous.

Sev. Well go thy ways, thou art a Pretender I am sure, be it known unto all Men, that I am bubb'd out of a thousand Pound.

Ker. I five Hundred.

Shred. And I, Five and Fifty.

Sev. But come Ladies and Gentlemen, Sorrow is dry, since you have been some ways prejudicial to us in your Conduct, you must stay and eat the Supper and comfort us in our Afflictions.

True. With all our Hearts, and there we will consult how to heal up all our Sores.

Well. Ay Trueman, you are bound in Honour to assist 'em.

Lady Home. Oh dear ! where's Miss Molly.

Enter Sir. Bull and Miss Molly

Sr. Bull. Here, and please your Ladyship.

Lady Home. Bless me, how came you out of my Sight.

Sir. Bull. Meagre catch me, if we han't been committing a comical Joak, I am sure your Ladyship will laugh, he, ha, ha ! you must know, the Priest in the next Room, impatient for marrying some Body, catch'd hold of Miss Molly and I, faith I can not tell it for Laughing, ha, ha, ha ! Do you my dear.

Miss. Molly. Why and please your Ladyship, he married us.

Lady Home. How ! married you !

Sir Bull.

Sir Bull. And waste me, if I had gone with your Ladyship, he would have done the same thing by you, ha, ha, ha, for he is a very comical Dog.

Lady Home. Perhaps *Sir Bullet*, that might be more proper.

Sir Bull. For you, but not for me, stop my Digestion.

Lady Home. This is a Trick upon us.

Mrs. Sev. Then, you keep us in countenance, for we have all been trick'd

Well. Come *Araminta*, since Writings are drawn, and every thing agree'd on, let *Trueman* see how this comical Priest will serve you.

Ara. Come Aunt, to keep you in Humour, and Cousin *Molly* in Countenance, I don't care if I do consent.

True. Thus on my Knees let me receive---

Ara. On your Head you mean; prithee none of your Fustian to me, if we are to play the Fool, let it be in Private, keep your soft Things to say to me then.—— Joy to *Sir Bullet*, and his Lady, and to my dear Aunt, who for all her prudent Management, could not keep her Documents.

Sir Bullet. We have indeed overreach'd her Ladyship; but Consumption Seize me, if I don't prove a Man of Honour.

Well. *Trueman* and I, will be Bound for his good Behaviour, but come let us be witnesses to the Wedding.

Scit.

Serv. And then let it be a Night of Joy, for Neighbour *Kersey* and *Shred*, we ought to rejoyce, that this Sham Prince, did not ruin us quite; we were strangely stupified, by him and his Father.

Ker. We have been very much imposed on and shall be the Laughing-Stocks of the Town for one Month till a new Wonder arises.

Shred. He took Measure of our Understanding, and I think he has fitted us.

Well. Come Lady *Homebred*, every one seem's to bear their Losses with Philosophy but you.

Lady *Home.* I have Philosophy enough to know that a Thing that's done, can't be undone; but the loose hoity toity part of the World, will ridicule my Conduct.

Ara. And so they would have done, if this Thing had not happen'd, why *Nancy*, will serve you the same Trick very soon.

Well. Rather than She should do a disobedient Thing, I would ask my Lady's Consent.

Ara. Say you so! why then 'tis a March.

Miss *Nancy.* I have long had a Kindness for Mr. *Welldon*, but dare not give him any Encouragement, least my Mother should beat me.

Lady *Home.* Well, for all my Care, I find they will do what they please, and now I will discover a Secret to 'em, their Fortunes are at their own Commands, and they may doe what they please with 'em.

Miss *Molly.* Which thing we have known, ever since we wore Bibs and Aprons, which
was

was the Reason I did what I pleas'd with mine.

*Well. We all have been Pretenders here to Night,
But he that most was so, got the most by't. (Act,
The World's a Stage, where Fools and Knaves must
Knaves will Impose, and Fools believe each Fact*

F I N I S.



News from Persia

was the Reason I did write I should write
again.

Well, We all have been Exterminated by the
But in that case we do not know what to do.
The World is a Stage, where Fools and Madmen
Knewer will Impass, and that is the end of the

FIYI 2.



ROTHERICK
O'CONNOR,

King of Connaught,

OR THE

Distress'd Princess.

A

TRAGEDY.

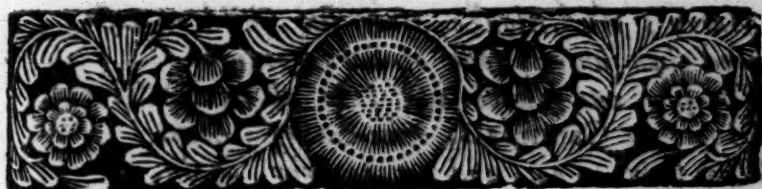
Written By Mr. CHARLES SHADWELL.

DUBLIN, Printed For Joseph Leathly
and Patrick Dougan, 1720.

ROTHMERICK
O'CONNOR,
King of Connemara
OR THE
Duke's Princeps
A
TRAGEDY

Written by Mr. CHARLES SHAW

Printed for Joseph Leach,
and Patrick Dwyer, 1720.



PROLOGUE

By Colonel ALLEN.

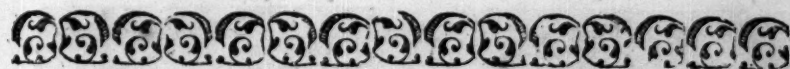
Design'd to have been spoke, but came
too late

YOUR Clemency has rais'd our Author's Heart,
On Buskins now he struts, assumes a Part,
Far differing from his former groveling Way,
In tragick Strains, he undertakes to day;
For all his Confidence, I let him know,
A Tragedy was more than he could do.
I told him what he enterpriz'd was hard,
Presumptions in a Greek or Irish Bard,
A Sophocles was only fit to tell,
How Oedipus, and injur'd Ajax fell;
Th' Exploits, of mighty Men and fighting Kings,
Were Sounds too big for humble trembling Strings.
What need you for a Tale so high to go,
Said I, have you not Robinson Crusoe,
There Incidents in full Perfection flow.
Such a Dramatick is the fam'd De-Foe.
Can't you the trusty Friday imitate;
There's an accomplish'd Minister of State.
Then for a Hero, without Sense or Fear,

There's

There's William Atkins, fits you to a Hair,
 For he the silly Rogue repents at last,
 Marry's the Blouze, after six Children past;
 And then an Episode of Salvages,
 Who sing and dance, and love all under Trees;
 Diverting Cannibals, men-eating Men,
 Who fight to eat, and eat to fight again,
 Five plump black Girls, trust, ready to be roasted,
 Were Whip-- unty'd, and presently were toasted,
 Brave lucky Jades, Things then were finely carry'd,
 Half dead with Fear of spitting, they were marry'd
 These friendly Hints I gave, but 'twould not do,
 Full of him self, he would his own pursue,
 Resolves to show a Monarch of your own,
 Who holds alone from Jupiter his Throne,
 His Rule of Life does from his Passions draw,
 Not aw'd by Priests, nor terrify'd by Law;
 A Popish Priest he ventures to expose,
 Who sticks at nothing to distress his Foes,
 Thanks Revolution, we have none of those,
 For such outrageous Plagues we're not in Pain,
 They're to be found in Moscovy or Spain.





PROLOGUE

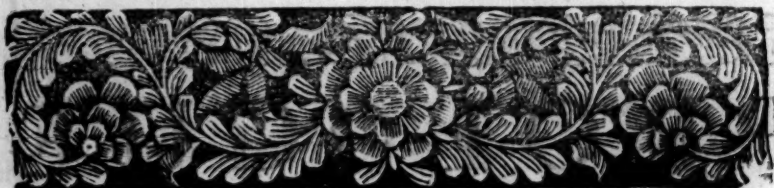
Spoke by Mr. Giffard.

Written by Mr. Shadwell.

From distant Climes, each scribbling Author brings,
 A Race of Heroes, and a Race of Kings;
 And in soft Numbers humbly does implore,
 To Act his Murders, on this boarded Floor;
 His Rebels, Virgins, Heroes, all must Dye,
 To grace some Conqueror in his Tragedy.
 Be he a Roman, Greek, or Persian Born,
 Thus Forreign Stories, do our Stage Adorn.
 Our Author tries, by Different Ways to please,
 And shews you Kings, That never cross'd the Seas.
 He brings to View, five hundred Years ago,
 Heroes nurs'd up in Slaughter, Blood and Woe:
 Kings, that Govern'd with an Arbitrary Sway,
 And slavish Subjects, born but to Obey.
 When Brehon Laws cou'd reach the Subjects Life,
 And none but great Ones, dare support the Strife.
 Then Nature show'd 'em in their strongest Passions,
 When each King Govern'd by his Inclinations.
 When Church and Clergy, were the Monarchs Tools;
 And who oppos'd their King were reckon'd Fools:
 Learn then from those unhappy Days of Yore,
 To scorn and hate an Arbitrary Power.
 To Praise and Love those Laws that make you Free,
 And are the Great Bullworks of your Liberty
 Adore the Prince who rules by milder Sway;
 And like good Subjects, Lawfully Obey:
 All Tragedies this Moral shou'd Observe,
 The best of Kings does surely best Deserve.

G g

EPI



EPILOGUE

Spoke by Mr. GRIFFITH.

Written by Mr. Shadwell.

*S*O thank my Stars, the Buskin Tale is past
 And all the Dead, are come to Life at last;
 Just now I heard the Kings and Princess say,
 They hoped to Live, to Die, another Day,
 Provided you Resolve to like the Play.
 Our Poet swears, by all that's Great and Good;
 No more he'll dip his Hands in Humane blood,
 It is his first Effort in Tragick Strains,
 And knows not how it came within his Brains,
 It is a vile Ill-natured Thing, to keep,
 Such Things in Plays, as make the Ladies weep,
 For when a Female puts on sower Faces;
 She looses fifty of her Airs and Graces.
 But give her something that will make her Smile,
 Oh! how she Conquers, how she does beguile:
 Now, 'tis observ'd, our Friends two story High,
 Do always Laugh, when other People cry,
 And murdering Scenes, to them are Comedy.
 The Middle Region, seldom mind the Plot,
 But with a Vizard chat, of you know what,
 And are not better'd by the Play one Jot.

But

But you great Judges of the Pit, who come;
In Order to be sent with Pleasure home.
Are like the Water-Man that looks two Ways,
You first observe the Ladies, then our Plays.
With them you please your Eye, with us your Ear,
And could we always keep those Fair Ones here,
Whole Shoals of pretty Fellows would appear.
To you bright Nymphs, who in that Circle sit,
Who with a look can Govern all the Pit:
Bid 'em be to our Author's Writings kind,
Bid 'em be to his Faults a little Blind;
Do but say something in the Man's behalf,
And Faith when next he writes he'll make you Laugh.





EPILOGUE

By HERCULES DAVIS Esq ;

Design'd to have been Spoke by Mr.
GRIFFITH, if all the Persons in the Play
had been kill'd.

WHAT, are they all destroy'd, pray look around,
Can none to speak the Epilogue be found.
Not one by Jove! Hey day——Then I must try,
How far will reach my Stock of Poetry.
So then, let's think——No! I shall want no Time;
For such a Scene as this, will teach to Rhythme.

And thus I do proceed.

The Poet has to please you, done his best;
But to keep one alive, had been a Jest,
For if he had done that, both He and I,
Conceiv'd you'd call the Play, a Comedy.
That is not all the Thing, that brings me here,
But that poor Charles is lying in Despair,
And will be soon as dead as any there.

Unless bright Nymphs, who in the Circle sit,
Command some Mercy from Th' adoring Pit.
For well we know, to you they Homage pay,
And none but you their biting Tongues can sway:
Love is the thing, will hardest Hearts subdue;

Which

*Which makes us thus, apply our selves to you:
To you bright Charmers of the blooming Age,
Who ev'ry Creature round you can engage
To you, who in your riper Tears can move,
And thaw an Icy Stoick into Love.
To you we humbly sue and thus complain;
Be you our Friends, the Pit we're sure to gain,
They are just what you make 'em still we find;
They never can be, when you smile unkind.*

Going off he returns and says.

*Provided you will be here on Monday Night,
they will come all alive again for the Benefit of the
Author.*



D R A-



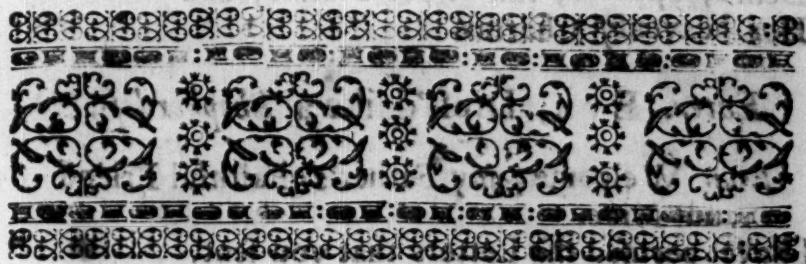
Dramatis Personæ.

Rotherick O'Connor King of <i>Connaught.</i>	Mr. Rogers.
Dermond, Mac Morough King of <i>Leinster.</i>	Mr. Dummur.
Strongbow, Earl of <i>Chepstow.</i>	Mr. Layfield.
Cothurnus Son to <i>Dermond.</i>	Mr. Elrington.
Auliffe O'Kinaude a Faith- ful Friend of <i>Dermond's.</i>	Mr. Watson.
Maurice Regan. <i>Dermond's</i> Friend and Favourite.	Mr. Gillford.
Catholicus Arch-Bishop of <i>Tuam.</i>	Mr. Vanderbank.
Mortagh, Forsterer to <i>Eva.</i>	Mr. Dogherty.
I Guard. _____	Mr. Dogherty.
II Guard. _____	Mr. Watson.
III Guard. _____	Mr. Ralph Elrington.



Women.

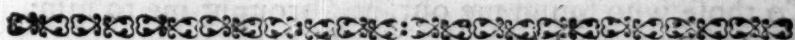
<i>Eva.</i> Daughter to <i>Dermond.</i>	Mrs. Gifford.
<i>Avelina.</i> Daughter to <i>Rotherick.</i>	Mrs. Moreau.



ROTHERICK
KING of CONNAUGHT,

OR THE

Distress'd PRINCESS.



ACT I.

SCENE the FIRST.

Enter MAURICE REGAN.

Reg. **T**HUS far my Royal Master's Orders, are
Obey'd, all his Subjects; groaning under
Rotherick's Tyranny, are Yerning for
Their Lawful Prince, and wish with longing Hearts,
To Prostrate themselves, and fall before him:
I have nothing more to do in State Affairs,
But will unbend my Mind, and give it up
To Love; and see the Object of my Heart's
Desire

Desire, appears, full of her Native, and
Her heavenly Charms.

Enter. EVA, Dress'd like a Shepherdess.

Eva. Welcome ; my Father's Faithful Friend
and Mine.

I have perus'd the Letters that you sent,
And with a Heart o'rewhelm'd with joy, am glad,
To find great *Henry*, that Godlike Man,
So good as to espouse, our Monarch's Cause.

Reg. Your Virtue would engage the Gods, to be
The King of *Leinster's* Friend, your Prayers are
heard.

Eva. In your most tedious Absence, I have been
A constant Guest, to this poor homely Cottage,
And with my Tears, and Prayers, spun out my
Time.

Rotherick, the Cruel King of *Connaught* ;
Hated by Gods, and Men, offer'd Rewards ;
To those who found me out, and brought me to him ;
But by Repeated Miracles, good Heaven,
Saved me from his Tyranny, my Forsterer,
The faithful Man, oft with his aged Hands,
Has drove the Savage *Kerns* from off his Land ;
And guarded me with wakeing, watchful Eyes,
Many a long cold and blustering Winter's Night.

Reg. The poor Man's faithful Care, shall be
rewarded :

Oh my Charming *Eva*, what Thoughts had I ;
Who not only loved you as my Princess ,
But as my Angel, and the Saint to whom I pray'd,
When your cruel Father, only so to me,
Lay'd his Commands upon me, to attend
Him to great *Henry's* Court, the gaudy Sight
Could not divert me from the Thoughts of you,
Amidst the Gold and sparkling Diamonds.
The well burnish'd Helmet, Barbered Horses ;

Glittering

Glittering Equipage, and fawning Courtiers,
Nay ; amongst a Multitude of *English*,
Welsh, and *Norman* Beauties, I could pass along :
And neither lend an Ear, nor cast an Eye ;
Indulging all my Senses and my Thoughts,
On you, the Object of my Soul's Desire.

Eva. Sure then, there is a sympathy in Love,
For when I've try'd to drive you from my Thoughts,
And listen'd to the Shepherds awkward Tale :
My Attention stole from him by Degrees ;
And ne're would leave, till center'd all on you :
But tell me pray now, what these Strangers are?
My Father has engag'd to fight his Foes.

Reg. A Warlike Race of Men, they *Britains* call,
Mix'd with some *English* Archers most Expert,
Who gain upon your Father's Enemies ;
Like stormy Floods, upon a level Sand,
They like a Torrent came, and drove down all,
And *Wexford*, soon surrender'd to their Mercy,
Your Father, to Reward their Warlike Care ;
At once gave *Fitzstephens* and *Fitzgerald* :
Two of their Chiefs, as by Agreement made ;
That City, and two Cantreds adjoining.
And to oblige the noble Earl of *Chepstow*,
Your Royal Father as King of *Leinster*,
Has bestow'd on *Henry* of Mount *Maurice*,
Two Cantreds, Situate between those Towns ;
Of *Waterford*, and *Wexford* near the Sea :
The Earl with all his gallant followers,
Are with Impatience soon expected here.

Eva. But when they have conquered all our
Enemy's,
Perhaps they'll then attack my Father's Friends,
And so in Time, make Slaves of all this Island.

Reg. The Men are gallant Men, and make
some Show
Of Virtue, and compassionate, good Nature ;
H h Their

Their Country seems, more civiliz'd than ours ;
 With Arts and Sciences, they polish all
 The rude, the wild, ungovernable Crew.
 No petty Princes there, dare take up Arms,
 Or by a lawless Force, pretend to Right :
 One mighty Monarch Governs through the Land,
 He takes Advice indeed of all those Men,
 Who are by long Experience made most Wise
 His constant study is his Peoples care,
 They are his Servants, Children and his Friends.

Eva. Regan, Your Zeal for Strangers knows
 no Bounds ;

You have forgot you were in *Ireland* born,
 Where pure Religion by *St. Patrick* taught :
 Is still kept up, with a becoming Zeal.
 Here we are govern'd by Nature's Dictates,
 Not by dissembling Art, which teaches Men
 To Act, quite opposite to what they think ;
 Wisdom makes Hypocrites, Nature makes none.
 Perhaps with artful Engines made for War :
 These Strangers may strike Terror through the Field ;
 And so fright my Father's Rebel Subjects :
 Who Conscious of the Injuries they have done,
 No doubt in dread of him, will fly before them ;
 But when the *Hibernian* Spirit's rous'd,
 These Strangers, will not be such mighty Men.

Reg. Your Pardon fairest Princess. I ne're meant,
 By praising of these Strangers, to take off
 Any Glory from the *Heroes* of my Country,
 I know at once, we act what Men dare do ;
 And always justify, what we think Right :
 But our mistaken Zeal is led away,
 Without our Wisely weighing of the Cause,
 Or why shou'd the Tyrant *Rotherick*, thus pursue ;
 And drive your Father from his Native Throne,
 Force him to sue to Strangers for their Aid ;
 To Hire them with his Lands, to shed the Blood

Of

Of those, he once did call his Faithful Subjects.

Eva. *Rotherick* is revengeful, and ambitious,
Tho' he pretends, my Father was the Aggressor,
And much I fear they have been both to blame,
What Murders does a Tyrant's Will invent,
How insolently do they Lord it or'e.

The greatest part of the Creation;
And yet a Feavour shakes them, and they dye,
And crumble into Dust, and Ashes, like
The poorest, and the meanest of their Subjects.

Reg. These are too melancholy Reflections
For us, whose business shou'd be Love.

My long and faithful Services to your Father,
Will Embolden me, to ask you of him.

Before your Exile, you have of't confest,

A loving and a tender Passion for me.

Eva. And you as of't, have triumph'd or'e my
Weakness,

And with such strange aluring Ways so wone,
My tender, weak, ungarded Heart.

It heaves and throbs, and trembles at your Name,
And makes my Mind, subservient to it's Laws,
And will not let me think of ought but you.

Reg. You Gods, how exquisitely blest am I!

I envy no Monarch, fear no Rival;

Nor would I quit my Interest in your Love.

To be the greatest Thing I ever saw,

That's the *British* King in all his Glory.

Enter MORTAGH *her* Forsterer.

Mor. Oh doleful News! I doubt you are betray'd,

My Cabin is beset with fifty Horse,

They say King *Dermond* did Command them here,

To fetch away his Royal Daughter *Eva*.

But too much I fear, they come from *Rotherick*.

Regan. Oh, curst Fate! the Tyrant has betray'd us;
Death is not half so Terrible as he. *Eva.*

Eva. I despise your Fears, neither he nor Death,
Can once be dreadful, to a noble Soul.
Remember, *Regan*, you're an *Irish Man*;
And whether Life, or Death, behave as such.
This Dagger is the Guardian of my Virtue,
When that's Attackt, my Life's not worth my Care:
To Dye in such a Cause, is Nobly brave,
Death is Freedom, whilst Life is for a Slave.

Enter AULIFFE O'KINAUDE.

Speaks as he Enters

Kin. Guard well the Doors, I'll search the Cabin
Through.

Reg. You'll not search far, before you find your
Prize;
But you must call more Help, before you gain her,
This Sword, will make you buy your Conquest dear.

Mor. The Princess shan't be your's, till we are
Dead.

Kin. The Princess! oh you Gods! then is she
Here?

Reg. Pleasing Surprise! my dearest best of Friends,
Most noble Princess *Auliffe O' Kinaude*,
Your Father's faithful Friend, and Counsellour.

Eva. I hope you left my Royal Father Well.

Kin. In a good State of Health, and full of Friends,
Strongbow, Earl of *Chepstow*, with two Hundred
Knights,

And a numerous band of gallant Soldiers,
Were met near *Waterford*, by *Leinster's* King,
The *English* furiously attack'd that City,
Enter'd the Breach, ran sack'd the Place, and slew
All those they found in Arms, except *Reginald*,
And one *Ophelim*, Prince of *Decies*, whom
They have imprison'd, this Pacquet fairest
Princess, was from your Royal Father sent;

I have obey'd his orders hitherto,
But now, oh Joy ! must wait for your Commands.

Eva. (Reads) " It is our Will and Pleasure, under
(the

" Care of our faithful Counsellour *Auliffe O'*

" *Kinaude*, that you strait repair to our

" Royal Court at *Furness*, where you will

" Not only meet your loveing Father, but the

" Earl of *Chepstow*, to whom I have betroth'd you,
(*She Speaks*) I've read enough to drown my Peace
Of Mind for ever.

Reg. How strangely is her Countenance perplext !
Something in that Letter, much displeases her,
I fear to guess, what Horror it contains.

Kin. And if your Royal Highness, so thinks fit,
The sooner we set out upon our Journey,
The safer it will be ; a hundred Horse,
From the Mountains, this Morning we espy'd,
And the Country People has inform'd us,
Two hundred more, are scouring of the Roads,
The Tyrant *Rotherick*, now begins to fear
The *English* Power, which he once dispis'd,
Is drawing all his Forces to the Field ;
And does design, as he has given out,
To give your Father and the *English* Battle.

Eva. Death ! Horror ! and Destruction ! seize us
all.

I curse the Hour, since first these Strangers came,
They will enslave us soon, at least those Fools,
Who are in Love, with the simple thing call'd Life.
I'm ready for your Journey when you please,
Those Monarchs still are Tyrants to me,
Who would command my Will, and force me to
A Deed, which shocks and stabs my very Nature.
Obey our Parents, 'tis a harsh Command,
My Faiths already given, well what then,
How will these Contradictions both agree,

Death

Death ends the Argument, and sets me free.

Mor. Will not my fairest charge, give leave for me

To attend you to your Royal Father.

Then when your safely lodg'd, under his Roof,
I may contentedly come home and Dye.

Eva. My Father will I hope take care of you,
Heaven is my witness honest *Mortagh*,
With what reluctance I leave this Cabbin,
When I go from hence, I go from happiness,
To be Wretched, Great, and Miserable.

Mor. Say not so, my Royal Mistress, Heaven
Has in store for you a thousand Blessings.
Which Day by Day, it will pour down upon
you.

Reg. I hope the Letter from your Father, does
Not contain ought that can disturb your Breast.

Eva. It does contain enough to shock us both,
Upon the Road perhaps I'll tell you more.

Reg. Too well I guess the Trouble it must give
us.

Eva. Come Sir, lead on to Death, or to my Father.

Kin. If the Enemy attack us, it is Death;
For none of us will Live, and part with you.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE *draws and discovers* ROTHERICK
CATHOLICUS, and Guards.

Rothe. What have we no Intelligence to Day?
No Stangers, nor no *Leinster* Men brought in?

Catho. Several Parties of your Horse, and Foot,
Whose Orders were to cross the *Shannon*,
Are Hourly expected back my *Leige*.

Retho. 'Tis well, but if they bring not Prisoners
with them,

Those

Those who command those Men, shall surely die.
 I *Rotherick* O' Connor, King of Connaught,
 Will make the Nation tremble at my Sway,
 And force each native Slave, to drive away
 These Vagabonds, these Strangers, from our Land.
 Well my good *Catholicus*, have you perus'd.
 The Copy of that Grant? sent to be sign'd,
 By that most mighty Lord, of all our Church,
 Infallible and never erring Pope
Adrian the fourth, and since that confirm'd,
 By *Alexander's* Bull, to give my Land
 Away to *Henry* the *English* King.
 Now by *St. Patrick*, who was a greater Man,
 Then ever fill'd your jugling, Papal Chair,
 I swear revenge on all the *Romish* Tribe.
 Would thou have done so, hadst thou been a Pope?
 No! I know thou durst not. Who gives the Priest
 The Power, he pretends to have on Earth?
 Is it not your King; and pray now, who am I?
 Your Spiritualities of *Tuam*,
 Are not worth much, without my Subjects Gold.
 You talk of Heaven, but you covet Earth.

Catho. Far be it from my thoughts; to disobey
 My Royal Master's Will; we know our Church,
 Our Lives, and all we have, center in you.
 And we of *Ireland*, have never own'd
 The Pope's Supremacy, or Power here;
 For from *St. Patrick*, to this present time,
 Our Church has always, strenuously opposed him.

Rothe. Or there should be no Churches, through
 my Realm.

What use have I for Priests? except their talk
 Can keep the wild, unruly Mob in awe,
 And give a Sanction to my Kingly Actions.

Catho. I and my Clergy are at your Devotion.

Rothe. Or they would live but slavish, wretched
 Lives.

Catholicus,

Catholicus, full well I know thy Worth ;
 And what I think a mighty Vertue in thee ;
 Thou never contradicts, in ought, my Will ;
 Thy Zeal has never been impertinent,
 Nor push'd it self between me and my Pleasures :
 Thy Knowledge is too great, to think that Kings,
 Are tyed to Rules, like other Mortal Men.
 Oh ! how I would crush a Fellow that should cry,
 His Liberty, or talk of self defence,
 Property, or scan the Actions of his Prince :
 Thou should Excommunicate the saucy Slave ;
 And doubting that thy Curse would not take Place,
 This Javelin should push his Soul to Hell.

A Noise without.

Catholicus, go learn from whence that Noise.

Catholicus goes to the Door and returns.

Catho, My Leige, the Guards are leading
Dermonds Son to Death, according to your late
 Commands.

Rothe. Call back the Wretch, I'll see him e'er he
 Dyes.

(Catholicus goes out and returns with Cothurnus)

Catho. Bring him near the King.

Rothe. Bring him nearer yet.

Cothur. Barbarous Tyrant, when my Thoughts
 were fixt

On future pleasing Joys, and things above ;
 Why wouldst thou make me think of Hell and thee?

Rothe. So you'r prepar'd to die, your Mind is calm,
 and you forgive your greatest Enemies.

Cothur. Mankind I can forgive, but thou'rt a
 Devil.

Rothe. Am I so? that Devil shall torment thee
 then.

Catho. For shame, you talk not like a dying Man,
 Nor know not the Respect to Majesty.

Cothur. Call'st thou that Pageant Wretch a King?
 He

He is a Rebell with a Tyrant's Power ;
And has usurp'd my Father's lawfull Right.
His Life has been, one Scene of Wickedness,
Rapine, Lewdness, Murder Paricide ;
And thou his fawning, pious, cringing Priest,
With your exalted Hands, and turn'd up Eyes,
Can first confess and then absolve him for it.

Catho. So please your Majesty, 'tis time he dies.

Rothe. Let him talk his Glais, 'twill soon be run:

Catho. He rails against the Church, no Priest of
Shall give the Wretch a Christian Burial. (mine

Cothur. I shall go to Bliss, without thy Passport.

Thou Wolf, crouded into a sheepish Cloathing.

Catho. The people, are with Impatience waiting
For the Execution, so please my Leige,
The Guards may now conduct the Heretick there.

Rothe. Hold, let me talk and reason with the
Youth,

Thy Father it is true, was King of *Leinster*,
And had he govern'd well, might still have reigned;
But you forget, he ravished *O Rourk's* Wife,
Who was the Daughter of the King of *Meath*;
Know you, that he plunder'd all the Country round,
And forc'd *O Neale*. *O Carroll* and *McLoughlin*,
To give him Hostages, which he destroy'd ;
Whilst *O Borne* and *Daniel* Prince of *Offory*,
Amazed at all his horrid Villanies,
As all good Men should do, deserned him ;
At which the abandon'd Wretch to *England* flies,
And humbly sues, to Vagabonds and Strangers,
Bringing the lawless Rout to murder us,
And for their Reward, gives them whole Cities,
Notwithstanding which, he sues to me for Peace ;
And I, as good *Catholicus* can tell,
Took his Homage, but on these Conditions ;
That he shou'd dismiss the *English* Strangers,
You his Son was sent to me as an Hostage,

And had he but perform'd, you should have had
 My Daughter *Avelina* for your Bride ;
 But he you know, has broke through all his Oaths,
 And let the *British* Stranger you call *Strongbow*,
 With his *Rebell* Rout, invade and plunder *Meath*.
 I did upbraid him for his Breach of Oaths,
 And threatned, if he kept not well the Peace,
 That you his favourite Son, shou'd lose your Head,
 His surly Answer was ; He would proceed
 To conquer *Connought*, which the Villain claim'd
 As if it once had been his ancient Right,
 For which base Act of his, you suffer Death.

Enter Avelina.

Ave. Oh! dread Sir, recall your horrid Sentence,
 And let nor that brave Youth, be punish'd so ;
 By your Commands, I gave him up my Heart,
 And you declared I was to be his Wife.

Rothe. Go too; my Mind is altered, that's enough
 for you.

Take back your foolish Bauble of a Heart,
 And carry it with you to a Nunnery.

Ave. To Death most willingly, I can't survive
 him.

Rothe. Ha! what says't thou? Death! die, and if
 you dare,
 I'll make you live, and live in Torture too,
 That rebell against your King, your Father.

Catho. It is a crying, roaring heavy Sin.
 Perhaps a Nunnery and Penitence,
 With Store of Fasting, may wash off the Crime.

Cothur. *Rotherick*, forbear to use your Daughter
 ill

Pour all your haughty Vengeance down on me ;
 It is a double Death to see her Tears.

Rothe. *Cothur.* Oh! have I found a way to Torture you,
 And

And bring your haughty Soul within its Bounds,
I have a Pleasure yet to come; your Death
Had been a petty Vengeance to my mind.
But you are deep in Love, and with my Daughter:
Now by the Gods
She straight shall suffer Death before your Face
And whilst her trickling Blood is reeking Hot,
I'll open all your Veins, to mix amongst it.

Ave. Thou best of Fathers, dearest best of Kings,
That Sentence is the Thing I wish'd for most;
My tender Heart, can never bear to see
His mangled Carcass, thrown about the Streets;
But whilst I am dying, I may fix my Eyes
With eager Wishes, give a parting Sigh,
And hope to mingle with his Righteous Soul;
Above the unbounded Regions of the Air.

Catho. She's raving Sir, and has not mention'd
yet,

One word of Paradise, and Purgatory;
I dare pronounce, he's taught her how to Raile
Against the Mother-Church, and Pious Church-men;
'Twere fit we purge her of her Sins before
She suffers Death, mean while if he were Dead,
She might be brought to own, her horrid Sin,
Be penitent, and so be made a Saint.

Rothe. Well, it shall be so, haste and see him die:
And *Avelina* too shall see him die,
Cothurnus, 'tis your Father's sins have drawn
This heavy Death upon your youthful Soul,
He sold his Country to a forreign Yoke:
Be satisfy'd in this, I'll seek him out,
And soon his groveling Corps, shal overtake thee:

Ave. In pity to my tender Youth, forbear
To blast his Soul, whilst mine is blossoming.

Cothur. How tender does she plead, and would
prevail,

With

With any thing that's humane, but a Tyrant.
Farewell my softest, fairest *Avelina*,
Death I can bear, but not the Sight of you.

Catho. Make way there, and let the Prisoner pass.

Cothur. Farewell proud Priest, we two shall
meet no more;

I shall mount up, whilst you must sink below.

Enter a SOULDIER.

I *Guard.* My *Leige*, a Messenger from *Leinster's*
King,
Is with a Trumpet come and brought this Letter.

The King opens the Letter.

Catho. The King is taken up with State Affairs,
You have your Orders, lead the Prisoner off.

Ave. Oh cruel Man, 'tis from my Fathers
mouth

You must receive the Orders for his Death.

Rothe. *Cothurnus*, for a Day or two your Life's
Prolong'd, your Father writes me Word, he'll send
Donagh, Abbot of Furnes to this Place,
To treat with me about the safest Way;
Of driving back these *Welsh*, and *English* Men;
Perhaps it is a Stratagem of his
To gain some Time, or may be to Surprise
Some Fortrefs, or some Castle in the Frontiers;
Be it so, we can Revenge it soon enough:

Catholicus, my Daughter is your Care;
If *Dermond* sends us Peace, she may Love on,
If not, 'tis fit she bid the World Adieu:
Guards, lead back *Cothurnus* to his Prison.

Cothur. I thank you not, since Death's my Lot;
Happen when it will, it shall be welcome.

Exit.

Catho. Perhaps my *Leige*, he is prepar'd to die:

Rothe. If so *Catholicus*, where's my Revenge?

To

To take him from a State of noise and Strife,
And give him Happiness beyond my own ;
So from an Enemy become a Friend :
A Monarch's made to Rule each petty Slave,
To bid him Live, or send him to his Grave.
Mercy, is for a vile Mechanick Soul,
No humane Passion, should a King controul :
'Tis Justice is the Rule, that Guides his way ;
And all is Just and Good that Monarchs say.

Exeunt:

End of the first ACT.



ACT II.

Enter DERMOND King of LEINSTER
STRONGBOW Earl of CHEPSTOW.

Strong. MY Informations are good I'me sure,
and you
Have Dealings under Hand with *Rotherick*.

Der, Will you not hear me speak, I'll tell the
Fact :

Cothurnus is my Darling only Son,
The day was fixt for him to suffer Death ;
I thought my Letter might prolong his Life,
Till we were able to o'rethrow the Tyrant.

Strong. Why was not I consulted all this while ?
Come 'tis unfair, it is deceitful, base ;
And I, nor mine, have not deserv'd this Usage :
Did I from *England* come, with Gallant Troops,
To

To serve a Prince, who would betray us all;
 Now by *St. George*, and his bright Sword I swear;
 It were a Deed, that would be justify'd:
 To give you up a Victim to your Foes,
 And leave your Land, a Heap of Desolation.
 But why this mighty Care to save your Son?
 Is it consistent with the Agreement made?
 How can you fulfill your Sacred contract?
 'Tis like you have forgot, that when you die
 Your Kingdom must descend to me, and that
 Your Daughter *Eva* was to be my Wife;
 You put me off from Day to Day, Perhaps
 You do repent you of the Bargain made?
 I do not die for Love of her, nor all
 The paultry beauties of your barren Land.

Der. Believe the Word and Honor of a King:
 Each Tittle I'll most Sacredly perform,
 My daughter *Eva* is expected soon;
 The Moment that she comes, the Priest shal tie
 The holy Knot, and so unite your Hearts.

Strong. Till when 'tis fit a Guard be set on you,
 My Souldiers murmur, and my Friends give out,
 Your cut-throat Subjects, have contrived a Plot
 To Murder all of us, at Dead of Night.

Der. Oh horrible! *Rotherick* has surely sent,
 Some Traytor, to disperse the Seeds of Discord:
 Between your Troops and mine.

Strong. It can not be ———
 You only are to blame, and gave us Cause
 To be uneasy, and mistrust you all:
 Deceitfulness, is very deeply Rooted.
 In each Corner of this wretched Isle,
 Instead of Friendship, Charity, and Love;
 You plunder, burn, and sacrifice each other:
 And strive and fight, and gape for Revenge.

Der. A horrid War, long Time has Plagu'd
 this Isle

And

And Right and Wrong, are to Confusion brought:
Their lawless Passions thirsting after Blood,
Have even Depopulated all the Land.
Nobility is no where to be found:
The base Plebean, Lords it over all.

Strong. Such is the horrid fate of civil War,
Shame and Destruction, always Fall on those;
Who by their Factions are the Cause of Strife.

Enter Auliffe O Kinaude.

Wounded, Leaning on his Sword.

Der. What means this Dreadful Sight ! my
Heart misgives me !

Kinaude ! What makes you Bleed ! Where's my
Daughter ?

Kin. Death is not half so Terrible, as what
(If I have Life;) I have to tell you:
As we were guarding onwards to this Place,
By your dread Commands, Her Royal Highness;
A Party of two hundred Horse, attackt
Us in the Rear, some Miles we did retreat,
Tho' a Pace, not much faster than our Foes;
My royal Mistress, bid us face about:
And force the Enemy with Souldier's Hearts,
Much aham'd to see her Courage more than ours,
Our Souls push'd forward to the War:
At first we gain'd some Ground, and kill'd our
Share.

But being over power'd, they cut us down
On the Field of Battle, all were left for Dead,
Except the Princess, whom they carry'd off.

Regan was wounded in our first Attack,
But when I search'd the Field, I found him not:
My woeful Story makes my Wounds gush out,
I'm Faint, I can no more. *(Dies.)*

Strong-

Strong. *Dermond*, thy Crimes have been of
horrid Hue;

Or Heaven sure, would never punish so.

Der. Since it's Heavens Will, I'll try to bear it;
To loose my faithful Friend and Counsellor:
Death with his Iron Claws has done the Deed,
And no doubt, has robbed me too of *Regan*.
But then my Daughter, that goes through my Heart;
And pierces to my very Soul, Revenge,
Revenge is all my Cry, and all my Thoughts.

Strong. Now whilst you're Warm, let's execute
the Deed;

And march with all our Forces to this Tyrant;
Rescue the Princess, from his Hellish Arms;
Or sacrifice our Lives in the Attempt.

Robert Fitz-stephens, Henry of Mount Maurice,
And *Fitzgerald*, wait impatiently for Orders
On the *Shanon*'s brink; give 'em but the Word:
And *Connaught* soon shall find it self o'whelm'd,
With blood and Slaughter, be honest to your
Friends,

Intirely rely on them, be Firm
And stedfastly adhere to what we say;
No Danger can alarm our noble Breasts;
It is true Courage leads us calmly on:
We're Heroes if we conquer, if we die,
We'll die like Men.

Der. Thy generous noble Soul
Raifes and animates my drooping Spirits
Be witness all that's Sacred, here I swear.
Just, and inviolably to perform;
Each circumstance of what I promised you;
And at my Death, you reign sole King of *Leinster*.
Could we but relieve my darling Daughter,
The joy and Transport it would give my Soul,
Would make me quite forget all other Grief;
But oh, I fear the cruel Tyrant's Will,

May

May lead him on to Butcher all my Race ;
My only Daughter; and my only Son.

Strong. These are but Words, lead on to Blows ;
Leave Words to Women, if you'd crush your Foes,
Draw to the Head, with Zeal, the pointed Arrow,
Raise the Javelin, bring forth the keenest Sword ;
And all the destroying Instruments of War :
Let Skrieks and Groans, the Musick of the Field,
In one continued Clamour, fill the Skies,
And cover o'er the Ground so high with Blood,
That Shoals of gasping, dying Enemies,
May float, and swim about, upon the Surface.

Der. Thou Great, thou God-like ! more than
Man, thou *Britain* !
When once my Soul knows Fear, or shrinks from
thee,

May I become the abjects, Wretch on Earth.
Oh could my Sword, but pierce the Tyrant's Heart,
The Dog, the Villain, Monster, *Rotherick* ;
Oh ! how I'de feed, and please my just Revenge,
And eagerly push on the Fiend to Hell.

Strong. Lead on, let Fortune bring him to our
View, and leave the rest to us.
We'll Crown our Heads with one eternal Fame,
And blast his Laurels, with perpetual Shame.

Exeunt.

SCENE a Prison.

Enter Avelina.

Ave. This dark, this dismal dead of Night, so fills
My soft, my tender Mind with fear and horror :
I start and tremble, at each gush of Wind.
Catholicus at last is gone to Sleep ;
May he Sleep for ever, dreadful Goaler,
Most cruel Persecutor of my Love.

K k

OH

Oh my *Cothurnus* ! how my tender Heart
 Does beat, and throb, and bleed in your Behalf :
 Guard me you Saints, since Virtue is your care,
 Reward my Love, and Constancy ; give me,
 Oh give me, to the Arms of that dear Youth,
 Who when he dies, will joyn your Pious Quire,
 And add a Lustre to your Heavenly Glories.
 Why name I Death, I fear 'tis ominous :
 My Nerves begin to tremble, and my Legs
 Refuse to move, and lead me to the Prison.
 Assist my Soul, shake off this Female weakness.
 Give me a Hero's Heart, a Hero's Hand,
 And all the barbarous cruelty of War.
 Let me rush on, and beat down all his Guards ;
 Fly to his Arms, then be again a Woman.

(Exit.

Enter *Cothurnus* with his Sword drawn.

Cothur. Take this Sword, and fight for Love and Liberty :

Those were his Words. The Slave was surely sent
 By *Avelina* ; this scroll of Paper,
 Is the Pening of her lovely Fingers.

Reads,

' Force through, I'll meet you at the Prison Gate,
 ' The silent time of Night, 'twixt Twelve and One.
 Then be it so, the Guards are all asleep ;
 But my retreat will never be secure,
 Without I murder all that are my Watch.
Rotherick is a Tyrant, how can that
 Justify the murder of these Wretches ;
 Tyred out with Labour, and with Duty :
 They are Innocent, and sleeping calmly,
 Scarcely Dream of Wounds and Horror, Blood
 and me.

There's self Defence, 'tis all I have to plead ;
 Oh no ! my *Avelina's* waiting for me.

You

You Guardian Angels, who ore Men preside,
Take care, and waft the Righteous Souls of those,
Whom my poor Hands are forc'd to push from Life :
Conduct them to that place of Harmony,
Where Bliss and Happiness; fill up the space
Of great Hereafter, and Eternity.
The time draws nigh, then hardned be my Heart,
That I may act the murthering, killing part.

(Exit.

(A Noise without, clashing of Swords and crying out.)

1 Guard. Treason, Murder, Cothurnus is broke loose
Has forc'd the Doors, and will escape.

(Groans are heard)

Hard hearted, cruel Monster, Oh !

SCENE the Fields.

Enter Avelina.

Ave. Oh my weak Heart, the Noise points to-
wards me,
And methoughts I heard them name Cothurnus.
Murder ! what will this horrid Night bring forth.

Enter Cothurnus, his Sword bloody.

Cothur. Who comes there ?

Ave. 'Tis I, 'tis Avelina.

Cothur. That's well. I've waded through a
World of Blood :

Pray Heaven that we pay not for it all.

Come to my Arms my Love.

Ave. With joy, I would partake of all your Fate,
Can drag the load of Life, or go to Death.

Guard without crys

1 Guard. Treason, Murder, Cothurnus is escap'd.

Ave. Oh Heaven's, we're betray'd, whither
shall we fly ?

Cothur.

Cothur. To Death my dear, 'tis all we have for it now.

That Fellow narrowly escap'd my Sword,
He knows I did design to take his Life,
'Tis therefore fair in him to push at mine.

Without

I Guard. This Way, I track him by his bloody Feet.

Cothur. Go hence my dear, it is not fit that you Should see me butcher'd by this Band of Soldiers.

Ave. 'Tis Death to part: Oh no! I'll stay and dye Before I'll run, and leave you here alone.

I wish that you would go away with me,
A League from hence, I have a faithful Maid,
Whose Mother will protect me for some time;
Perhaps we'll meet an opportunity
Of joyning Forces, from your Father's Camp.

Cothur. To save your Life, I'd venture any thing.

Ave. For Heaven's sake, avoid this Place,
let's fly.

Cothur. For your sake, I will prolong my Destiny.
(*Exeunt.*)

Enter Catholicus and Guards.

Catho. Slaves, Villains, Cowards, fly and overtake 'em.

I Guard. The Day begins to break, I saw a glimpse
Of two in haste, who that way bent their Course.

Catho. Fly then; who Kills them both, shall dye
a Saint, (*Exeunt Guards*)

I'll follow after, as my Legs will let me.
By this, his Majesty's alarm'd; I dye
If they are not secured, a woeful Night
T'will be for me; I'm almost out of Breath.(

Exit.
Enter

Enter in haste *Cothurnus* and *Avelina*.

Cothur. It is vain to Fly, the Camp's alarm'd,
And yonders Light foretels the coming Day.

Ave. The Morn comes on apace, and I grow Faint,
Cothurnus, since you must dye, take me with you;
Or say you'll let me run upon your Sword;
How sweet were Death, if you would give the Blow.

Cothur. Forbear, you know not how you wound
my Soul.

Be happy still, and never think of me.
Your Father may have Bowels, and forgive,
So sweet, so soft, so kind a Thing as you.
I know my Doom, and I can die but once.

Enter *Guards*.

1 Guard. We'll save the Princess, but the Vil-
lain dies.

Cothur. Take back the Villain, I'll sell my Life
full dear.

1 Guard. Fall on, a horrid Death is his deserts.

Ave. You Slaves, through me you come to touch
his Life.

1 Guard. So be it then; we're bid to kill you both.

Cothur. Hold your murdering Hands, and save
her precious Life.

1 Guard. We'll spare her Life, if you give up
your Sword.

If your so Cruel to deny her that;
Her Death will lie directly at your Door.

Cothur. Promise me upon a Soldiers solemn Word,
You safely will conduct her to her Father;
And I will leave my Body to your Mercy.

Ave. Trust not their Cruelty; with Sword in Hand
You'll make your Terms, and may spin out your
Doom.

1 Guard. Believe her not, you can't escape us now.

Enter

Enter *Catholicus*:

Catho. Give me a Javelin, I'll kill the Body,
And after put up Prayers to save his Soul.

Cothur. Keep off, thou sack of Sin, my Sword
is sharp.

I hate the World, and would not ease 'em of you

Ave. Barbarous *Catholicus*, no Bowels left,
No drops of human Nature round thy Soul,
To save two tender Lovers from the Grave:
Thus on my Knees, with watry Eyes I sue.

Cothur. *Avelina* rise, disdain to sue for Peace,
From one who is your mortal Foe and mine.
You Coward Guards come on, I live too long.

Ave. Cruel *Cothurnus*, could you say too long,
When *Avelina* was so near your side.

Enter *Rotherick* and *Guards*:

Rothe. Where is my Rebel Daughter, where's
my Foe,

Who has so bravely broke the Prison Doors;
And whilst my Souldiers slept, with bloody Hands,
Has calmly made his Way, through Death and
Wounds.

I am a Tyrant, cruel and revengeful;
Because I love my Country, and oppose
The Man, who gives up all his Land to Strangers:
Guards, Hue him, Cut him, Mangle him to pieces:
Hold, stay, his Father once I own'd a King,
And he his Son, might have some Princely sparks
of Majesty and Kingly Power about him.

Rash Youth, I will forgive your late Offence;
Put up your Sword: Oh, were your Father honest.
How could I hug, and take you to my Bosom.
Come hither *Avelina*, is it true

That you have such a Passion for this Youth?

Ave. At first, in just obedience to your Will,

I strove

I strove with all my might to like and love him ;
Since which, each Day my Love is grown much
stronger.

Rothe. Why then it is a folly in your Father;
To oppose a Love that is so strongly fixt :
Come here brave Youth, and take her from my Hands
(*Rotherick takes Cothurnus and Avelina's Hands*)
Guards seize them both, I'll make them know my
Power :

Go, let him lose his Head immediately:
No Words, *Catholicus* go see it done.

Catho. I fly to execute my Master's Will.

Cothur. Farewel thou Monster, Devil, Villain,
Tyrant. (*Exeunt all but Rotherick.*)

*Enter Eva and Regan, his Arm in a Scarf,
and Guards.*

Rothe. Whom have we here ?

I Guard, My Leige *Dermond's* Daughter is taken
Prisoner.

Of all the gallant Troops, that did attend her,
This is the only one was left alive.

Rothe. You've done your Duty, and shall be re-
warded.

'Tis plain I am a Favorite of the God's,
The only thing on Earth, I wish'd to have,
Was all vile *Dermond's* Race within my Power.
By Heaven she's Beautiful ! her Eyes strike Fire:
And sets my Soul, in a continued Flame.
Lady, you are not half so much my Prisoner,
As I am your's, my Troops have conquer'd you,
That I may fall a Victim, at your Feet,
Cothurnus's Life is now within his Sister's Power,
He shall not Die, till she gives Orders for'r.
What gloomy Thing art thou, with down cast
Look ?

Reg.

Reg. Let it suffice, I'm *Dermond's* faithful Friend;
An Enemy to thee, and all thy Race.

Rothe. Most courteous Slave! civil, and obliging,
Assure your self, I shall reward you for't,
Some Days I'll study how I shall torment you:
Till when, you Guards, let him be loaded well
With Chains of Iron, till his haughty Soul,
Is humbled so, that he Speaks well of me.

Eva. Know proud Tyrant, you and my Father
have

A long Account, and you must pay for all.

Rothe. Would I could meet him once, that we
might Ballance.

I'd cut and mangle, all his foreign Slaves;
And justly give him, what he most deserves,
A cruel ignominious shameful Death.

By Heavens! I'd strip him of his Kingly Robes,
And like a Felon, hang him on a Tree.

Eva. Go meet him in the Field, as if you were
A noble, brave, courageous Enemy;
Push forward, through the thickest of the Ranks,
And dye if possible, upon the Ground,
Your noble Heroes call the bed of Honour;
And so avert these Judgments, that must fall
Upon the vilest, basest, worst of Tyrants.

Rothe. So!

Reg. No such Blessings er'e can fall upon thee;
Thou art Nature's violent Convulsion,
Made by Heaven's command, to show the World,
What Ways it has of punishing Mankind,
When Wickedness doth call a Vengeance down.

Rothe. Guards, lead that Wretch unto the Verge
of Life.

Show Death, but give him Sustenance enough
To make him breath in spite of all his Threats;
Catholicus, that Female is your Care.

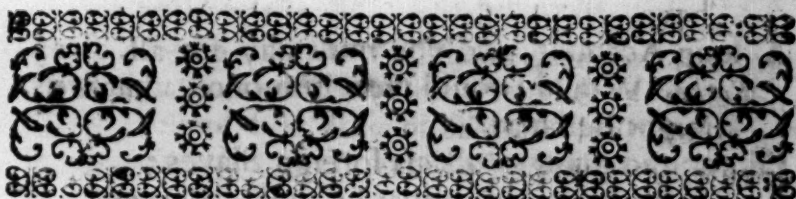
Preach off her Pride, and learn her to obey,

And

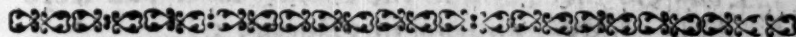
And relish well my arbitrary Sway.
Women like Coin, can never current be,
Without their stamp't with Glorious Majesty.

Exeunt.

End of the Second ACT.



ACT III.



Enter Eva, and Avelina.

Eva. Could I have wish'd a better Fate then this,
To meet so kind a Partner in my Sorrow;
A Friend, a Prisoner, and a Sister too.

Ave. Heaven began to pitty our Distress,
And to our broken Hearts o'whelm'd with Grief,
Hurry'd down this Gleam of Joy upon us;
But oh! my Tyrant Father is revengful,
And whilst that we are laying Schemes for Life,
Perhaps has sign'd the Warrant for their Deaths,
Whole Lives, can only make us wish to Live.

Eva. My faithful Lover must be lost for ever;
My Father's Palace would be Woe to me.
So far, is your's a different Case to mine,
In losing of my Brother: what you lose,

L I

By

By Time, and other thoughts, may be forgot.
 When I'm torn from my *Regan*, I must joyn
 My Hands with one, who is a Stranger born.
 To lose the thing we Love, is Grief enough;
 But horror to my Soul! what Grief is that?
 To wed the Creature, whom my Country hates!

Ave. It is indeed a dismal Heap of Woe.
 But Prayers and Tears, perhaps may set us free;
 And Crown us both with Love and Happiness.

Eva. Hope is the sickly folly of the Mind;
 Flatters, stupifies, and lulls our Thoughts to Sleep;
 And when the Danger comes, makes Cowards of us.
 The noble Soul disdains to wish and hope;
 But ruminates upon the worst Events;
 Draw up fierce Resolution to their Aid,
 And dares defy, what wordly Woes can bring.

Ave. Your brave Heroick Soul, enlivens mine,
 And Fear and Trembling, Handmaids to our Sex,
 Are Strangers to me now, I've thrown them off;
 And since I must dye once, I care not when.

Eva. Wipe off those Tears, and let our Goaler see,
 How much we do despise his haughty Threats:
 Laugh and ridicule his Wracks and Tortures,
 Till Gall and vile Revenge, choak up his Throat.

Ave. Catholicus, the vilest Wretch alive,
 Blows up my Fathers Anger to that pitch,
 That in his Passion, Right and Wrong are drown'd.
 See where the Holy, Pious Outside comes,
 Which is a Covering to the worst of Men.

Enter Catholicus.

Catho. It is not safe to let them be together,
 When Malice takes Possession of a Female;
 It strongly works, and brings forth dire Effects,
 I'll wheedle out the Secrets of their Hearts:
 And then, as bound, betray them to the King.

(*Aside*)

To

(*To them*) Peace wait on you both, if you are not at Prayers,

I fain would hold some short Discourses with you,
Have you *Avelina*, weighed the good Advice
I cordially, and like a Friend, this Morn
Repeated to you? Are you sensible
How much you have offended Heaven, and
The King your Father? in the Love of one,
That is to the Church and him, an Enemy.

Eva. Know proud *Prelate*, when your Lives are
opposite

To what you preach and Pray, no one gives Ear
To what you utter: Example leads the Way,
And makes your Profelytes, zealous and Sincere:
But we abhor the Wretch, who in his Heart
Has base Revenge; with Goodness at his Lips,
Hypocrisie and Cant, is rooted in you.

Catho. From you, my Meekness can bear more
than this;

I think I am in Duty bound, to hear
All the Scurrility you have to say:
When you have said your worst, I can revenge
My self, upon your Brother, and your Friend.

Ave. Have you no bowels of Compassion then?
No tender Spark, about your flinty Heart?

Catho. Yes, perhaps I have; if I was right attackt:
But do you think that Flesh and Blood can bear,
To hear you talk, and rail, and be your Friend;
I own the Zeal I have to serve your Father,
Has often push'd me on, to do such Deeds,
As I have wept and pray'd and fasted for;
And executed Pennances, that would
Have made your tender Eyes shed tears of Blood.

Ave. You once I know did say, you were a Friend
To poor *Cothurnus*, and his mournful Cause;
But you of Late, have pushed him on to Death,
And show'd a horrid aggravating Spirit,

Catho.

Catho. I grant you, when he charg'd me of a
Crime,

My tender righteous pious Soul abhorr'd,
My Saint-like-ship would sink into a Man,
And think too much of Earth, and so Resent.

Eva. Is that the Rule of Faith which guides a
Prelate?

You for your self can humane Nature plead,
And won't you then allow it to a Soul,
With grief oppress'd, upon the verge of Life,
Condemn'd to Die, for what they think unjust?
Then Nature makes her Sallys and resents,
Beyond the common Course of base Revenge.

Catho. I grant you, Life is sweet, and worth our
Care

To those who tremble at the Sight of Death,
It is a good and comfortable Cordial:
But we the Clergy, have our Wills resign'd;
And hate so much the Vanities of Life,
That we are wishing, panting after Death,
In hopes to shake of soon this mortal body.

Ave. Father, methinks in you, it is a sin to die
When here on Earth you may do so much good,
A God-like, meritorious Act 'twould be:
To soften so my Fathers wrathful mind,
That poor *Cothurnus* and my *Eva's* Friend:
Might yet have hopes of Life in Spite of Chains,
Oh! how they'd bless, and praise, and thank you
for't.

Eva. Why are the Clergy by our holy Church,
So set apart from other Men, but that
Their Study should be Acts of Charity;
Their Lives a Course of one continued Good.
To make the Laity in love with Joys,
Above their sordid humane Apprehensions;
That when they shall shake off this mortal clay,
They may arrive amongst those solid Joys;

Which

Which all that own our Faith, are panting after.

Catho. 'Tis now you've found the way to touch
my Heart,

I weep, and let me tell you 'tis a Sign
Of tender Love, when e're a *Prelate* weeps.

But see the King appears.

Enter Rotherick.

Rothe. I'm come *Catholicus*, to see how well
You use these fair Ones, take heed I've no Complaint.

Catho. I'm naturally compassionate my *Leige* :
And much more so, to Beauty in Distress.

Rothe. Your Ministers of State, who execute
Their Royal Masters will, should be like them :
And I thou knowst, have tender thoughts about
me,

And punish but where Injuries are great ;
Revenge is then my best Prerogative :
Say *Avelina*, have you taught the Princess ,
To have a better Notion of me now,
Then when we last unhappily did meet ?

Ave. The Princess, Sir is sweet, is kind and good ;
And sensible of all the power you have,
At first, Captivity she could not Brook,
Which made her vent some Words that you
thought harsh ;

But well I know——

Eva. (*aside*) Take heed my Fair one, least you
say too much.

Ave. (*aside*) His Temper now seems calm, and
we perhaps,

May gain some Respite for your Brothers Life:

And if you cannot joyn in all I say,
Let him suppose your Silence gives Consent ;
Least he should reassume again the Tyrant.

Rothe. There is a certain Haughtiness, sits round
Her

Her killing, dreadful, sparkling, pleasing Eye :
 A Sort of Majesty, which does foretell
 That all who look and gaze, must be her Slaves;
 May I believe my Daughter fairest *Eva* ?
 When she declares, that your Resentment is
 So soften'd, as to think your *Rotherick*,
 Your abject Slave, is not so much a Tyrant
 As you in your Anger, have proclaimed him:

Ave. (aside) Now dearest *Eva*, put on all the
 Woman;

And you and I shall gain his Heart for ever.

Eva. *Rotherick* you know, it has been my Fate
 Even from my Infancy, to've been Taught
 That you were cruel, lawless, and revengfull;
 The terrible, and most unhappy War :
 Which has continued for so many Years,
 Between my Father and your self, perhaps
 Has been a Motive to your Enemies;
 To paint you so, as you have not deserved.
 But as my Mind's possess'd, you can't remove
 The Prepossession, but by acting so,
 As may convince me you are good and Just:
 The King of *Leinster*, may have been a Foe
 So base, and so ungenerous; as you
 Have had a Cause, which would provoke a Saint:
 And made your Blood and Slaughter, just and right,
 But say my Father, he has been to blame;
 Why must the innocence of my Brother,
 Be made a Sacrifice, to your Revenge ?
 I would fain believe, that your Humanity
 Should you calmly think would save his Life,
 That would be a King-like, God-like Action.

Rothe. How her words inchant me ! I grow
 Enamour'd,

Am shaking off, that haughty manly Spirit,
 That should attend the Heart of Majesty.

Avelina

Ave. *Cothurnus*, once 'twas thought, had gained
your Heart,

We know King *Dermond*, by his Breach of Treaties
Has plainly shown, he does disown his Son;
Or sure the Care of him, might have restrain'd
His Troops from further Acts of hostile War:
Be you to him a Father Sir, and show by
Your Mildness, the King of *Leinster's* Cruelty.

Eva. And give the World a handle to believe,
That you have acted on a Principle of Good,
A View of Happiness to all Mankind.
Then you are truly Heavens Vicegerent here,
When your Subjects are your Care; each neighbour-
ing King

Your Friend, and ev'ry Action of your Life
A publick Blessing, and a publick Good.

Rothe. Catholicus, with Speed go free *Cothurnus*.

Catho. I shall my *Leige*, that's from his Chains
you mean;

Not give him Liberty to go abroad.

Rothe. Prelate, how dare you thus explain my
Will,

And handle it as if it were a Text?

Giving it your vile Interpretation;

Fly dull Priest with Speed, free him, fetch him here;

If you expostulate, put on his Chains,

Prepare to Die, and wait my Orders for't.

Catho. I fly my *Leige*, (*aside*) curse on their fe-
male Tongues,

The Storm at last, is like to fall on me.

(*Exit*)

Eva. You now appear, what Majesty should be;
Great and Noble, yet kind and merciful
Whilst this Divinity is hovering round you;
It Emboldens me, to be asking still.

Rothe. The more you ask, the more you still
will please me.

Eva.

Eva. There was a faithful Servant taken with me,

Who shares *Cothurnus* Fate, and lyes in Chains :
If it so please your Majesty, I beg

Regan may be released, and share your Favour.

Rothe. Fly *Avelina*, overtake the Priest :
Tell him 'tis my Will, that he brings *Regan* too ;
So I think my Royal Princess call'd him.

Ave. With hasty Wings of Love and Joy I go.
(Exit.)

Rothe. You see fair Angel, I am not that thing :
Your Father and his Ministers, have painted me ;
I love my Country, and scorn that Prince,
Whom small Revenge for Injuries received,
Can draw to act a Deed, which all good Men
Abhor. The selling of his Country
To the vilest Vagabonds and Strangers,
Forgive me Charmer, when my Zeal displays
The horrid traiterous Folly of your Father.

Eva. I can't defend my poor unhappy Sire
For that Act of his, for which I've oft shed Tears :
I have a Soul, that would not sell
The barren part of all my Land, to be
Revenge'd of Millions of my Enemies :
Bring in Strangers, to cut the Throats of those
Who are my Friends, my Children and my Subjects:
Oh ! you Saints, you Martyrs, and you holy Tribe,
Who watch our Actions, and set down our Sins:
Blot off this horrid Fault from out your Books,
And give my Father a repenting Heart.

Rothe. Thus in my Arms, let me for ever hold
thee ;

Thou Excellent, thou best, thou more than
Woman :

Oh ! how the Touch of her inflames my Soul,
Boils up my Blood, and sets my Heart a trembling.

Eva. Hold Sir let me go, you now grow
troublesome.

Rothe-

Rothe. To my self I'm sure, perhaps I'm so to
you;
She pants, she heaves her Breast, ay now's the
Time;

The critical the happy Moment's come:
We're all alone, and I must now enjoy her,
May all her Sexes frailty's possess her,
And all my Sexes strength and Charms attend me:

Eva. For Heaven's sake let go my Hand, what
mean you?

Oh how I tremble! would I were gone from hence,
My sinking Spirits, bodes no good to me.

Rothe. Know *Eva*, I admire and adore you:
And must enjoy, or die in the Attempt.

Eva. Ha, what says the Monster? am I left
alone

With such a wretch as would attempt my Honour?

Rothe. Take care of what you say; you've raised
Me to a pitch of Love, and Madness—Madness may
So get the better of my Love, that you
May curse the Day, on which you did refuse me.

Eva. Refuse thee what! thou horrid Monster?
Oh Saints! into what wretch'd Hands I'm fall'n.

Rothe. Come be not Coy, I want no Stratagem—
To heighten up my Love, I'm all Extasie,
Therefore struggle not; but give up thy self
To an amorous Monarch who adores thee.

Eva. Unhappy Virgin, where will my Sorrow
end?

Let go my hands, thou base detested Villain,
Help help, is no one near to give me help.

Rothe. Forbear my dear, do not exalt your Voice;
There's none that hear you, dare approach my
Presence,

I am the Mighty Lord o're all my Slaves:
When I command, no one must disobey;
Be not foolish then, push not on thy Ruin,

M m

But

But live the favourite Mistress of a King,
Who would do any thing, to gain thy Love.

Eva. The Powers above, assist and witness for me;
That I detest, abhor, and hate thee so:
That all the punishment thou canst inflict,
And such a Tyrant; does not want Invention,
Would be Charms and extasie, compared to thee,
And I can love, and hug, and worship Hell
E're I could design, to have one thought of thee:
So thus I quit thee; and will seek out Death.

(She struggles and gets from him.)

Rothe. And when thou'rt dying, then I will enjoy thee;

As you're expiring, make you wish to live.

Eva. Thou Fiend of Hell, thou Tyrant; I believe thee,

I tremble not, for what thy Tongue can utter:
Go vent thy Malice on my sordid Clay,
My innocent and Righteous Soul, flies up
Above, beyond the reach of thee, and Hell.

Rothe. Curse on my Folly, how I loyter here;
About the silly trifling Thing a Woman,
I will rush on, and take thee to my Arms,
In spite of all the World, hell and Seas.

He runs towards her, she pulls out a Dagger and wounds him, he struggles with her and gets the Dagger from her.

Eva. Villian have at thy Heart, thou hast it there.

Rothe. Thanks to my Arm, no doubt you meant it well:

Thou stumblest at the petty sin of Love;
But yet with lifted Eyes, can murder Kings,
A meek, and innocent, and harmless Maid.
Curse on thy haughty insolence and Pride,

To

To humble thee, I'll send and Contradict
The Orders that I gave *Catholicus* :
Will study Cruel new invented Deaths,
To give *Cothurnus*, and the slave his Friend.

Eva. No good Angel sure, could guard thee
from the blow;

My zealous pious Hand design'd to give thee,
It would have been a meritorious Deed :
Lasting honour's, would have Crown'd my Memory,
I won't repine at what the Fates decree,
Perhaps a Thunderbolt, a flash of Lightning,
Or a trembling Earth, are kept in store for thee.

Rothe. Rail on, provoke me till I hate thee so,
That I may take a pleasure in your Death;
If I can't raise your blood, I'll let it out.

Catches hold of her and points the Dagger at her.

Eva. Strike home, my panting Heart is waiting
for thee ;

Do not miss the Blow, I'll point thee to it.

Rothe. Thus I'd revenge my self on all thy Race.
Take thy Deaths wound, you Gods I cannot do it !
Yet she must die, but I'll enjoy her first;
See yonder is a Couch, I'll drag her thither.

(She struggles with him.)

Eva. Kill me, hack me, tear me, and destroy
me,

But do not seek to wrong my Innocence ;
What have you no Remorse, no thoughts of
Heaven ?

Rothe. Thou art the Heaven which I think of
now,

Come on, or I will tear thee Limb from Limb :
Ha, I faint, my Blood gushes out apace ;
Perhaps the wound you gave, will be my Death,
But I will be reveng'd; Gaurds, Treason, Murder.

Enter

Enter Guards

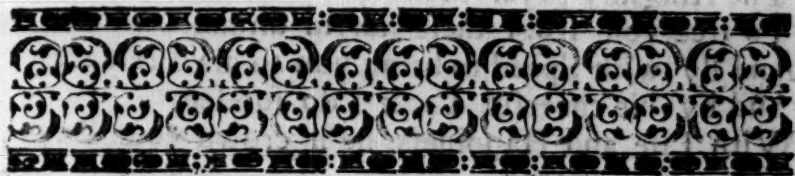
Fly you, call my Chirurgeons and Phyticians ;
 Seize me that Traitorefs, force her to yon Chamber,
 And lead me to her, where if Life is left ;
 I will in Spite of all her Cries and Tears,
 Rush into her Arms, surfeit in Delight,
 And die away with Extasie. But oh !
 I faint, a Dizziness o'whelms my Eyes ;
 Make haste, and lay me gently on my Couch.

(they carry him off.)

Eva. Help Murder, oh ye Saints and Angels, try
 To save my Innocence, or let me die.

(they hurry her off opposite to him)

End of the third ACT**ACT**



ACT IV.

SCENE a Prison.

Cothurnus and Regan in Chains.

Cothur. I Grant you, our Religion teaches us
To bear the Ills of Life, without repi-
ning.

Regan. To part with Ills we have. we hurry on
Perhaps to worse; Cowards may wish to die,
Because they fear to live, but noble Souls
Can with undaunted Courage, meet the Shocks
Of Life, and still appear Philosophers.

Cothur. There is in Life, no Blessing worth our
Care.

But to be free from Slavery and Chains.

But see the vile *Catholicus* appears:

Enter Catholicus.

That ominous, Ill croaking Raven, bodes no Good
To you nor me, except he brings us Death.

Reg. Bring what he will, let us resolve to show
That we can meet it, tho' we do not seek it.

Catho. *Cothurnus*, did you know what Pains I
took.

To

To bring the News, the happy joyful News,
 You'd say I was indeed your best of Friends;
 The King my royal Master, sent me here,
 To free you from these horrid dismal Chains.
 And fly with Speed to bring you to his Presence;
 And by his cheerful Look I do foresee,
 With Life and Happiness, he'll crown your Days;
 Away with Speed,

Cothur. Not till you've released my Friend.

Catho. My Orders reach not him, I'm sorry for't.

Cothur. Put on my Chains again, I will not leave him.

Reg. Forbear my Prince, to use Expostulations;
 Comply with the Commands from *Rotherick* sent;
 The Powers above have work'd a Miracle,
 And soften'd so his flinty harden'd Heart,
 That he may have repented of his Crimes;
 Your Father, should he hear you were destroy'd
 Disconsolate, 'twould sink him down to Death;
 Your Kingdom and your Name, would then be lost
 And all your Subjects ruin'd and destroy'd,
 For one weak and generous Act, to serve your
 Friend,

You would bring all this Misery upon you.
 Therefore with Speed be gone, ne're think of me.

Cotur. *Regan* I will go, but with a heavy Heart:
 My Fathers faithful Friend and mine farewell.

Reg. Farewell, my Royal Prince, farewell for ever;

Should the Gods so pour a Blessing on you,
 As to bring you to your Father once again,
 Tell him *Regan* liv'd and dy'd his faithful Slave.

(*As they are going out*) Enter *Avelina*.

Ave. Oh my *Cothurnus*, do I hold thee fast?

And once again Embrace thee in these Arms:

Catholicus, it is my Fathers Will:

That with *Cothurnus*, *Regan* be released.

With

With floods of Joy, your Sister and my self
Have felt his mild, his kind, his tender Usage;
Lead *Catholicus*, lead us to my Father,
Where we shall meet the solid Joy we wish,
And neither fear, nor hope to change our Fate.

Cothur. Oh! let *Rotherick* give you to my Arms;
And sign a Solemn everlasting Peace,
Then prostrate at his Feet I'll throw me down,
And think him worthy of a Sovereign Crown:
Forget he was a Tyrant, I his Slave;
Will call him Father, and his blessing Crave.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE draws to *Rotherick's Tent.*

Enter Rotherick, Chirurgeons and Guards:

Rothe. Ay, as you say, the Blood might make
me Faint,
But now you have bound it up, I'm well again.
Exeunt Chirurgeons
Guards call forth that Tyrannick cruel Beauty,
For Love and for Revenge my Soul is thirsting.

Enter Guards with Eva.

See how the haughty Goddess stalks along.
And with her Eyes, shoots darts of Scorn upon me.
Go, Guards be gone, and leave us to our Selves,
I'll conquer her proud Heart, or dye a Slave.

Exeunt Guards.

Eva. Then all my Prayers could not prevail I find.
Heaven has for some horrid Sins of mine,
Continued you alive. to be my Torment.

Rothe. To be your loving Lord, my Sweetest

Eva.

One Way, tho' Death insue, I will enjoy thee,

Chuse

Chuse then, the soft, the kind, the tender Heart.
O'reflowing with the Amorous Fire of Love.
Rather then the Stern, the cruel Countenance,
Crowded full of anger, Horror and Rrevenge.

Eva. Suppose I tell you, I've Consider'd on't
And find my Resolution wavering.

And when you talk of Love. can listen to it,
And often steal a wishfull Look a Sigh,
Perhaps in time, it may grow up a Passion.

Rothe. Encourage it, no doubt it will be Love,
And I my self, will raise the Passion for you.

Eva. Stand off, I now begin again to hate you.

Rothe. The quick Inconstancy of your wavering
Sex.

Love, or Hate, my Flame so fast consumes me,
I can wait no longer, but will push my Doom.
And thus! and thus! I seize upon my Prey.

(Takes her in his Arms she Skrieks, as he is going out, he meets Catholicus, Regan, Cothurnus, Avelina and Guards; seeing them he quits his Hold, She runs to Cothurnus.

Catho. My Leige, according to your Orders, I
Have brought the Prisoners hither. What more
Commands?

Rothe. Curse on thy Officiosunels, go send them
back,

And bid my Guards drag thee away to Death.

Eva. Save me Cothurnus, Save me Avelina,
Give me death, but guard me from the Ravisher.

Cothur. The Ravisher! ———

Are these the joys, our flattering Hopes foretold?

Is this the Parent that I was to meet?

Is this the great the awfull Godlike Monarch?

Is this the tender Parent of his People?

Is this ———

*Rotherick takes a Javelin from one of the
Guards, and Stabs Cothurnus.*

Rothe.

Rothe. Go thou to Death, I long design'd it for thee.

Cothur. Tyrant I thank thee, thou hast done the Deed,

And I must leave my Sister to your Mercy,
For my charming *Avelina's* Sake,
I cou'd suffer more, much more; but Oh! (*Dies.*)

Ave. He's gone, he's cold, he's dead, Oh cruel King!

I must make Haste, I shall not overtake him.

(*Stabs her self with a Dagger.*)

So, I aim'd full well, my Heart has felt it.

Reg. What a bloody Scene of Death and Horror's here!

Rothe. Thou disobedient Wretch, who bid thee die?

Ave. Your rash and bloody Hand, first gave the Blow,

For when you pierc'd, and stab'd *Cothurnus's* Flesh,
You push'd the Javelin, quite through my Soul,
Who could design to Live, when that brave Youth
was gone?

Repent you Sir, of all your horrid Crimes,
By Prayer and Fasting, try to make your Peace,
With that most Just avenging Deity,
Whom you have so dreadfully offended,
Hard-hearted Father! poor unhappy *Eva*!

(*Dies.*)

Rothe. Silly foolish Girl, no doubt she meant it well:

But I can shed no Tears, *Eva* you see
What bloody Havock, your Disdain has made here,
Sure you are sorry, for your Obstinacy,
And cannot long persist against my Will.

Eva. I did expect your Daughters dying words,
Would rouse up something of the Man within you:
Shew a relenting Heart, and thoughts of Heaven,

N n

Shed

Shed Tears of Blood, and put on just Resolves,
Confess thy Sins, and make some Expiation.

Enter Guard.

1 Guard: Arm, arm my *Leige!* *Dermond* and his
Strangers
Have seiz'd and kill'd the Out-guards to our Camp;
And now with mighty Force, are Marching down,
Burning and destroying all before them.

Rothe. Let them come on, the hand that kill'd
the Son,
If Fate looks on, perhaps shall kill the Father;
So I shall quench my Thirst, in just Revenge.

Enter Catholicus.

Catho. To Horse my *Leige!* they'll seize you in
your Tent;
They've made the Camp a horrid Field of Blood,
And I am told your Foot are giving Way.

Rothe. Ha! what sayst thou——
Dare they be Cowards, and belong to me?
Eva you see, we've Business on our Hands,
And therefore must put off our dear Enjoyment
Prelate, I've a long Account to make with you
Another time; go take her to your Care,
And let the Guards go see that Fellow die;
If once you shou'd suspect the Enemy
Of gaining Ground, or rushing to the Tent,
Take this Dagger here, push it through her Heart,
And send her to *Cothurnus*, and my Daughter:
Now my keen Sword, do thou but stand my Friend,
My Arm shall lead thee, to such Blood and Slaugh-
ter,
That wert thou thirsting like the barren Sands,
Thou

Thou should'st have Floods to drink, and quench
thy Thirst. *Exit.*

Noise without of Drums and Trumpets.

Eva. As thou deservest, so Heaven help thy
Cause.

Catho. You heard my Royal Master's Orders Sir,
I do suppose, you are prepar'd to Die.

Reg. Catholicus, at present I am not, for
Methinks I wish to help my Royal Master,
And be revenged, for my *Corburnus's* Death.

Catho. If you are ruminating on Revenge,
And so should die, you may go to Purgatory.

Enter Guard.

i Guard. The King in a most gallant Manner,
pushed

The Enemy with all his Might, and Strength,
At first he bravely forc'd them to retreat,
And would have gain'd a certain Victory :
But that his Horse, was by an Arrow shot,
Which so confused the Troops, they all gave way.
'Tis feared our Foes will gain the Camp :
'Tis highly fit, that you remove from hence,
Or you, too soon will fall into their Hands.

(Exit.)

Catho. (aside) Should I now destroy *Regan*, and
the Princess,

And be taken afterwards, by *Dermond*,
My Life will be a Sacrifice for all ;

These *English* are well Disciplin'd to War,
Henry the second is a gallant Prince,

The Church does flourish much within his Realm,
And what is our Delight, Church-Men bear some
Sway;

The Pope has sure enough, bestow'd him *Ireland*.
I begin to think, he had

A most

A most Religious Right, to give away;
I ought to pay Obedience to the Chair.

(To them) *Regan* you know your Life is in my
Power,

And fairest *Eva*, has not long to Live;
Without that I compassionate her Cause.
Say should I set you free, would you protect
Me, from the Insolence of *Dermonds* Troops?
Recommend me to the *Earl* of *Chepstow*,
And should there be a Peace, include me in it.

Reg. We'll grant what ever Terms you can
demand.

Eva. How meritorious will your Actions be,
To all good Men, especially my Father
If you give up his Daugher and his Friend,
When you had *Rothericks* orders, to Destroy:
No Pious Saint, that e're was Canonized,
Could plead so good a right to Heaven as you.

Catho. It does appear to me you love the Pope,
And all that love the Pope, should be protected,
Within the Tent there are some weapons lodg'd.

(He goes to the Door and brings a Sword.)

Regan take your Life, and swear by this bright
Sword,

To fight the *Papal*, and your Country's cause,
And let us both protect the fairest *Eva*.

Reg. Thus on my knees, let me return you
Thanks,

When next I loose this Sword, Life go thou with it.

Eva. Catholicus, you have so gain'd my Heart,
That here I make a solemn sacred Vow,
When solid, settled Peace shall bless this Land:
In Memory of you, I'll build a Church,
And near adjoyning to it, a Monastery;
A Day for ever shall be set apart,
To sing the glorious Actions of thy Life,
That after Ages, may adore, and wonder.

Reg.

Reg. Catholicus, 'twere fit we fally out ;
Your Prefence may prevail, and win the Day,
The Awe is much, the Soldiers bear you :
And when they hear so good, so great a Man,
Exclaim against vile *Rotherick's* Tyranny,
It may perhaps take off, the Edge of War.

Eva. And make them all submit to *Dermond's*
Power :

And so you'll be the blessed Means of Peace,
And hinder Christian Blood from being shed.

Catho. When we who love the Pope, would do a
Thing,
We want not Arguments to justifie us,
And when we stubborn it, and sullen grow,
It is but crying Conscience to the Crowd,
And they will follow us in Multitudes.

Enter Guard.

i Guard. My Royal Master has done more than
Man !

He rally'd thrice his Troops, each time repuls'd :
Despairing of Success, he's march'd away
With all his Horse, to try to gain a Pass,
By which he'll streighten much the Enemy :
Our Foot surrounded by their Foes, are now
Capitulating for their Lives ; 'tis Time
That you surrender to the Conqueror,
For fear the raging Soldiers use you ill.

Reg. Know you ought, about the King of *Leinster*?

i Guard. 'Twas rumour'd in our Camp, that he
was Kill'd,

And by the Hand of *Rotherick* him self.

Eva. Revengful Tyrant ! most unhappy *Eva* !

Catholicus, 'tis now I wish to die:

i Guard. Madam that News as yet, is not con-
firm'd,

And

And might be politickly given out,
To Animate our Troops, and make them Fight.

Catho. It may be so, suspend your Grief a while,
And take not up this Sorrow so at Interest ;
Should it be true, your Will must be resign'd.

Reg. Any Tidings of the Earl of *Chepstow* ?

Guard. That's he I do suppose they *Strongbow*
call.

Reg. The same.

Guard. He and his gallant Archers, push'd our
Troops.

The Strangers fought like Devils not like Men ;
They gave no Quarter, nor they ask'd for none,
But up and down the Field, they strow'd the Limbs
Of all King *Rotherick's* gallant Soldiers.

Catho. Learn where the Enemies Head-Quarters
are,

And straitways bring us Notice who commands,
That we may send to him, and make our Terms.

Exit *Guard.*

Reg. Give your self no Pain, the Princets is your
Friend,

And she will gain you Terms as for herself,
If Royal *Dermond* is alive, no doubt you'll find
He is your Friend, and will support the *Roman*
Church :

If Heaven has thought fit to plague the Land
So much, as to translate him from this Life ;
The Earl of *Chepstow* is a gallant Man,
Fill'd with Humanity, a noble Soul,
Bred up by Honour, and a Soldier's Heart
Commands his Body, full of Life and Fire,
He pushes on to gain immortal Glory,
He is a Man——

Eva. He is so, but know *Regan*, he's no more :
You have a mind to lavish in his Praise,
And say those things, that *Irish* Men deserve ;

But

But I shall curse the Day he landed here,
And you your self e're long, will wish him Dead.

Reg. I think him more compassionate and just,
Than to oppose our long, long settled Love ;
At present, he accepts your Father's Offer,
Supposing that your Heart is undispos'd,

Eva. Oh *Regan* ! flatter not your self and me,
With Hopes, or Joys, or Peace, or Length of Days,
Mine, has been a long continued Scene of Woe.

Catho. This Discovery may do me Service,
And at the King of *Leinster*'s Court, make Peace
For all the Clerks within my Diocess,
Nothing delights a States-man like a Secret.

Reg. Catholicus, 'twere time we sally'd out,
Our Lives have long subsist'd by your Mercy,
And thus your generous Goodness we'll reward :
I will protect you with this Sword and Arm,
And through King *Dermond*'s Camp, I will pro-
claim

Catholicus, a Friend to him, and *England*.

Catho. Regan, your Zeal to me, and to the *Roman*
Church,

Will one Day make your Lusture shine fourth bright,
And from a Man, you will become a Saint.

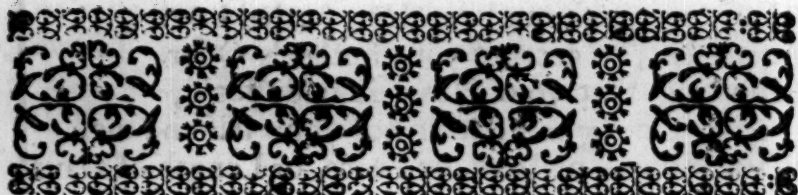
Eva. In horrid Life no Pleasure I can find,
To a Wretch like me, none ever was design'd.
A Glympe of Happyness, I oft am shown,
Then to my Misery again I'm thrown.

Am hurl'd about, the Tennis-Ball of Fate,
To be most Wretched, is to be most Great.

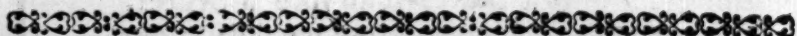
Exeunt.

End of the fourth ACT





ACT V.



Enter Eva, Regan, and Catholicus.

Reg. IT is with Joy, I tell my dearest *Eva*,
King *Dermond* lives, and with immortal
Fame,
This glorious Day, has Crown'd him with a Laurel,
Flourishing and Green, points out the Heroe;
And after Ages will repeat his Name.

Enter Strongbow, Dermond and Guards.

Der. With weary'd Arms I have pursu'd my
Foes,

And look'd for *Rotherick*, in the thickest Crowd,
That most inhuman Murderer of my Son:
Come to my Arms my dearest, dearest Daughter,
The Comfort, and the Blessing of my Life;
With Tears I've heard your mournful Tragedy:
Cathliocus I thank you for her Life;

Regan, my faithful Councillour and Friend,
With open Arms and Joy, I do receive you.
The noble Earl of *Chepstow* next, deserves

My

My lowly humble Thanks, and loudest Praise,
To reward his Courage, I'm too Poor,
To shew my Gratitude, I'll give him all
I hold most dear, my sweetest darling Daughter;
Eva come here and let me joyn your Hands,
Where I'm sure with Joy you'll joyn your Heart;
Take her my faithful Friend and Allie,
And with her, take my Crown, and take my King-
dom.

Strong. *Dermond*, your Crown and Scepter I def-
pise,

But your Daughter, is a Jewel I adore.

Eva. My Lord, my Father, sure will give me
leave

To think, on what I am going to do;
'Twere fit I spend some Time in Church Affairs,
And give my Thanks for Blessings I have received,
And make my Peace with good *Catholicus*,
And so perform the solemn Vows I made
Through all my Sorrow and Adversity.

Der. 'Twere fit a decent Time were given you
To make you worthy of so great a Prize.

Strong. Her shining Beauty, captivates my Heart,
And 'tis with eager Love, I wish her mine.

Der. Regan, how willingly I would reward you,
My Heart alone can tell, I doat upon you,
And would give you all, a Monarch has to give.

Reg. My faithfull Services 'tis time to plead;
No, curse my Fate! I pleaded them too late;
You were profuse and lavish of your Store,
And gave away to *Strongbow* all you had;
And for your favourite Friends, left nought but
Words.

Der. What says my *Regan*! have I nothing left?
Then is my sacred Friendship reckon'd Nothing,
My regal Power, nor all my Titles,
My Grants of Rebell Lands, nor all my Places

O o

Reckon'd

Reckon'd Nothing! To hear the Man say this
Who may command them all, 'tis wondrous
strange.

Eva. Your Majesty must pardon *Regan's* Talk,
Rotherick's Tyranny has turn'd our Senses;
The barbarous Murder of my Brother,
His unheard of Cruelties to us all,
And most inhuman Usage of his Daughter;
Might pierce the soundest Brain, and cause Dis-
traction.

(*Aside*) *Regan* for Shame, command your Temper
better,

Your warm Discourses may bring Ruin to us,
But cannot change our Doom; rely on me.

Strong. *Dermond*, the Number of the Prisoners
taken

Are numerous, and should proud *Rotherick* Rally,
And bring his Forces to another Charge;
We shall repent us that we let them live;
'Tis my Advice, they all be put to Death.

Eva. (*Aside*) Cruel, barbarous, inhumane Monster!
(*to him*) And would you have them all, to suffer
Death?

In cool Blood, must they be butcher'd thus?

Strong. The Discipline of War, has so decree'd;
This may seem Cruel, to the tender *Eva*,
But Souldiers are inur'd to War and Blood;
We only shew Compassion to our selves,
And to prolong our Lives, take theirs away.

Catho. (*Aside*) I as a Prisoner must suffer Death;
Heaven forbid! I am not fit to die.

(*to them*) If *Dermond* gives a Prisoner leave to Speak,
The Resolution of the Earl of *Chepstow*,
May be a present Plea for your Security,
But may prove fatal to your future Peace;
The Country are inrag'd, and would throw off
The Yoke, the heavy Yoke, of *Rotherick's* Sway,
And

And are inclin'd, as we the Clergy know,
To choose the King of *Leinster* for their Prince,
And one and all would cry, long live King *Der-*
mond.

But should you put to Death their Fathers, Sons,
Their Brothers and their Kins-Folks, it must not be,
It will inrage, and bring Destruction on,
Whilst calmer Means, may win them all to Peace.

Der. Catholicus, you've spoke my Sentiments;
But if the Earl of *Chepstow* will agree
To call a Couucil, I'll propose it there,
And what is Reason must be all our Guides.

Strong. My own Opinion is to me strong Reason;
Notwithstanding which, I will give Ear to you.

Der. Mean Time, 'twere fit our Daughter take
some Rest

The Nuptials we'll defer a Day or two;
And follow now the Business of the State;
Settle that, and then let us give way to Joy;
Regan attend my Daughter to my Tent,
And let soft Slumbers, calm her heavy Mind.

Strong. A Day or two, to me in love's an Age;
Dermond, I cannot brook so long Delay.

Der. Be it to Morrow then, will that Suffice?

Strong. Suppose it were to Night, what hinders it?

Eva. What may hinder it an Age, my Consent;
Know you not? that it is necessary.

Strong. I know fair Princess, that you should be
consulted.

But I am rough, plain Speech'd, and made for War,
No fawning, cringing, bowing, ogling Lover,
That can swear, and lie, and call you Goddess;
I am honest, and your Father knows full well,
When all his Friends and Subjects did forsake him;
I joyn'd him; with a warlike Troop of Men;
Who, swift as Lightning, sent his Foesto Death,
And through the thickest Battle I rush'd on,

To

To save your Father, when oppress'd by Numbers,
 When sprawling on the Ground his Horse lay dead:
 I rais'd him on my Steed, and fought on Foot,
 Nay, to animate my Troops, I sacrific'd
 My only Son, a Youth who run away
 With Cowardice oppress'd, I shew'd my Men,
 What punishment a Fault like that deserved;
 For with my Sword, I cut him through the Waste:
 I could say more then this——

Der. Indeed you could——

And I for ever, must acknowledge you
 My Friend, my great Supporter, and my Father.

Strong. What say you fairest Lady, will this do,
 Can you think, I've worth enough to merit you?

Eva. I am a poor Forlorn, and abject Creature,
 Far unworthy, of your great Heroick Soul;
 My heavy Heart, oppress'd with Woe,
 Can give no Entrance to a Lover yet:

Perhaps, when I've consulted all your Charms,
 And study'd o're, your great and wondrous Acts:
 Then may be, the proper Season we should Wed,
 Till when, I beg to call the Time my own.

Reg. 'Twere fit I lead the Princess to your Tent.

Der. Her Eyes look heavy, lead her to Repose.

Eva. Lead me to my Grave, there lyes my true
 Repose.

Exeunt Eva and Regan.

Strong. *Dermond*, me thought her Air was Insolent,

With scorn she look'd, as if she did despise me,
 Take heed, she plays not False, my passions strong;
 If she is so ungreatfull to her Father,
 As to deny, to give her self away
 To one, who is so much her Fathers Friend.
 Now by my Soul, I did not think of this!
 Curse on her Female pride, why who am I?
 No doating Fool, that fues and whines for Love:

I call

I call her to my Arms, as by Agreement made,
We have sign'd and seal'd and you gave her to me.
All Articles by Generals made, are Sacred;
And were the petty Girl, a-kin to me,
She should not dare, to put it off one Moment.

Dermond go follow her, and let her know
How dangerous it is, to disoblige me :
Should I draw off my Forces from your Camp,
Rotherick has Men enough, to crush you all,
Go tell her this, and tell her I'm Enraged,
Say 'tis Love, or what you else can think on.

Der. Far be it from me, or my Daughter either;
To disoblige, so kind so good a Friend:
It shan't be long before she doth Consent.

Exit.

Catho. (*Aside*) 'Twere fit I pay Obeysance to this
Earl,

I find he has a Soul, and will command.
(*To him*) Most Noble General, perhaps I could
Declare the cause of all the Princess's Coolness;
And tell you such a Secret, would surprize you.

Strong. Whoever does, a generous Deed to me,
Shall find his friendly Actions well rewarded :
Prelate speak out, and tell me what you know,
About this Female Toy, that has enraged me.

Catho. My Noble Earl she is a Toy indeed,
And such a one as you may well despise;
And give a most convincing Reason for't,
She has engag'd, and gave her Heart away,
To that Ill-looking Man, you *Regan* call.

Strong. Ha ! what say'st thou, gave her Heart a-
way to him ?

And give to him, what she denied to me :
My Tide of Passion swells, and rages high,
Such an affront, no mortal Man can bear.
Know's she my Birth, knows she my glorious Acts?
And will she, does she, dares she, thus despise
me.

Catho-

Catho. I over heard them both, confess their
Passions ;

They love express'd, in a Romantick Manner,
They sigh'd and said they'd die for one another.

Strong. They did so! and by Heavens so they
shall :

I'm thirsting for Revenge, I'll drink the Draught,
And *Dermond* shall not live, or *Regan* dies.

Catho. I beg my Lord, you will not let them
know,

You got the mighty Secret out of me.

Strong. Of whom are you afraid, if I protect you?

Catho. My Lord, you know they say, I am their
Prisoner.

Strong. Go too, I know that what they say is
False,

I as the Victor, do command the Field,
The Tents the Spoils, the Prisoners, all are mine,
And when I design to speak the word, you're free;
Besides, I would not prosecute the Church.
My War is not to People of your Cloth,
I do expect you all, should Pray for me ;
And in return, I will protect your Lives,
Your Fortunes, Livings, and your Sacred Houses:
I come not to destroy, but give you Liberty,
And bring this barbarous Nation, to such Laws
As will draw Peace and plenty to your Country.

Catho. The blessing of the Roman Church pro-
tect you for't;

I'll send to my Cathedral, and we'll sing
Te Deum for your glorious Victory :

The Clergy in their Pulpits, shall declare
That you have all the Right you would have;
We'll found it, on what Principle you please.

Strong. The right of Conquest, is the Right I own.

Catho. Then they shall preach up that, and in
such Terms

That

That were you Beaten, they should say you conquer'd ;

'Tis good to have the *Roman* Churchmen on your Side,

We can Preach up Peace, or raise Rebellion:
Observe that Prince, sits easiest on his Throne,
Who strives to make the Clergy all his one.

Strong. Prelate, 'tis true, your Maxims are most Wise,

And when my raging Breast, sinks down to Calm,
I will make them all my constant Practice ;
Till when, 'twere fit I do exert my Power,
About this foolish Girl, that gives me Pain,
That is, she raises Scorn; and galls Ambition;

Catho. Before you go about to use Revenge,
'Twere well, you shou'd o'rehear the Lovers talk,
Which will convince you, what I say is true ;
When if you were at once to charge them with it,
They would deny, and lay the Fault on me.

Strong. You reason well, I'll follow your Advice,
And should this *Regan* once declare his Love,
'Twere fit he dies; or my Resentment sinks ;
My strong ambitious Passion, flies above,
And Scorns within a middle Sphere to move.
And it shall be a true recorded Story,
No Rival in my Love, nor in my Glory.

Exeunt.

Enter Regan, and Eva.

Eva. It is impossible to stem the Tide,
Or think, or hope to take a Flight from hence.

Reg. I have a faithful Friend, who would conceal us.

Eva. They'd search the Country round, and bring us here,

And you for serving me, might suffer Death ;

For

For *Strongbow* then, would come to know your Love.

Reg. And do you think that I would keep it Secret?

No, were he posted at his Armies Head, I'd tell him I deserved you more than he.

Eva. This Violence, might prove fatal to our Love,

But mine's a Chain of Woe which I must bear.

Reg. And yet I would consult your Peace of Mind, Nay give you up, and die to make you Happy.

Enter DERMOND.

Der. *Eva*, from the Earl of *Chepstow*. I am sent, To tell you, he demands you as his Wife, You know what obligations I have to him, And how my future Peace depends upon him, Comply with me, and give to him your Heart.

Eva. Cruel Father! could you sell my Happiness? Sacrifice your Daughter to the Thing on Earth, The vilest Thing, the most could Scorn and Hate: It must not, may not be: I cant comply To mingle Soul's with one who is a Stranger; Command me Sir to Death, I'll go with Joy. But cannot live to wed the Man I hate.

Der. Will not my Happiness, my Subject's Peace, My Kingdom's Welfare, and your Country's good, Weigh nothing with your harden'd Heart? go too, Thou disobedient Girl no more my Child: I thought to have blest'd thee, prais'd thee, lov'd thee,

But instead of this, I now must curse thee.

Reg. The Gods forbid, my Royal Master should do so,

On me, 'tis all your Curses you must pour, On me; you must call Heaven's vengeance down;

I am the Cause of all your Tears and Woe.
The Princess in her young and tender Years,
Gave leave for me, to talk to her of Love,
And I presuming on my Services,
Doubted not, of your Consent, when time should
serve,

I often did resolve, to tell you this,
But you were still involv'd in heavy Troubles,
And not prepar'd to hear an amorous Story.

Der. Perdition seize us all ! then you are Wed ;
Thou Friend, thou Villain ! I can hear no more.

Exit.

Eva. *Regan*, go call him back and undeceive him,

Reg. Undeceive him ! how is it possible ?

Then are you not by solemn Contract mine ?

Eva. The Contract is, I'm not to wed another,
But am not therefore, strictly tyed to you :

I'll end my Days in a Religious House,
And then my Father's Blessing will remain,
And I protected from the Earl of *Chepstow*,
May silently sit down ; and die in Peace.

Reg. Then is your Love so wavering, so incon-
stant ?

That you can leave me, give me up with Ease.

Eva. *Regan*, when we part I dread the Agonies,
I fear my Love, outweighs my Resolution.

Reg. Come to my Arms, and then I'm sure it
will.

Enter Catholicus Speaking to Strongbow.

Catho. You see their Intimacy, wait a while,
That by their Words, you may discover more.

Strong. Curse on their circling Joys, I'll kill
them both.

Catho. No blood-shed good my Lord, keep back
I pray.

(Strongbow goes back.)

P P.

Peace

Peace attend you both, you happy happy Pair :
 I pleaded with the Earl of *Chepstow* for you,
 Knowing that your Love has long been growing ;
 But he Impatient as the Wind, resolves
 To make you his, or die in the Attempt.

Reg. Then let him die, thinks he, I'll quit my
 Right;

Is there an inequality in Birth?
 Or does his wondrous Merit darken mine?
 That makes him thus pretend, to Lord it o're us,
 My Royal Master, willing to Recover ;
 Rebellious Subjects to their true Allegiance,
 Hired this Noisey Lord, and all his Knights,
 To serve him in the War, and they assume
 A Power, a Command, as if they conquer'd,
 And we, and all the Country were their Slaves.

Enter Strongbow and Guards.

Strong. Curse on his Tongue, I'll hear no more,
 Guards seize him.

Catho. Mercy on us! I fear we are betrayed.

*(The Guards goes to seize Regan, he draws and
 opposes them)*

Reg. Stand off you Wretches, send your gallant
 Earl,

To meet the greatest Foe he has on Earth.

2 Guard. Deliver up your Sword, or you must
 Die.

Reg. Thy Life shall answer, I will keep my
 Sword.

2 Guard. Why then have at thy Heart, thou
 hast it there.

Eva. Help, Traytors! Treason, they will murder
Regan.

Reg. *Eva*, it is done, and now you are releas'd
 From all the Vows and Contracts you have made.

Sing-

Strong. You Sir, how came you to exceed my Orders?

2 Guard. He oppos'd, I did it in my own defence.

Reg. You did your Duty, and I thank you for it:
Eva be happy, think of me no more. (*Dies:*

Eva. Talk not of happiness to me, I go
Where both of us shall never fear, nor meet with
Trouble.

(*She offers to stab her self, Strongbow takes the
Dagger from her.*)

Strong. Heavens forbid, my Princess you must
Live.

Enter 3d Guard.

3 Guard. The King of *Leinster*, sent me with
all speed,
To let you know, that *Rotherick* is joyn'd
With fresh Supplis, and has engag'd the Van:
He begs you'd march the Archers, and the Horse.

Strong. Give Orders for their March, I'll head
them soon; (*Exit Guard.*

Dry up those watry Eyes, my dearest Princess,
I fight your Father's cause to set you free;
Whilst I remain a Slave, a Woman's slave:
Catholicus, to your Care I do commit,
This best, this sweetest Treasure of my Soul.

Catho. Hard by adjoining, is a Monastery;
The Lady Abbess of it is my Sister:
I'll leave her to her Care, whilst I go pray,
The Saints, to Guard you through the Battle.

Strong. Your Prayers and Care shall be
rewarded,

Take up the Body, give it Funeral Rites.

Catho. I'll take Care to lodge it in the Monastery.

Strong. Do so, if I had Time I'd shed a Tear,

In

In hopes 'twould please my Princess; fare you well.
(The Guards take off the Body.) *(Exit.)*

Eva. Lead me to this pious Sanctuary,
 And let my Soul shake off all worldly Cares;
 Except the hearing of my Father's Safety.

Catho. We'll go, where you shall meet no more
 misfortunes. *(Exeunt.)*

(Noise of Warlike Instruments.)

Enter Rotherick with his Sword Drawn.

Rothe. Curse on my Coward Troops, they all
 give Way;
 These hellish Strangers, drive down all before
 them:
 Could I meet *Dermond*, or this Earl of *Chepstow*,
 At the full Value I would sell my Life,
 And dying, drag their Souls to follow me!

Enter Catholicus and Eva.

Catho. The troops Crow'd this way, there's
 no Safety there.

Rothe. *(Espies them.)* Ha! my Darling *Eva*,
 thou'rt a prize indeed;

Two Battles I would lose, to gain this Foe,
 My good *Catholicus* come here my Friend.

Catho. With Tears of Joy my *Leige*.

Rothe.—Villian thou lyest. *(kills him.)*

And with those words, I'll send thy Soul to Hell.

Catho. Quite through, you've pierced my Heart
 and I must die,

There's all my worldly Glory thrown away;
 I've lost a Cardinal's Cap, so fare you well.

(Dies.)

Rothe. So perish all those Ministers of State;
 Who are unfaithful to their Sovereigns:

Now

Now my dearest *Eva*, thou'rt all my own,
My Love and my Revenge, I'll quench on thee :

(*He balls her.*)

Nay struggle not, for 'tis all in vain, I'm resolved.

Eva. Help, Murder, Tyrant, Ravisher, help,
help !

Enter Dermond.

The Gods have sent my Father to my Aid;
Protect me Sir, and take me from the Tyrant,
Rotherick, the Hellish *Rotherick* is here.

Der. Monster, turn thy curst Face, and meet
thy Doom;

I have been seeking thee through all the Field,
I will repeat thy Crimes, and punish thee.

Rothe. I know them all, I'll make thee use few
Words,

My Sword shall speak for me, and I'll revenge :

(*They fight Dermond falls.*)

It was in just that part, I kill'd your Son.

Eva. Help help, he hath kill'd my Father, *Der-*
monds kill'd !

Rothe. Cease your Clamour, you Fly to be
Pursued ;

You see the Fates have now decreed you mine :
How often must I win you as my Prize ?

Der. *Rotherick*, perhaps the Earl of *Chepstow*
Will revenge my Death, spare my Daughters
Virtue,

Farewell thou most unhappy Child, Death comes!

(*Dies.*)

Eva, Oh ! my Father, can you hear those dying
words,

And not relent, and suffer me to die?

Rothe. You were the cause of all this Devastation,
You with your haughty Pride, refus'd my Love ;

And

And so your Brother, and your Father died ;
 But now I think I've conquer'd all your Race,
 And without interruption, shall enjoy you.

Enter Strongbow and Guards.

Eva. The Earl of *Chepstow* comes to set me free,
 And he is now the only Friend I've left ;
 Turn this way Sir, and see a wretch'd Maid,
 See here, the Cruel Tyrant *Rotherick* :
 Behold the bloody Executioner,
 Of my Brother, Father, and *Catholicus*.

Strong. My charming Princess ! I'll revenge your
 Cause,
 I've saved your Country, and would gain your Love,
 Yield Tyrant quickly, to my Mercy yield;
 I've vanquish'd all thy Troops ; throw up thy
 Sword.

Roth. If thou art Valiant, as thou has given out,
 Come here, and meet me with a single Arm ;
 I know thy Troops can overpower me,
 And such their number is that I must fall ;
 But if you're Noble, let us meet in Death,
 And let me sell my Life, and Kingdom well.

Strong. Guards, secure the Princess, and if I
 should die,
 Proclaim her Queen of *Leinster*, and obey her :
 It is with Joy my fairest I proceed,
 To Vindicate your Right, and so revenge
 The Death of all those Souls, this Wretch has
 murder'd.

As he's a King, this Honour he shall have,
 The Earl of *Chepstow*, push'd him to his Grave.
(Rotherick and Strongbow Fight.)

Eva. My Heart grows pityfull, and I must
 Pray
 The Saints, to favour *Strongbow's* Cause and mine.
Strong-

Strong. Well have you Fought, but Death at
Last's your Fate;
None ever conquer'd yet, the Earl of Chepstow.

Rothe. Thou hast o're power'd me, and I must
Die;

Grant me but one Request, I'll die in Peace:
Fetch hither to my Hand, that foolish Girl,
That I may Squeeze, and crush her in my Arms;
To Death, I hate her, and I hate my self,
And you, and all the World, where am I going?

(Dies.)

Eva. Lead me, from his Loathsome hatefull
Body;

For tho I know he's dead, I tremble still,
You are the protector of my Honour,
In what, or how, am I to reward you?

Strong. Much more then this, I'd do to gain my
Eva;

Comply with my Request, and Crown my Love,
Be a Parent to your sinking People,
Obey your Father, own your self my Wife;
And let us to this Isle, give lasting Peace.

Eva. My heart is swell'd, and so oppress'd with
Grief,

'Tis pain and Anguish when I utter Words;
I beg you would command my Fathers Army,
Rule and govern well his Kingdom, curb his Foes,
And give his poor, and wretched Subjects ease;
Whilst I, in one continued Life of Prayer,
Send up my Pious thoughts, to Heaven for you.

Strong. (*Aside*) Her grief may waste away,
'Tis time to mind the business of the Field,
Take up the Bodies, whilst I lead the Princess,
To the pious Abbess of yon Monastery,
Where she may, in silent Grief, her losses mourn,
And

And shed a Tear, on each deserving Urn :
 'Till time, wear off the gloomy Face of Woe,
 And brings to mind, I kill'd her greatest Foe :
 With Love you Gods, possess the charming Fair,
 That she may raise her Lover, from Despair.

End of the Fifth ACT.





A

PROLOGUE.

To the Play the DRUMMER, and when
the Ladies gave Miss MARY LYDDAL
a new Suit of Cloaths.

*Enter Miss Lyddal, Griffith striving to
to keep her from Entering on the Stage.*

He **W**HY how now Miss, sure I am Ma-
ster here,

The Benefit is mine you shan't appear.

She breaking from him.

Stand off rude Man, how dare you thus oppose,
A young gay Maiden? in her t'other Cloath's.

He. Ads me! that's true your finely drest to
Day,

And why all this? you act not in the Play,
When thus Equipt, we see a Female Actor,
'Tis shrew'dly fear'd, she is a Love Contracter.

Q q

She.

She. Too young I am, too tender is my Age,
To act Love any where, but on the Stage;
Besides your Play-House Cloaths, gains no
Lovers;

Therefore place not me amongst your Rovers.

He. From whence with all this Glory do you
shine?

And how the Devil Miss, came you so fine?
Full oft, I've seen you act in Tragick Love,
With a bedaggled Tail, and dirty Glove.
Representing then, some beauteous Goddess,
With a poor wretched Head, and ill Shap'd
Boddice.

But so Transformed, you will surprize the
Town,

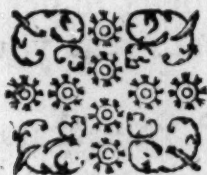
I fear some Cully Child, has lay'd thee down }
That Head, that Hoop, that Petticoat, that }
Gown. }

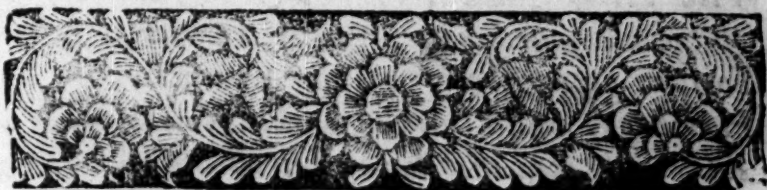
She. I scorn your Words, I'm not so vile a
Player,

Seest thou the Ladies in that Circle there?
My Genteel Airs, I to their Bounty owe,
And publicly acknowledge it thus low.

He. To thank 'em, we have both, a just
Pretence,

You for your Suit of Cloaths, I for the Pence.





EPILOGUE

For Mr. *Elrington*, to be Spoke in Mourning,
The last Time the Dutchess of *Bolton*
comes to the Play House before
she leaves *Ireland*.

IF Love or Anger, by the Poet wrote,
Can take possession of the Player's Thought,
That their sham Grief, can touch the Passions so;
To make your Eyes with tender Pity flow;
How much, when real Grief does move the Heart,
Can every Player, truly act his Part.
A Melancholy Theme, is coming on,
A doleful Scene, and yet the Play is done.
Bolton, the great supporter of our Stage;
Born to do Good, and to adorn the Age.
Must England bless, with her bright shining Rays,
And totally Eclipse, our happy Days;
Then like Antipodes, we shall appear,
When their Sun rises, oh, 'tis setting here.
These mournful Weeds, true Sorrow, doth Express
'Tis loss of Bolton, loss of Happiness.

The

*The Orthodox, and holy Fathers say,
With laying Hands, the Spirit they convey,
Oh! could your Grace as easily transfer,
To some good Angel, all your Character,
How happy would this Stage, this Nation be,
And truly blest that happy fairest She:
Ladies, exert your selves, and try what you,
With all your native generous Charms can do:
Be good, be great, and to your Players kind,
And may you each enjoy a Bolton's Mind,
This drooping Theatre, with Zeal support,
And in her Absence, make this Stage your Court:
With heavy Looks, observe her cross the Main,
And wish and pray, and hope, for her again.*



SONG



S O N G.

To a Welch Tune.

I

CUPID once attack'd a silly Maid,
She was coy, scorn'd the Boy,
Bid him draw to the Head.

II

But her Courage soon was fled away,
When hi Dart, touch'd her Heart,
Oh the Smart, made her say.

III

Females, are but mortal now I find,
Oh I wont, pray now don'r,
Fye upon't, Words of Wind.

IV

Men and Maids cannot forbear to Love,
As my Fate, in Debate,
Tho' too late, soon will prove.

V

The murdering blind revengful little God,
Sent a Lad, finely Clad,
Made me mad, handsome Toad.

VI

He sigh'd and beg'd, and squeez'd me by
As he Prest, oh my Brest, (the Hand,
Guess the rest, I'm Trapan'd.

Song



S O N G.

To an Opera Tune.

I

WHEN e're the fair is Courted;
Be not so much transported,
Sincerity in Man, is very Rare.

II

To Day they are Devoted,
Yet not so much Bigoted,
They'll Laugh and Sing, but ne're Despair.

III

Then don't believe their Vowing,
Their Ogling, and their Bowing.

IV

For Coxcombs that are Stupid,
Will talk of Flames, and Cupid,
And your Love Implore.

V

But thus outwise them,
Like them your self adore,
And so depise them.

F I N I S.

BOOKS lately Publish'd

LORD Clarendon's History of the Rebellion and civil War in England, from 1641 to 1660 in 3 Volls. Folio, pr. 1 l. 16 s.

— History of the Rebellion and civil War in *Ireland* and 3 with the true State and Condition of that Kingdom before the Year 1640 And the most material Passages and Actions which since that Time hath contributed to the Calamities it hath undergone. pr. 2 s. 8 d. hal penny.

The Power of Love, in seven Novels. *viz.* The Fair Hypocrite. The Physicians Stratagem. The Wife's Resentment. The Husbands Resentment in two Examples. The Happy Fugitives. The Perjur'd Beauty,

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The Siege of *Damascus*. a Tragedy by Thomas Hughes Esq; with Sir Richard Steel's Character of it pr. 6d. halfpenny.

In the P R E S S and will be Publish'd
this Week.

Seventytwo Sermons, on several Occasions, and various Subjects, by that most Celebrated Preacher, Dr. Robert South, late Prebend of *Westminster*, Cannon of *Christ Church*, and many Years publick Orator in the University of *Oxford*. In 2 Volls. Folio; propos'd to Subscribers at 16s. in Sheets.

De Legibus Naturæ Disquisitione Philosophica in qua earum Forma, Summa Capita, Ordo, Promulgatio, et obligatio è rerum Natura investigantur; Quinetiam Elementa Philosophiæ *Hobbianæ* cum Moralis tum Civilis considerantur et refutantur. Autore Ricardo Cumberland. S. T. B. apud *Cambridge*enses.

Lord Clarendon's History of the Grand Rebellion compleated: Containing the Tracts, Speeches, Memorials, Letters &c. mention'd in the said History; together with the Life of the Lord Chancellor Clarendon.

The Tryals of K. Charles, and A. Bp. Laud.

The

The Conference between K. Charles 1st. and Mr. Henderson concerning Religion. *Salmatius's* defence of h^e King against *Milton*. That famous Tract, Entituled, Killing no Murder.

Relations of the Battles of Edghill Newbury, Marstonmoor, and Naseby. And an Account of K. Charles II preservation after the Fight at Worcester: with many other curious Peices and Speeches in Parliament. Useful for all Persons who have the History of the Rebellion in Folio, or Octavo.

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